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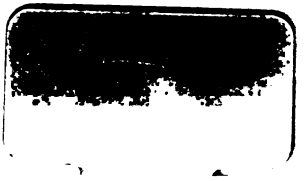

MODERN PILGRIMS.

MODERN PILGRIMS:

SHOWING

THE IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAVEL,

AND THE

NEWEST METHODS OF REACHING THE

CELESTIAL CITY.

These things I write concerning them that seduce you.—*St. John.*

BY GEORGE WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "PETER SCHLEMIHL IN AMERICA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:
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CHAPTER I.

LORD SHALLBESO GIVES ANNIE ONE OF HIS COMPASSES.

The day following the events already narrated, our pilgrims saw in their walks a large sign, in the German character, which read thus:

STAUB:
Pilgrims' Compasses, Schnapps, and Lager Bier.

They at once entered, and found this a variety-shop, indeed. They asked to see the compasses; and Mr. Staub, a real Dutchman in appearance, rose and opened a drawer, and threw down upon the show-case at which they were standing a double handful of these compasses, which at first they supposed were nothing else but gilt watches for children, they were so very cheap, and, it may be said, so very worthless. These compasses were all alike, to look at; but, when examined carefully, it was seen they bore very different names. Some were manufactured by Paulus, some by Hegel, some by Fichte, and a hundred other great master-workmen, as the man told them, having the highest reputation among his countrymen. Our pilgrims turned them over and over, in a careless, indifferent manner, which piqued the man no little. He opened another drawer, and

put out another article, far better to look at, and costing twenty times as much as the costliest of the German compasses. These bore the names of Newman, Foxton, and others; and, seeing our gentlemen look at these pinchbeck extra-gilt compasses with special interest, the lager-bier man, taking up one of Newman's best London-made compasses, said: "You *puy dis* here *hoomboog t'ing?* It *ish vorth not'ing! Jan Boole*, he no head for *t'inking.* Leave *Jarmanie* to *t'ink, put late 'Merica* act!"

The obvious defect, as they discovered on close examination, in all these compasses, was the impossibility of adjustment. The traverser either dipped to the nadir or the zenith; and, if you shook it loose, it went bobbing and dodging backward and forward, first this way, and then that; and then, all at once, it would sweep the whole circle in an instant, — forever in dubiety, and forever in the pursuit of certainty and rest.

Mynheer Staub showed them some very curious scales for measuring the nicest lines of length; but good for nothing in real life, for the slightest variations of heat and cold would so expand or contract them as to make them unreliable. Indeed, they were made to be used in vacuum; but this was obtained only by the use of the water-trough, and all the various appliances used by chemists in a laboratory, by way of rectification and compensation. However, as our pilgrims learned afterwards, all who used any of these scales, in despite of all experience to the contrary, had each for himself his own way of rectification, which he regarded as exact; but, then, there were no two alike.

The next day, they were invited by Lord Shallbeso to dine with him and a few friends; among whom were, as they expected to find, Lord D., Colonel P., and their wives. During

dinner, Annie told the company of their visit to Mr. Burns' shop, and of the purchase of the relic by Frank, which helped the company to any amount of merriment; especially Lord Shallbeso, whose satire was very sharp. After dinner, the guests amused themselves in examining his cabinet of medals; some very old pictures, that could be placed in no possible light to become intelligible; then, too, his library of books, every one of which was printed in the last century; since which period the old lord would not acknowledge anything had been written worth preserving. Indeed, his taste was such, in matters of this sort, that he never read anything written since the days of Swift, whom he regarded the best of all models of English composition. Then, too, there was his museum of curiosities, which had given his mansion the name of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

While the guests were thus engaged, my lord led Annie into his *sanctum sanctorum*, as he called it. "My dear lady, I want to give you a proof of my very sincere admiration, and to present you with a keepsake. You don't want an optic-glass — you are too clear-sighted for such things; but you do want, as every traveller does, a compass. — Not one of those wretched contrivances, which only help you to doubt. Not at all. What you need in a compass is certainty. When do you need it? — In dubiety. And for what end? — To point out the path you should take. Is n't it so? Certainly it is; and I have had manufactured for me, upon my own plan, a compass, which I give to those whom I regard as special objects of favor. Here it is," said he, opening a casket containing any number of golden lockets, watches, rings, and breast-pins; jewelry, in fact, and nothing like a compass to be seen. He opened a locket, and there was a

compass, with a traverser which played about, but pointed to no register. Like a celebrated Utopia, conceived of by a great statesman, it had "*no north!*" — "no south!" — it was "all round my hat," everywhere alike. My Lord Shallbeso held it in his hand, and looked at it with intensity of will, and the index in a little while became fixed. "There!" said he, "there's a compass worth having! Wherever the index points, that's the way to go."

"Yes, that's the compass, if one could rely upon it!" said Annie.

"Rely upon it! Yes, my lady, with unflinching confidence. There's no variation of the needle, no dip, no bobbing about from point to point, so that just at the time you want it most, it is then most worthless. You might just as well carry a pewter medal in your pocket as a German compass. Here, my lady, take this for my sake, put it into your bosom; you'll find the need of it, take my word for it." And so eager was the old lord to place the compass in its proper place, that Annie was fain to take it into her own hands, and hid it as directed.

This put the old man in a very amiable humor. "Here," said he, "you see I have all manner of settings for my compasses. I like the locket best, such an one as you have, because it is kept warm in the bosom, and the index plays freely. I have received hundreds of letters from philosophers and divines, and any quantity from my fair friends, that my compass is the only one worth a farthing."

"How shall I use it, and when?" asked Annie.

"Whenever you are in doubt about anything, hold it in your right hand firmly, and let it adjust itself; and then go wherever

it points. I don't ask for faith!" exclaimed the old man, with a sneer. "What I want is confidence, self-reliance — *Nil-desperandum*. You see, that 's my motto on all my compasses."

Annie, finding she must have a compass, examined the casket carefully, to see if there were any she would like better than a locket. My Lord Shallbeso aided her with great amiability of manner. "These locket-forms," he said, taking one up and showing it to Annie, "admit of the miniature of the husband being worn in front, while the compass is neatly hid behind it. And here, too, is a signet-ring, in which a lady may wear her husband's initials, or his crest, as she pleases; and, turn up that secret hinge, and there is the compass. Perhaps you would prefer a ring to a locket?"

Annie said she would; and my lord found one with a device deeply cut, showing an eagle soaring to the sun, and for its motto the word "Fearless." Annie was delighted with the device and motto; both of them were to her taste exactly. She took off a ring to see if this ring could go on her finger.

"I will keep this as a souvenir," said the lord, taking up her ring.

'Never!" exclaimed Annie; "that 's my wedding-ring."

"Any one of your rings will answer me as well."

"No, my lord, I have none to spare. I have nothing to give in exchange for your compass, and I will not have it;" taking it off.

"You shall!" said Lord Shallbeso, in tones that put an end to the controversy. "One word, my dear Mrs. Outright; keep the compass to yourself. It is for your own use, and not for your husband. I give it *to you*."

So saying, they returned to the library, where the guests were assembled, and Annie held up her hand to let her friends see the beautiful gift of Lord Shallbeso. They all admired the beauty of the stone and its device; and neither Lord D. nor Lady Di. gave the slightest intimation that they knew of the compass that lay concealed beneath it.

CHAPTER II.

FRANK AND OLIVER ACCEPT LORD AND LADY DIELINCŒUR'S INVITATION TO GO TO THE FRENCH OPERA.

THEY had been at home about ten days, when the French opera reached Vanity Fair. The troupe had been delayed in consequence of the severe indisposition of the prima-donna. Their coming created quite a sensation among the men about town; and the Clarendon Club, according to a plan concocted beforehand, invited the entire troupe to a supper, after the manner in which such midnight suppers are sometimes arranged in foreign lands. We make this statement to satisfy our friends that there is nothing new in Vanity Fair; indeed, all their manners and customs are taken at second hand. Originality and independence in matters of taste, manners, and morals, were regarded as in bad taste.

On the evening before their first and opening night, Lord and Lady D. came in to make an evening call, as was now their familiar custom. Lady Di., sitting beside Annie, in a very sis-

terly, affectionate way, said, "My dear Mrs. Outright, you are to dine with the Gulphins, to-morrow, and we shall meet you there. Now, my lord has secured a sofa in the parquet, the best place of all for us to hear in the opera-house, for to-morrow evening, and we must obtain your promise to go with us from the Gulphins'. The troupe is a charming one, and we number the chief performers among our personal friends."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Frank. "Personal friends, Lady Di.?"

My Lady Di. looked her surprise, and Frank repeated what had been told them by Lord Shallbeso.

"The wretch!" exclaimed Lady Di., in an affected tone of passion. "Lord Shallbeso is a wrong-headed man, and best understood by contraries. Take him by his opposites whenever he speaks of clergymen, women, or artists, and you will be very near the truth. I shall feel myself aggrieved," turning to Annie, as she spoke, "if Lord Shallbeso is to outweigh me in a matter of this sort. I came to say seats had been secured for us as a party, one and inseparable,— and now you must go."

"O, no!" said Gertrude, with very great decision of tone for her to use. "*We* do not go to the opera."

"You must excuse us," said Annie. "If our tastes lead us to love opera-music, we do not necessarily go to the theatre to listen to it."

"Indeed!" said Lady Di. "And will you explain to me why it is that music, sung as was designed by the author, in character, if you please, with a chorus and orchestral accompaniment, should be something you ought not to listen to, when the same music, sung by the same persons, accompanied by the

same orchestra, is listened to in a concert-room larger than the opera-house with delight? Is not this a nice discrimination?"

"It is too nice for me to defend successfully, but not for me to feel," replied Annie.

"But," said Lady Di., "may not this sentiment be the result of a previous bias, a prejudice held by your grandfather, or grandmother, or some one not fitted to form your opinions on any other matter, and whose opinions about other matters have long since been set aside, while this still holds its place?"

"I have no doubt," said my Lord D., bowing to Annie and Gertrude, and then addressing himself to Oliver and Frank, "that my lady has hit the key-note of many such mental states; and that we are often influenced in our judgments by men of whose existence we know nothing. It is this which we call, in common parlance, a 'public sentiment,' or 'the religious sense of the community;' something akin to what we style in physics *momentum:* the public mind moves on, like a line of railway-cars, long after the engine is detached."

This idea had the charm of novelty, and was pursued by Oliver and Frank, and Lord Dielincœur, who became absorbed in the discussion, having their wives and Lady Di. for an audience. Lady Di. was ardently alive to all the points made; but to Annie and Gertrude it seemed a mere fencing with words, which not comprehending, they soon wearied of; and they sat, as ladies often do, behaving themselves very properly — smoothing down their dresses, or their hair, or the muslin over their bosoms, utterly unconscious of all that is said, and in every look showing their extreme simplicity and vacuity of mind. Not so Lady Di.; her eye was bright, and full of eager interest. She put in

a word here, another there, to hasten on the inevitable conclusion of the argument. Her lord's mastery was to her apparent; and his skill in dialectics, rarely put forth, was now clenching nails so closely that Oliver and Frank felt themselves out-argued; and, as they felt ashamed to act contrary to conclusions reached by rigid logic, it was agreed by the gentlemen that they would accept Lord and Lady Di.'s invitation.

When this was settled, the conversation turned upon other subjects. Lord D. was very happy, and gradually enlisted the attention of our ladies, in spite of themselves, for they were greatly displeased at the results of the discussion. It was late when their visitors left; too late for any further conversation about this matter.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRENCH OPERA.

The next morning was occupied in getting ready for the dinner-party; at least, our ladies had as much as they could do to take out one dress and then another, and sit down, as it lay on the bed, thinking if that should be the dress for the day; and if so, what collar should be worn; and how the hair should be dressed, and what ornament should be worn. Men may say what they please, but it is hardly probable they ever spend a day in court, or in the discharge of the various business of life, when they think half so closely, or weigh matters of greater delicacy and difficulty, than the hue of a ribbon, or the placing

of a bow upon a dress. Men have little apprehension of what it is for their wives and daughters to dress for a dinner-party, or a ball, in a style which shall stand the severest scrutiny of their lady friends, and win the admiration of all present.

Frank and Oliver at breakfast expressed a hope that Annie and Gertrude would go to the opera; but nothing could change their determinations; and they held them rather from pique than principle, not a little angry with their husbands for going, and with themselves for not going.

And when the Gulphin dinner was over, and the ladies and gentlemen were all alive for the opera, these feelings in the bosoms of these lovely ladies were greatly on the increase. It was a bustling, busy scene, in the ladies' retiring-room, after dinner. All were so enthusiastic as to the delight they were certain to gain, that when Annie and Gertrude rode home alone, leaving their husbands behind, they were neither pleased with them nor with themselves. They both affected to be "tired to death," and went to their chambers; and when disrobed, as the next best thing they could do, they lay down and took a long nap; and it is only telling the whole truth to say they cried themselves asleep. And now, leaving them asleep, we will go to the opera.

The Gulphin party, when they reached the opera, "after dark," found the street filled with carriages. Indeed, they found the house filled already. A door-keeper took the number of Lord and Lady D., Col. and Mrs. Proudfit, and Frank and Oliver; and, following him, they threaded their way far down into the parquet to their sofa. Lady Di. entered, followed by Oliver; then Mrs.

Proudfit pushed in Frank and followed herself; and Lord D. and Col. P. filled up the sofa. The other members of the Gulphin dinner-party were scattered over the house.

The entry of one so *distingué* as Lady Di. could not fail to draw upon her sofa every opera-glass in the boxes; and Frank, for the first time in his life, felt like a man in a pillory. Oliver was saved by the tact of Lady Di., who at once enlisted him in a colloquy behind her fan, which lasted ten minutes. His was the safety of an ostrich, when closed around by a cloud of hunters, hiding its head in a dark hole.

The grand crash of the orchestra came as a relief to all. Lady Di. laid down her fan and put up her beautiful lace handkerchief to her nose, for no other purpose than to flash diamond sparks from her pretty hand into the dress circle; then, resuming her fan, she gave her plumes a graceful toss, as she settled down to a sitting position, "the observed of all observers." There is in all these matters the nicest tact to be observed; for, as there is nothing to absorb attention while the overture is being played, a lady who has any little matter of display to attend to does it at this time; such as reädjusting her dress, changing her seat, rising to bow to a friend coming in behind her, and the like. In speaking of these preliminaries, we do it solely for the benefit of those to whom the opera is a novelty.

Frank and Oliver had not heard this opera, and it was necessary for Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit to enlighten them with a knowledge of the plot. In doing this, Lady Di. laid her soft, beautiful, and ungloved hand upon Oliver's; and when any gem of art was being expressed, as the passage was sung Lady Di. told Oliver, by a soft pressure, when he must admire, and then

followed a look of recognition. As this added to the interest of the opera, Lady Di. had adjusted her scarf so as to conceal this act of her great condescension. Oliver relinquished his hand to Lady Di.'s care, and was very impressible. Mrs. Proudfit could not interest Frank: she told him the story, and he thought it absurd; she wanted to wake up his enthusiasm, but such were the incongruities of the plot, it appeared to him only ridiculous. He saw before him a lady and gentleman singing in the most innocent, unsuspecting, and tender manner allowable before folks, and a band of robbers in the rear of the stage hid behind painted stumps of trees, and roaring out, with a volume of voice only excelled by a chorus of bull-paddocks, in a pond of frogs, on a summer's night, their settled purpose to put a stop to the singing of the prima-donna and her prince, who were to be killed; but, in spite of all this, they turned a deaf ear to these life-threatening and death-impending denunciations.

As the curtain dropped at the end of the act, Lord D. received a note from his valet, which he said reminded him and Col. Proudfit of an engagement which must be attended to. These gentlemen begged Oliver and Frank to take care of their ladies, and see them safely home when the performances were over. As they withdrew, Armida d'Alembert, in a most beautiful costume, and another lady, came down and took the seats just vacated by Lord D. and Col. Proudfit. The coming of Armida was a matter of interest to all. Lady Di., Oliver, Mrs. Proudfit, and especially Frank, had something to say to her; and when the curtain drew up Frank's inquiries were not ended. He begged her to come and make them a visit; but Armida whispered back, "I leave to-morrow early in the morning. Anzoleto and I have

completed an engagement with this *troupe* for the Phalanstery, and we return to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" whispered Frank, making, of necessity, a bridge of Mrs. Proudfit's lap. That lady's forbearance was most remarkable; indeed, she was pleased rather than annoyed; for she was one prompt to redress her own wrongs, and if this conduct of Frank's had not been altogether to her mind, she would have said so. Armida, looking archly into Mrs. Proudfit's face, whispered to Frank, "I see Mrs. Proudfit has done what I could not do!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. P., "pray, what can that be?"

"I shall not even whisper my solution of riddles here," said Armida. "Mr. Trueman does not need me to tell him what is now burning upon his cheek."

Mrs. P. was pleased to see Frank's glowing color, and her own cheeks would have responded but for the rouge with which she had covered them.

Frank relieved himself by urging Armida to delay her return, and visit his wife and friends.

She replied, "O, no! Consuelo could not spare Anzoleto so long."

"Anzoleto and Consuelo!" said Frank.

"Yes! Anzoleto and Consuelo," replied Armida, with a smile, to the great mystification of Frank, who was not as wise as his wife in some things. "Dear Mr. Trueman, I must now go," said Armida. "Give my love to your ladies. I leave you in the care of one who can do for you what I could never do;" and, with a look full of archness, she rose, and, bowing to Lady Di. and Oliver, she held out her hand to Mrs. Proudfit and Frank,

and retired with her lady companion. Frank's eye followed Armida and the lady, and saw Anzoleto, who had come down the aisle to meet them, lead them out of the opera-house.

The last scene of the opera had been reached; the tableau was formed, and, amid the uproar of the entire *troupe*, and a burst-up of the orchestra, the curtain fell. If some simple man from the country had come in at that moment, and, hearing the shouts, the clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, of the multitude, had been asked to guess what had happened to transport such a crowd with one feeling, he would have guessed, naturally enough, "They are rejoicing at some great deliverance, such as the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, or something of the sort. Some grand escape!" But all this uproar was nothing extraordinary.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRENCH BALLET.

Amid these screams and cries, while some were shawling their ladies, the prima-donna was brought before the curtain, and, beside the bouquets, Tom Greatrake threw from the stage-box, which his party occupied for that night, a splendid bracelet. This magnificent gift was handed to the singing lady, who put it upon her arm, and, with most graceful and grateful acknowledgments to Tom, swept across the stage, and disappeared behind the curtain. This being over, Frank, seeing Lady Di. and Mrs.

Proudfit, making no movement to go, asked, "What are we waiting for?" Mrs. Proudfit replied, quietly, and in her clear tones, "We wait, with others, for the *Ballet*."

"And is there to be a ballet?" asked Frank.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. P.; "and I think the ballet the only thing worth coming to the opera for."

"I shall be obliged to you to release me from my share of this performance," said Frank.

"Why so, sir?" said Mrs. P., piqued, and just this side of a bursting out of passion.

"Because I want to go hence," said Frank.

"Dear, me!" said Mrs. P., with a sneer, "and does your wife fear you are not safe when you are out of her sight? Have you forgotten, sir, your promise to my husband?"

Frank sat down with a dogged determination to see it out. He dared not be true to himself, and say, "It is incongruous in me to be sitting here, in this parquet, witnessing the dancing of a ballet."

Now, Oliver was not left at liberty to think. Lady Di., delighted with her success, while Mrs. P. and Frank were being piqued, and near to an open quarrel, lost nothing by neglect. The boxes and parquet had been thinned by the retiring of those who, while they love music, have no desire to sit and see the immodest exhibitions which some refined men and women love to gaze upon.

The orchestra commenced, and a girl of exquisite grace came leaping down the stage, in the briefest of all petticoats; and, having reached the foot-lights, she gave a whirl, then came to a

dead stand, and, raising herself upon the tips of her toes, put up her hand to her head, looking archly into the parquet, with a bright, saucy air, as if she said, What do you say to that? Having done so, another fairy form came flying down in like manner, and, having made her whirl "and a cheese," as children say, she stood aside; and so on, till the *corps de ballet* had made their *entrées*. Last of all, the evening star, the Venus, — she might have just risen from the foam of cresting waves for any surplusage of clothing she wore, so like cloudy gossamer was the texture of her petticoats, — she, too, made her descent, more volant than all before her, and whirled her leg with such velocity that an honest country gentleman, who sat in front of Lady Di.'s sofa, and who might have seen millstones fly apart, shrunk back in fear lest the leg would come off at a tangent. The dead stand accomplished by this lady was so sudden, that the transport of the parquet and boxes knew no bounds. The country gentleman turned round to Frank, with a comical look, saying, "That beats all natur!"

The ballet now proceeded. Oliver was evidently looking through Lady Di.'s opera-glass once more. Indeed, he was too absorbed to be conscious of anything but the dancers, and the soft, warm pressure of Lady Di.'s hand.

Mrs. Proudfit did not lack for skill; but Frank was not pliable. He did n't care a fig for the plot, if there was one. If the singing a tragedy was incongruous folly, dancing a drama was unsurpassed stupidity; and, more, he needed no optic-glass to see the only charm in all this arose from appeals made to the passions.

At the close of the second act, the Grand Vizier, — for it was

an Eastern romance,—having shown himself a whirling dervise, and done many odd things for women to admire, placed his hands on the hips of the sultana, who sprung into the air. Raising her in his hands above his head, with her feet foremost, the Grand Vizier bore her down the stage as if he were about to pitch her into the parquet, when, coming to the footlights, he set her down, and the sultana, not at all embarrassed, rose on her toes and spun round with a velocity which left nothing more to be attempted or described. The curtain fell, and Frank found himself on his feet with the entire audience, whose ecstasy had now attained its point of culmination.

Frank buttoned up his coat resolutely, and said to Oliver: "Oliver, I 'm off; please look after Mrs. Proudfit."

This expression commanded the instant attention of both ladies. "It is not possible!" exclaimed Lady Di., who remembered the rude way in which Frank had left Mrs. P. in the woods at the camp-meeting.

Frank replied, "It is the most inevitable of all events," trying to look gay.

This was no place for a scene of any sort. Mrs. Proudfit gave Frank her scarf to put over her shoulders, and Oliver did the same for Lady Di.; and, with faces as serene as possible, these ladies withdrew with their gentlemen. It is remarkable what self-control the most imperious of pretty women can sometimes assume. They all went into a side saloon, where for the time they were alone.

"Was there ever one so graceful as Mademoiselle de Fond?" said Lady Di.

"So disgraceful!" said Frank.

"I hate such puritanical censoriousness!" cried Mrs. P. "Have you no ability to appreciate those *tours de force*, in which is expressed the very poetry of motion?"

"Poetry of motion!" said Frank; "I despise all such stupid phrases — such a perversion of words and ideas!"

"Hear him! hear him!" cried Mrs. Proudfit. "Do pray exhaust yourself of your 'virtuous indignation'! Have you not some other clever speeches, excogitated while we all sat innocently happy, delighted with the grace, beyond all art, caught by the genius of the night? If so, Mr. Frank Trueman, relieve yourself."

"Yes!" said Frank; "I have thoughts unexpressed, and I am not ashamed of my thoughts; though I am of what I have been doing. I will tell you, ladies, some of my speculations as I sat upon that sofa. I looked at those beautiful girls, and thought there was a time when, as sweet infants, they lay in the laps of happy mothers. I traced them, in my imagination, back to the gay hours of innocent joys in childhood; and onward to a blushing girlhood. And now, I ask, What is left them? — the hope of reaching the 'bad eminence' attained by the chief *danseuse*, — to become what she is, the incarnation of sensuality!"

"Let us go, after that!" cried Mrs. Proudfit, leading the way down a staircase along a dimly-lighted passage into a large room, handsomely carpeted and lighted with gas, but cut up by rows of pillars, and projections of thick wall into the room. It was a portion of the first story of the building; and these pillars and projections supported the parquet and boxes over head. The room was furnished with sofas, and in each of the recesses made by the projections was a sofa, and drapery running on brass

rods looped up, which made them, when let fall, very nice little snuggeries, — or, as they were here called, "retiracies," — each lit with a gas-burner.

When they entered, the members of the Carlton Club were walking up and down with opera-ladies, and some ladies in the highest circles of fashion in the city with their "devoted admirers." Lady Di. was very gracious in her expressions of delight and admiration of the chief Bull-paddock. Oliver, for his share, complimented the prima-donna and other singing-women and singing-men who had sustained the principal characters in the opera. Lady Di. now made her curtsey, and retired with Oliver into one of these "private boxes" under the stage, and let fall the curtains.

Frank and Mrs. Proudfit remained with the group in which the prima-donna shone as chief attraction. She admired her gift greatly; and her arm was conceded to Tom Greatrake, as a reward of his diamond bracelet.

"Here," said she, "is the gift of gifts!" holding up a solid golden bracelet, with one large diamond. "This was presented me on my signing a contract to go to the Phalanstery for a month. See here!" and she opened it; it bore the name of "Anzoleto." "It is to sing with Anzoleto and Consuelo, I left the shores of Italy and the gayeties of Paris."

"My dear Trueman," said Tom Greatrake, "this is an unexpected pleasure, to meet you here; but I see the magnet," bowing to Mrs. Proudfit.

"'A Daniel come to judgment!'" cried Frank, willing to brave out the affair as best he could.

Now, Mrs. Proudfit was not at all pleased at this; she could

have boxed Tom Greatrake's ears for his impertinence. It was seen by every one that Tom's continued raillery and compliments were not well received by Mrs. Proudfit; while Frank held his place at her side, wearing a calm air of indifference, as he replied to all this badinage with a serenity which greatly annoyed that lady.

A flood of ballet-girls in their brief dresses, wearing a scarf or a shawl loosely over their shoulders, now entered the saloon, and were received with great delight by the Carlton Club gentlemen. Soon, the entire party was paired off, if not matched. Mrs. P. led Frank to a far-off sofa, and seated herself. Frank looked around for Oliver and Lady Di.; but in which of the curtained alcoves they were ensconced could not be told. Mrs. Proudfit had been vexed by Tom's compliments. They were just the sort of spiteful sayings she herself excelled in; and she would have put an end to them; but Frank would not aid her, and she was compelled to meet it as best she could, and under every disadvantage. Before she had fully recovered her self-possession, the folding-doors at the end of the hall opened, and a table spread, in a saloon lighted brilliantly by gas-burners, was revealed. The head-waiter came forward and cried out, "Ladies and gentlemen, supper!"

CHAPTER V.

LADY DI. AND OLIVER BEHIND THE CURTAINS.

At this magical word the alcoves were opened, and their inmates joined the throng. The company were seated according to a programme, which fact told Frank he and Mrs. Proudfit had been counted upon for guests. The seats assigned them were near the seat of honor held by Major Lovelace, the president of the club, on whose right sat the prima-donna and Tom Greatrake. It was a festive and a brilliant party. The Sirens of the opera and the Circes of the ballet, when seated, threw off their opera cloaks and shawls; for the night was warm, and, the ceiling of this room not being high, the temperature was already far above summer heat.

"What has become of Lady Di.?" whispered Frank to Mrs. Proudfit.

"I suppose Oliver has been successful in persuading her to go home!" replied Mrs. P., with a sneer.

"I hope he has," replied Frank, glad to think Oliver was fairly out of the net whose meshes he felt were all about him.

And the supper proceeded as all suppers do. At first there was here and there a pop of champagne-corks, until there was a scattering fire of musketry, resembling a regiment of militia after breaking up of the line on "a general training-day." The feast of reason, as is usual, was superseded by the flow of wine; and the flow of soul on this occasion is better imagined than described.

Let us return to Oliver and Lady Di. When Oliver saw Lady Di. unloose the curtains, he felt queerly; but he was, unconsciously to himself, under the influence of singular and superior fascinations.

Lady Di. had won for herself, by her perfect self-possession, sometimes worn with *hauteur*, the submission of those who came around her. Unlike Mrs. Proudfit, she never wore the air of pique or petulance. She never made a demand which seemed to admit of a declinature. Whether this arose from her rank in society, or her beauty, and her artful modesty of manner, it was hers to lead, and the duty of all she consented to lead to follow unhesitatingly: even Lord D. was no exception to this universal homage. And what could a poor simpleton like Oliver do? He was caged, and he felt it; and felt he might as well try to get out of a dungeon as out of that recess, until he was led out by Lady Dieofarose Dielincœur.

My Lady Di. did not long leave him in doubt for what end she had sought this retreat. Laying aside her scarf and hood and fan, she asked Oliver to aid her in drawing off the only glove she had worn during the evening; and, this done, her gloves and fan were laid upon her scarf. She then seated herself on the sofa beside Oliver, who sat in expectation of what would come next. Lady Di. was a lady of action when the time for action came; so, placing her beautiful arm round his neck, and taking his hand in hers, leaning forward, and looking him in the face with a gaze of passionate tenderness, she spoke: "Oliver Outright! I have for the last year lived but for this moment! Everything I have done, everything I have said, all, all has but advanced me and my hopes for this one interview! Why don't you speak?"

Now, of all things, this was the strangest request for this lady to make. Oliver looked into the face of Lady Di., no longer lovely in its pensive expression, but full of passion; her bosom was heaving, and her eyes flamed upon him; and, at his wit's end, as many an honest gentleman has been before him in a similar situation, Oliver gasped, and said, "What can I say?"

"Say! Say that you have not been unconscious of my love; that you have seen my struggles to keep down the passion which consumes me; that you have seen the young flame only to fan it, and rejoice in its increasing brightness, — hoping this hour would come, when love would reign supreme; and, now it has come, that you do give me love for love, life for life!"

"My dear lady! how can I? how dare I? Have you not a husband? Have I not a wife?"

But we will not go on with this dialogue. Lady D. became more and more humble. She asked for nothing but love. She fell at his feet, and was willing to make any submission; but she must be loved! Love! Yes, love must be hers. His duty might lead him as it would, but she could not give up the belief that he loved her. And then she stormed and raged a while; and, reseating herself by his side, looking him in the face, she asked why he had so long accepted all her expressions of affection, if his heart was all his wife's. And it must be confessed that Oliver, as his memory, awakened by the fierce fury of this proud lady, went on its search with lightning rapidity, felt himself a culprit, — far more of a culprit than he was, in fact. But in this, as in all things else, when in a false position, everything is exaggerated, and the mind is not so much a broken bow as a bow which drives home the shaft into itself.

"Kiss me!" cried Lady Di., passionately; "one kiss, and I will ask for nothing more!"

And poor Oliver, glad to end the scene (just as if compliance was the way to victory!), gave Lady Di. the kiss she sought for. But who ever gave but one kiss, Judas excepted? It was a long kiss—

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Lady Di. rose, and ran to the curtain to peep out. The saloon was empty. Turning round, and clasping her hands in artistic rapture, she approached toward Oliver, and exclaimed, "O, Ciel! Mine! mine!"

It was living a lifetime in an instant with Oliver. He saw the depths of ruin impending, and, quick as lightning, caught up his opera-cap as it lay on the sofa; stooping beneath the now outspread arms of Lady Di., he fled into the vacant hall, through passages labyrinthine, into the open air. And when he saw the stars shining above him he felt himself safe, though he continued to run on till he had exhausted himself. An empty hackney-coach chanced to be passing. He called it, and ordered the man to drive to his residence.

This ride home gave him time to recover breath, and some little self-possession. As he got out of the coach, he saw Colonel Proudfit's carriage, and Lord D.'s carriage, and their servants, at his door. He had, in changing his vest, left his night-key in his chamber. He was therefore compelled to ring the bell to gain admittance; but no one came. Hot, and impatient of delay, he broke the plate-glass of the side-lights to the inner partition, and was able, by lifting the dead-latch, to enter. He came flying up

into the parlor, where he found Gertrude standing upon the piano, with her back against the wall, her dress wrapped around and pressed close to her by her hands, looking like a stag at bay; and Annie, in a hood and cloak, standing at the end of the piano, in a state of great alarm.

"What does this mean?" he cried, and hurried up to the piano. Gertrude glared at him with eyes fixed as in death, only for the fury that shone in them.

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" cried Annie, "it is Oliver!"

"It is I, Gertrude!" said Oliver. "Pardon me for frightening you!"— thinking it was the breaking of the pane of glass that had caused all the alarm.

The instant Gertrude came to herself, she grew faint, and was caught by Oliver, who laid her upon a sofa, while Annie ran for cologne and cold water. It was some time before she was fully restored, and it was like one coming out of a fearful dream.

"Where is Frank?" she faintly asked.

This recalled Frank to Oliver. "Where is Frank?" asked Annie. "Where did you leave him?"

"At the opera-house," was all Oliver could say. And, at his wit's end what to do next, he asked, "Pray, what does this mean?"— pointing to the hood and cloak which Annie had thrown down on the sofa, — "and where are Lord Dielincœur and Colonel Proudfit, whose carriages I saw at the door? This is all very strange!"— waking up to the consciousness that there was something requiring an explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD DIELINCOUR AND COLONEL PROUDFIT'S PLAN DEFEATED.

ANNIE, for the first time in her life, was embarrassed. She did not see how she was to explain matters. Gertrude, seeing this, roused herself, and sat upright. "Oliver, I can best tell you what has happened, and I will. You know we were very much pained that you should go to the opera; and on our return, the only thing left us was to undress and cry ourselves to sleep; which we did,—I, at least, did so. It was long after dark, indeed, it was night, when Theresa came and begged me to dress. I said no, I would not; but she said, 'You must, for I think Mr. Trueman will bring home Lord and Lady Di. to sup with him, from the opera;' and I consented. She was anxious for me to appear very splendid; but I would only dress as you see me. When she had nearly completed my toilet, she went into Annie's room, and dressed her up grandly, as you see, all to see Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit. When dressed, we took tea; and, to amuse ourselves, we tuned the harp, and Annie and I began playing duets on the harp and piano, when Lord D. rang the bell, and was admitted, with Colonel Proudfit. They told us you and Frank had requested them to come and keep us company till the opera was over. I felt myself hurt at being left by Frank, and, though I did not like the company of Colonel P., yet I determined to do the best I could; and, being asked to play, I did so. Lord D. sat himself beside Annie to turn over the music, and Colonel Proudfit drew up an ottoman close to my harp; and

there he sat, looking me in the face, and making me feel very restless. When we had done playing, Lord D. told us of the scenes of the opera, and especially was he amused with Frank's *ennui*. All this was pleasing to me; but their compliments were neither few, nor remarkable for their refinement. Indeed, indeed, I never felt like hating anybody till this evening. But I will go on, and tell you all just as it happened. We looked at our watches, and found it past eleven o'clock. Then they told us of the ballet and the supper; and Lord D. sought to be very merry at your expense, which did not please me. He proposed we should put on our hoods and shawls, and go to the opera-house and surprise you; and, so wonderfully persuasive was he, that, after a long time, we consented. Annie went for the hoods and shawls, and returned with hers on; but I could not be prevailed on to go. Then Lord D. offered to go with Annie, and leave Colonel Proudfit and me at home; but I told Annie, in German, never to leave me. She then declined going. Again they all pressed me to go, — yes, Annie and all; and I put on the shawl and hood, and Lord D. put his arm playfully around Annie, and Colonel P. did the same to me, when the thought came up in my heart, 'What will Frank say to me?' I stopped short upon the stairs, and called to Annie to return, when Colonel Proudfit attempted to force me down the stairs; but I unwound myself, and left my shawl in his hands, and flew up stairs. How I got upon the piano I do not know. At the instant the bell rang, Colonel Proudfit, who had followed me, was attempting to draw me toward him. That is all I remember. My consciousness was gone when you entered. And now, Oliver, let me tell you what more you should know. It is this. I did not dream, I do not

now believe, there was any other purpose in all this than to go to the opera-house on a little playful frolic, to bring you home. Lord D.'s manner was free, but I knew he had been dining out, and attributed all that was unusual to that cause. Now, then, having made a clear conscience of all that concerns me, please explain to us how you came by Lady Di.'s hood;" picking it up from the floor, near the piano, upon which it had been cast by Oliver.

Oliver looked at it with astonishment, and a feeling of shame came over him. "To-morrow, to-morrow! but now I must go and find Frank. He ought to be here. It is near one o'clock. Thank God *you* are safe!"

The intonation Oliver gave his words alarmed Gertrude, and at once brought her to her feet. "I will go with you, Oliver," she said.

"No, no; that will never do! Lock the door after me, and take out the key, and wait till I return." But the ladies were at once shawled and hooded, and insisted on going with him, so that Oliver was forced to consent. They called up a servant, and, leaving him in charge of the house, they descended together upon the strange errand of going out at midnight in search of a husband.

On opening the door, there lay Frank within the vestibule, senseless; his breathing was appalling to listen to. Oliver took him up with the ease of a young Hercules, and ran with him up into the parlor, while the wives, frightened, but alive to the necessity of self-control, followed. Annie was dispatched to the kitchen for hot water, Gertrude for the medicine-box, and the energy and skill of Oliver were never more conspicuous. An

emetic was administered, cataplasms and sinapisms (vulgarly called plasters and blisters) were put on the back and soles of his feet; and, before the dawn of day, Frank was effectually pumped out, and his head and stomach alike cleared. Frank begged to be permitted to sleep; and they all slept about the bed upon which Frank was laid, nor did they waken till the sun shone brightly into the chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

A NIGHT-SUPPER. — FRANK'S NARROW ESCAPE.

FRANK was the first to wake up of all the sleepers. As he attempted to rouse himself, and felt the effects of Oliver's skill, which required of him "a masterly inactivity," he was almost mad; but when he gazed about and saw Oliver sleeping on the carpet, and Annie on a sofa, and his wife sleeping in a chair, with her head upon a pillow, his passion gave way to self-reproaches, and he recalled the events of the past night, and felt he had reason to be thankful he was in such safe hands; that there were no wounds upon him which love had not inflicted, and which time would not heal.

It was high noon before they were all ready to appear at the breakfast-table; and when the servant had removed the waiter, and they were alone, Annie asked Frank to tell them of his adventures with Mrs. Proudfit. This request was the wish of

all; but Frank rubbed his forehead with a perplexed and restless air, as though the request was not so easily complied with as made.

"'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise,'" said Frank, looking up to Annie.

"What do you mean, Frank?" asked Annie.

"I see you will not let me off, until I shall a tale unfold which shall stir your young blood, and made those graceful and pendent curls stand on end like — help me out, Oliver!"

Oliver was in a brown study at the instant.

"Ah! I remember," continued Frank, having at the instant a sharp pricking sensation from the blister-plaster between his shoulders, "'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' Oliver!" exclaimed Frank, made mad by the pains of the instant, "what in the world could induce you to butcher me as you did last night?"

"You had been drugged, Frank," said Oliver.

"Drugged!" exclaimed Frank. "How do you know?"

"Your stertorous breathing told me so."

"Won't you tell us, dear husband, how this happened?" asked Gertrude, in tones of great earnestness.

And Frank, having told the tale up to the point where we left him, went on, saying, "Complimentary toasts to the several singing and dancing girls were drank, accompanied by speeches in which all heathen mythology was laid under contribution, showing, as I thought, not only considerable classical learning, but a very just appreciation of the living personifications of Olympus around us; when Lovelace, who presided, rose and begged the company to do him the honor to drink the toast he was about to offer, in the most exquisite of all cordials art has distilled

from the choicest of her sweets; whereupon flasks containing cordials were put in requisition, and liqueur-glasses were filled. Colonel Proudfit's valet placed before me a glass, filled behind my back; for I did not see out of what flask he poured it. Mrs. Proudfit looked up to him and nodded; and, to my surprise, I saw behind my own chair *Theodore!* The toast was introduced by a speech in honor of the prima-donna. I drank my glass; it was a rich, dark liquid, with a heavy perfume, very delicious to the taste. Tom Greatrake, who sat beside that lady, rose and replied in her name. I was glad to see signs that the supper was now about to come to an end; when Lovelace rose once more, and requested the glasses to be filled as before, promising the company he would detain them at the table but a moment or two longer. When all was ready, he said, 'Ladies and *Lovers*, we witness this night a rare and happy conjunction of the first class of planets in the world of fashion, wealth, wit, and beauty. I offer you, Ladies and *Lovers*, Mars and Venus' (bowing, as he spoke, to Mrs. Proudfit and myself): 'The queen of beauty and of night has won a *true man* at last.' The allusion could not be mistaken. I felt as if I could face a legion of devils, to say nothing of the nude women and their *moustached* admirers about me; and when they cried out for a speech from Colonel Trueman, I rose in a rage, and said, 'The toast offered and drank by this company is an insult to this lady,' pointing to Mrs. P., 'to her husband, and myself. The only extenuation I can find for it is our presence here, which, so far as I know, is purely accidental. I am a stranger in Vanity Fair, and in blissful ignorance of any custom in its best society which upholds an exchange of loved wives for women bronzed in infamy.' As I sat down, it seemed

as if instant death was to be my lot; decanters were seized, the ladies shrieked, and all was uproar, when twenty voices cried, 'Turn off the gas!' and in an instant we were left in Egyptian darkness. I found myself with the arms of Mrs. Proudfit around me, and Theodore's hand upon my arm, leading us along. There seemed to be a sudden end to all murderous designs, and other cries than those for blood filled the room. I was hurried along to the door where my carriage stood. Theodore opened the door, and Mrs. Proudfit, in admired disarray, entered and took her seat. I was about to enter, when old Mr. Conscience, with a sharp blow, thumped me on the back, and cried out, 'Trueman, where are you going with this harlot?' I drew back, shut the carriage-door, and ran. I felt dizzy, and feared I should not reach home. That 's all I know. That 's my story. Now, Oliver, let us have yours. I think, dear wives, your husbands have got into a *cul-de-sac*, and we have got to cut our way out." These words filled the ladies with alarm. "Come, Oliver, tell us your story; for, to my mind, you were quite as much involved as myself. Don't be afraid to tell the whole story. There must be no concealments among us."

And Oliver astonished his wife by telling of his hair-breadth escape. Annie then enlightened Frank with their home adventures. When these were told, as Friends are wont to say, "they fell into silence," and the result of all their cogitations found utterance by Frank's "being moved to say," "What precious pattern pilgrims to the Celestial City we two are, Oliver!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW A MAN MAY BE DUPED, AND MADE TO SEND A CHALLENGE.

WHILE our pilgrims were at home holding this colloquy, Colonel Courtney, who had come to the city the day previous, was called upon at the hotel by Major Lovelace, who said "he had seen his arrival in the morning paper with sincerest pleasure, for he had an affair of honor upon his hands, and he needed the aid of one whose skill and reputation in such matters was so well established."

"My dear fellow," said the colonel, "I have done with all such matters. I am, you see, clad in mourning, and my heart is in deeper darkness than my coat. I cannot be enlisted in any such affair. But, perhaps, my advice may aid you; and, if so, please command me."

"I thank you, colonel, and I accept your offer. The party to be challenged by me," continued the major, "is Colonel Trueman."

We have heretofore omitted to give Frank his title, which, like most titles, was a mere matter of moonshine; and, as he never claimed it for himself, so we have suppressed it. But the Governor of Babylonia, knowing him to be a fine fellow, with a good person, and willing to pay for a splendid uniform, had made him one of his *Aids-de-camp*, to which the military title of colonel is attached. Now, in the state, as in the church, the maxim, "once a bishop always a bishop," prevails; and, though Frank never had a chance to wear his uniform five times, his

title held good, as such titles do, to the end of life. This explains the major's toast, where Frank's military rank was so delicately alluded to. With this apology to our readers, we go on.

"Colonel Trueman!" exclaimed Colonel Courtney, now all alive to the quarrel. "Pray, tell me all about it."

The major told the story of the French opera girls and dancers, with certain "fast ladies," who were initiated into suppers of this sort, being invited by the gentlemen of the Carlton Club to a supper in the basement of the opera-house on the night previous, and told the facts very fairly as they occurred. When the major had repeated, word for word, the speech which Frank made, Colonel Courtney thumped his hand upon the table at which they sat, and exclaimed, "Good, by George! Let me ask you at whose prompting is this duel got up?"

The major seemed a little backward at replying. But it came out that the club had held a meeting — informal, to be sure — at which Lord Dielincœur and Colonel Proudfit were present; and, as they were sober, not having been at the supper, their judgment was conclusive.

"The club had been compromised, in their opinion, and must fight itself out. They said, as I had offered the toast, it was my bounden duty to do the fighting."

"You are the most amiable of men!" said Colonel Courtney. "And for whom do you peril your life? For the honor of a wife, a sister; or for a *troupe* of women, not one of whom you would introduce to your own parlor?"

"But, then, there are Mrs. Proudfit, and certain other ladies,

whose names I do not feel at liberty to mention; they were present," replied the major.

"And are they to be classed with dancing-women, and opera-girls? Do you think any one of those ladies will thank you for making public their presence at such a midnight revel? Think again, major."

"My dear colonel, I've no wish to get myself pilloried nor shot for these women; but it is only on account of Mrs. Proudfit; all the rest I care nothing for. If their last night's paramours have any love of fighting, let them fight. But Mrs. Proudfit's honor, in the judgment of her husband and Lord Dielincœur, is impugned, and through my act. There 's the rub, colonel."

"You are a simpleton, my dear fellow, and you are fighting the quarrels of other people. Proudfit and Dielincœur are anxious to kill off this gentleman, who is a friend of mine, and by whom I shall stand at all hazards, and to the death; and I shall send to Lord D. and Colonel Proudfit my compliments, and shall hold them responsible for all that comes of this matter. You know me, major; and what I promise I never fail to perform."

"I wish I was well out of the scrape," said the major; "and how shall I get out of it?"

"There is one way to escape, and I will help you to it. You were guilty of an offence to my friend Trueman, last night, in publicly insinuating relations subsisting between Mrs. Proudfit and himself, which, in any other place, and before any other audience, you would have regarded alike insulting to the lady as to that gentleman. He resented it for himself and Mrs. Proudfit; and he did it in the high consciousness of his honor, and

out of respect to that lady; and for this — for this, he is to be challenged! and that, too, at the instigation of the husband whose wife's purity he protected from your insulting toast. What have you to reply to this?"

"Not one word. I thank you, colonel, for opening to my dull senses such naked facts as these. Let us go at once to Colonel Trueman's, and I will make him my apology in person. Please help me through this interview."

Colonel Courtney agreed to go with the major at three o'clock. It was now one; and they separated, both greatly gratified with the result of their conference.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD AND LADY D. PROPOSE A PLAN OF RECONCILIATION.

Frank was lying on the sofa, bolstered up with pillows; for his blistered back was anything but comfortable when sitting up. Gertrude was sewing, and Annie reading aloud the last new book, when Oliver came in, with Theodore following. Theodore delivered a billet bearing the well-known seal of Lord Dielincœur. At the sight of this note our ladies turned pale. This done, Theodore retired, and Oliver produced another, addressed to himself, handed to him in the entry by Theodore, from Lady Di. Oliver had been called out of the room by Theresa, that he might receive this note unobserved.

"Here we have it—'coffee and pistols for two!'" said Frank. Never was there more interest exhibited than by his auditors.

This note was addressed on the inside to the gentlemen jointly. Lord D. was extremely courteous in the language with which his note opened. He alluded to having introduced our pilgrims to the circles of Vanity Fair; and of his responsibilities to his friends, and above all to Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit. He went on to say that Lady Di. had been cruelly committed by the conduct of Mr. Outright; and of the manner in which Mrs. Proudfit had been treated by Mr. Trueman he could not trust himself to speak. Lord D. hoped these events, strange and inexplicable as they might be to others, were yet susceptible of explanation, as arising from too free use of the genial glass at the dinner-table, or from the effects of a heated room; and that in this way this most infelicitous deportment of gentlemen to high-bred ladies might be excused. He said Colonel P. and wife, and Lady Di., were ready to receive these as apologies sufficient and satisfactory. Indeed, Lady Di. and Mrs. P. had both become satisfied that this was the true ground on which this discourteous conduct was to be placed. They united cordially in offering the olive-branch of reconciliation; and, as a first necessity, this scandal must be suppressed at once. To this end, Lord D., for himself and Lady Di., as well as for Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, invited them to go to the Church of the Holy Martyrs with them on Sunday next, where the fashionable circles of the city would be assembled upon an occasion of special interest, and when the Right Reverend the Bishop of Turkey would preach. They were also all invited to dine at his residence with a select party of friends, on that day. And Lord D. ended by saying:

"I cannot but hope, in this way, our pleasant relations may be reëstablished before the world, and among ourselves.

"With high consideration,

"DIELINCŒUR."

"Is n't that a model of impudence!" cried Frank. "Now, Oliver, let 's have Lady Di.'s note. Don't be ashamed of it, nor fear to trust us with all that lady's earnest entreaties."

But, in spite of all Frank's encouragements, Oliver, with no little hesitation, read his note.

Opening it, he said: "This was delivered me in the hall, with great secrecy, by Theodore; and, thinking an oral reply of some sort might be required, I read it there. If Lady Di. was an angel of the highest order of beatitudes, she could not be more forgiving. She forgives me all my cruelty; she writes me thus: 'You have compromised my reputation and your own; but I forgive all. My bosom has no space for anything but my deep grief at conduct so untoward and uncalled for, and I only seek to save myself and you from the dreadful consequences of this madness.' — Is n't that enough?" asked Oliver.

"Go on! read it!" cried Frank. "Don't be so very tender of this lady's sensibilities. I insist upon it. We are all in the same ship, and we sink or swim together. I must know all the facts in the case. It is due to Annie, to Gertrude, and to myself."

So urged, Oliver read his note. Lady Di. went on to say further: "It was, my dear Outright, a momentary insanity, that led you to desert me under conditions and circumstances every way humiliating. My love is unchanged; but it asks for

nothing. It will live in my bosom a cherished woe,— a loved despair; and, though never more to breathe itself in sighs, never more find relief in tears, it will live, forever live, a loved despair, consuming and wasting my heart! All I ask is this: Let us all appear together at church, and let us dine together. We shall thus silence all these dreadful rumors affecting our characters. This is asking little, for one who has given so much.

"Unalterably yours,

"DIEOFAROSE DIELINCŒUR."

Poor Oliver was greatly humiliated by the task he had gone through; and Annie, full of compassion, fondly putting her arm round his neck, said to him, "What a Circe! How tender she is! Have n't I reason to be proud of my husband? How few modern Josephs would have left with my Lady Potiphar, as a trophy of victory, nothing but his hat!" and, saying so, she playfully held up Lady Di.'s hood.

"O, Annie! how can you trifle about a matter of this sort?" cried Oliver, passionately.

A flood of tears rolled down Annie's cheeks, and showed how great had been her effort to conceal her emotions, and to save her husband from self-reproach. Gertrude wept from sympathy with Annie; and, too, it may be, her tears fell from fear of the great danger impending over both Frank and Oliver.

When this summer shower had cleared up, Frank and Oliver were left at liberty to consult what next must be done; and in this they claimed the intuitive skill of women to aid them, for Frank was wont to say, "His Gertrude's intuitions were next to prophecy."

Peace was offered our pilgrims under the stipulations of going

to church with these people, and of dining with them. But what would they be doing by their compliance? They would confess themselves to have been drunk, and to have acted towards Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit in a manner unbecoming gentlemen; and what else? They would admit that Lord Dielincœur and Col. Proudfit had had no designs upon the peace and purity of their wives, should ever the incidents of that evening's entertainments be revealed, as, in such circumstances, was most likely to happen, possessed, as they were, by all the servants, as well as by the principal actors on that night. And, last of all, Gertrude and Annie by their presence were to endorse the sanctity and purity of these women.

"Now," said Frank, having reached this point, "I have no confessions to make, privately nor publicly. I fear their dinners, but not their daggers; and their poisons more than their pistols. We have had enough of this. Next Sunday we will go to their church, but not with them; and when we have braved them in the face of their familiar friends, we will be off."

While they were thus sitting in conclave, Theodore brought in the cards of Col. Courtney and Major Lovelace. Frank told his wife and Annie they had better retire; and, with beating hearts, these ladies went so far as the other side of the door, and peeped through the key-hole.

Frank rose from the sofa when the colonel and Major Lovelace entered, and stood braced up like a pillar. Major Lovelace offered his hand cordially to Frank, and said: "I come, Col. Trueman, to offer you a hearty apology for my conduct last evening. I greatly regret having offered the toast which so justly offended you."

"Your apology, major, is accepted as frankly as it is offered," said Frank.

A free conversation followed, which went directly through the key-hole into the very depths of our ladies' hearts.

Colonel Courtney delivered messages of love from his wife, and promised to call in the evening and see the ladies; after which, the major and colonel withdrew, making all glad, themselves included, at a result so genial and satisfactory.

CHAPTER X.

SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY MARTYRS. — THE BISHOP OF TURKEY'S SERMON.

It is wonderful how evil tidings travel. The events we have spoken of took place on Thursday night. On Friday evening Lord Shallbeso came, fully charged with the news of the day. He showed his skill upon our pilgrims in telling them of the current rumors of affairs of honor to come off on the next Monday morning. He affected to be simply amused; "did n't believe a word of it, but thought he would step in just to see how our friends were, and ask a question or two as to what all this meant." He did not make much by it, for Frank told him at once that these were matters affecting others more than themselves, and it was their purpose not to make a single remark. That this was a topic not to be so much as spoken of in their presence. Finding himself met so decisively, the conversation

was led off by Annie to some very commonplace matters; and Lord Shallbeso soon after left to go and see Lady Di. and report all he had seen, and to say he had not made a single discovery; that, so far as he could see, the family of Mr. Trueman were as cheerful and happy as he had ever seen them.

The next day, Saturday, our ladies held almost a levee, so many kind friends looked in upon them to pay their respects, and some to express regret at hearing they designed leaving Vanity Fair. Colonel Courtney called, and said he had obtained permission from Lord Shallbeso to occupy his pew, and proposed they should all go to the Holy Martyrs' Church, together with himself and Major Lovelace, which was most cheerfully acceded to.

The number of anxious friends increased during the evening; for it was reported no less than four duels were to be fought by Frank and Oliver on next Monday morning. The parlor was full of visitors; and, as our ladies were in fine voice, they sang and played with wonderful skill and beauty. Frank and Oliver were very brilliant, and made their talents eminently conspicuous; and the retiring guests were so won over to their side, they one and all declared that "persons so accomplished, so witty, so beautiful, could not be guilty of any misdemeanor." And when they glanced at the other parties in the case, though they none of them dared to speak their thoughts, they said, "it was only because one hates to be at pins' point with those who give such delightful parties."

One effect was obvious. As everybody knew of their intention to hear the Bishop of Turkey preach on the next Sunday morning in the Church of the Holy Martyrs, so all "our set"

were on the *qui vive* to witness what might be seen, quite as much as to listen to the bishop. And so it happened at an early hour on Sunday morning this church was filled with the very best society in Vanity Fair. Lady Dielincœur, as the bell tolled, came sweeping up in *grande manière*, followed by her lord; and, having said her prayer, very piously took her seat. Colonel Proudfit soon after led up his lady in an elegant costume, with an air more jaunty and defiant than usual, but not the less graceful for all that. They also took their accustomed seat with Lord and Lady D.; and now expectancy arose, Will Mr. Trueman's party come to church? The voluntary was being played, when Frank and Oliver, preceded by Col. Courtney and Major Lovelace, walked up the aisle with their ladies. With great deference and respect they were bowed into the pew of Lord Shallbeso by Col. Courtney and Major Lovelace. This was taking the initiated present by surprise. What could it mean? Major Lovelace leading up to the pew the gentleman he was to shoot at ten paces the next morning; and there was Col. Courtney, who was to act as second to Major Lovelace, all in the same pew! It was too much; and so absorbed were many persons present, that they forgot to bow their heads during the saying of the creed, — "a thing unheard of, and of which they never would have believed themselves capable!" so they said to each other afterwards. But, then, their excuse was, "Really, we were so taken by surprise!"

Now, the Right Reverend Bishop of Turkey, as he opened his sermon, looked over this fashionable congregation with that glow of benignant satisfaction which only bishops feel. He saw in this unusual gathering of the best society nothing but an

anxiety to listen to his long-promised discourse on the primitive apostolic churches of the East. As we have before stated, he had labored in this field; and his zeal for the apostolical churches had won for him the robes he now wore.

So absorbed had our pilgrims been, while in church, with their own matters, that at the dinner-table no one could recall the bishop's text, nor anything he had said. Indeed, the gaze of their dear friends into their pew, from time to time, was well calculated to keep their thoughts busy, so that the most remarkable sermon of modern times was neither listened to nor at all heeded. But, at the close of his sermon, the earnestness of the bishop, and the eagerness of the audience, who hung upon his lips with enthusiasm, at last awakened their attention perfectly; so that we are able to state the facts, wonderful as they are, and which for their marvellousness have rarely been surpassed by priests in Romish cathedrals on a favorite saint's day. The bishop said, with emphasis, putting his whole heart into it, "that he had seen a record in the ancient city and church of Antioch, in which each bishop, in the see of Antioch, had written, with his own hand, an account of his induction, which record it was his duty to make, and had transmitted the record to his successor; that this record had been thus kept from the time of the Apostles down to the present; and that the record there stands, *first*, St. Peter, *second*, Euodius, *third*, Ignatius, and so down to Elias II., the present incumbent."

The benediction had been pronounced, and the assembly rose to depart. Lord and Lady Dielincœur, and Colonel and Mrs. Proudfit, stood awaiting events. The crowd was great, and it was a long time before those about the altar made a move. Not

a bow, not the slightest recognition, was exchanged across the church. They all looked across the church and about the church, and recognized Mrs. Henry Gibbs, Mrs. Gulphin, the T'nipnoses, and many others; and when the aisles were cleared half-way down, Lovelace and Courtney conducted our ladies along toward the door with easy, quiet courtesy, whispering as they went slowly down the aisle. In the porch the rival parties met, face to face, one going out of one door of entrance, and the other party out of the other door; they passed out of the same gate and entered their carriages at the same moment, and drove in different directions, to the great wonderment of at least a hundred dear friends, who, in various ways, lingered and watched the progress of these great events, leading to such "a dreadful rupture in the circles of the best society up-town."

CHAPTER XI.

SCENE AT THE CARLTON CLUB-HOUSE.

On Monday Col. Courtney dined with our pilgrims. They had many inquiries to make of Mrs. Courtney, and of past events. He told them it was the belief of those who had examined his poor boy's body that he had been suffocated by chloroform; and, though his own promptings were to make war upon the Phalanstery, the parents of his wife restrained him.

He informed them he was taken with a brain fever, which, for a time, it was feared would end his life; his father-in-law had

removed him into the country for entire peace and quiet, and he was at his farm when his wife came to town; that her parents were not willing he should hazard his reputation, and the sensibilities of their daughter, by any disclosures; thus he had done nothing but get well — a work of time.

"The danger I was in," said Col. Courtney, "acted as by enchantment upon my wife, who forgot her own griefs in her efforts to restore me to health; and life is all too brief for me to express my gratitude for such devotion."

To change the topic, which was very full of sad recollections, Oliver asked the colonel what he thought of the bishop's sermon. The colonel replied: "I was surprised at the daring of the man; a hardihood founded on his utter contempt for the intelligence of his audience, whom he must believe to be as ignorant as the Druses of Mount Libanus. Ladies, from their love of the marvellous, and surprising docility when led by bishops, may, perhaps, receive it kindly, and think it very delightful."

"Not one word about the silliness of women!" said Annie. "They know quite as much about all the mysteries of apostolical succession as their husbands, fathers, or brothers."

"I think," said Gertrude, "that the hearts of those who desire assurance in this grave matter must have burned within them to be told such a record as this exists in all its integrity."

Gertrude so rarely jested, and this was said so innocently, that all were in doubt whether she was jesting or not.

"Pray, tell us, Gertrude," said Frank, "and do you believe this Munchausen-like story?"

"*I* do not," replied Gertrude, with something of pique in her tones; "but there are pious persons to whose anxious souls this

question is decisive, and on which hang their hopes of heaven. To such it must be a great joy to have a bishop tell them he had seen such a record, and believed it to be true. For, if it be true, then the possibility of an unbroken chain, the conduit of grace, is established; and they may hope that theirs too is a true church."

The colonel now waked up to be interested in this topic; and, to keep it up, he asked, "Ladies, I have a conundrum, new from the mint!" tapping his forehead: — "*Of which of the apostles is the Bishop of Turkey a lineal successor?* It is very obvious, and you will see it at once."

Our friends sent their wits on a wild-goose chase, after the solution of this conundrum.

"I 've got it!" cried Annie, with great enthusiasm and delight; "Peter,— for it was Peter who drew his sword when he should have kept it in his scabbard."

"Excellent!" cried Oliver. "Has she not hit it, colonel?"

The colonel smiled. "That reply reminds me of the oft-repeated saying of an old commentator whose pious labors I was made to read to my grandmother. After speaking of various opinions upon the text under review, he would say: 'This is all true, but not the truth in the text.'"*

"What can it be, colonel?" asked Gertrude.

They all gave up the conundrum as hopeless.

"The Reverend Bishop of Turkey," said the colonel, with greatest gravity of manner, "is, of all the apostles, the lineal

* *Rev. Dr. John Gill*, whose "Continent of Mud" Commentary — to use Robert Hall's expressive epithet — was, in our earlier days, one of the penalties and penances of Sunday.

successor of Saul of Tarsus, because he began his labors where Saul left his off — 'persecuting the church of God, and wasting it!'"

All but Gertrude thought this exceedingly clever; but she insisted that Annie's solution was far better than the colonel's. A pleasant dispute arose on this topic, and, when exhausted, Col. Courtney begged leave to change the topic.

"Now, my friends," said the colonel, "I have something to tell you of what has happened at the Carlton Club concerning the supper at the opera-house, and matters thereto relating. On last Saturday I dined at the club-house, by invitation of Lovelace; and the delightful prospect of a duel brought everybody there, even my Lord Dielincœur and Col. Proudfit. When the dinner was over, and the servants were ordered out of the room, I rose and said, 'Gentlemen, I have been called upon by Major Lovelace to act as his second in a duel; but, on full inquiry, I find Col. Trueman has been justly offended by the toast given by Major Lovelace, and to which Col. Trueman replied; and so clear was it made to appear to Major Lovelace that he had been guilty of a breach of courtesy, that, with the promptitude of a gentleman, he waited on Col. Trueman and offered an apology, which was both frankly made and accepted.' I added: 'The Carlton Club has been guilty of a very doubtful act in challenging a man whose principles ought to prevent his accepting a challenge;' that I knew Col. Trueman to be a brave and honorable man, and if there was any member of the club who regarded the quarrel worth the powder and ball, I would meet him; and, in doing so, I was but repaying Col. Trueman a great debt of obligation. The effect of this speech," continued the colonel, "was really

amusing. It acted instantly as a sedative. Fred. Gulphin, who had been quite fierce for a fight, rose and said, 'He had the highest respect for the courage and nice sense of honor of Major Lovelace and myself; and if, in our opinion, they had been placed in a false position, he was glad to know it, and would be the first to abandon it.' Col. Proudfit rose, and fiercely asked, 'What does the gentleman mean by "being placed in a false position"? —who has put that gentleman, or any gentleman present, into any position not of his own choosing?' Fred., who knew his man, replied, brave as a lion, 'I have made no implications, and no retractions can be demanded of me. Every gentleman present must feel that, if by the accidents of that evening, in the excitements of that hour, when we could hardly be said to be in our soberest moods, by an inadvertency, we have impinged upon the laws of courtesy towards a gentleman and lady, unexpectedly among us, we have but one course to pursue, and that course has been taken by Major Lovelace.' Here the matter ended. Dielincœur and Proudfit, for once crest-fallen, withdrew; and when they were gone, the young fellows of the club woke up to the consciousness that they had been the dupes of these very clever gentlemen."

"I thank you, colonel," said Frank. "I am glad to have had this matter thus happily ended, before I leave the city."

"And when do you go?" asked the colonel.

"I think we shall leave by Friday next," said Frank. "I have paid up all my bills, and have notified the agent of this house that I shall leave on that day, and he has promised to be here to receive it. All we need now is a coachman, and two servants, to take the places of Theresa and Theodore."

"I think," said the colonel, "I can send you a fellow who has quite a reputation as a whip. He has been employed by pilgrims, and has very fair papers. I know his capacity as a coachman, but for nothing else can I be surety."

Promising to send the man to them, the colonel rose to leave. The ladies detained him a long time with their messages to his dear lady; and, with the kindest assurances of mutual friendship, they separated.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM VANITY FAIR. — STATE OF THEIR ROLLS.

GETTING ready for the journey now filled all their thoughts. The custom was so common of travelling by conveyances of some sort, that their self-love could not resist this example.

While occupied, one morning, in packing, Gertrude heard cries of distress; and, running down stairs, she saw Theodore and Theresa beating and scratching old Mr. Conscience. As she ran down to his assistance, Theodore gave him a kick on his belly which laid the poor man speechless, and then both Theodore and Theresa disappeared and left the house. Oliver and Frank, alarmed by Gertrude's cries, came down and bore the old man up into the parlor: his bleeding face showed the talons of Theresa, while spots of black-and-blue flesh showed the force of Theodore's blows. With tenderest anxiety, they all were occu-

pied in ministering to his relief; but it took a long time before the old man could recover his speech. He was then carried up into a chamber, where he was laid upon a bed. This done, Oliver made a careful examination of all his bruises. The next day the old gentleman was able to walk about the house. He saw them busied in packing up, and asked what it all meant. They told him they designed to leave on Friday morning next. The old man shook his head.

"I 've seen a great deal of this sort of travelling, in my day, but I have, as yet, never heard of any one who has reached the Celestial City in a coach-and-four; and for this good reason, my dear young friends," said the old gentleman, with great earnestness: "the way is both too narrow and too steep for horses. Indeed, it was n't made for horses, but for men."

"O, yes, we know that very well," replied Frank; "but we are told we can travel a long way in our coach over a good road, and that the accommodations all the way are excellent."

"Ah! my friends," said Mr. Conscience, "either you will give up your coach-and-four, or you will never reach the Celestial City; take my word for it."

Oliver here, seeing the old gentleman was getting excited, interposed, and said he was talking too much for his own good, and instantly administered an anodyne and put him in bed, where he was, in a little time, put sound asleep. They were all anxious to have him out of the way, for they had so much to attend to. They had affectionately invited the old gentleman to take a seat in the coach and go along with them; but he said he never had taken a seat in a coach of any kind in all his life, and he did n't mean to do so now. So there it ended; he would n't go, and they would

As they were drinking tea, one of the servants brought in a packet of letters, saying the man who brought them was waiting below for an answer. Frank opened the envelope, and found Colonel Courtney's card, and letters from various persons, recommending Alexander, the bearer, as a *courier* and coachman to travellers going to the Celestial City. The servant was ordered to show him up; and soon a Spanish-looking man, of thirty-five, entered the parlor, with the look and air of a brigand.

"I come to offer you my services as courier and coachman to the Celestial City," said Alexander.

"Are you well acquainted with the route, or routes?" asked Frank.

"Yes, sir. I have been on that road for years. My charge is fifty dollars a month, and found," said Alexander.

"Are you ready to take the reins of our team; and, if so, when?" asked Frank.

"To-morrow, at six, if you so please, sir."

"To-morrow, at ten o'clock, you will be here," replied Frank.

"What is your name?" asked Oliver.

"Alandresso-Marie-Arouet-Baptiste-Vandarme," replied the coachman.

"One of them will do," said Frank; "have you any preference?"

"Alandresso, if you so please, sir."

"At ten to-morrow, Alandresso," said Frank, "you will be here, with your baggage. To-day go to my stables, and see if my coach and team are in perfect order. Your salary begins now."

The man made a grand bow, and withdrew.

"How do you like him?" asked Frank, addressing our ladies.

"I think he has the wickedest look out of his eyes I have seen since we left the Chateau de Ville," said Annie.

"O! that 's a little of the swagger of a man proud of his whip," said Frank.

"Why not be proud of a whip as a sceptre?" asked Oliver.

> "'Honor and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part—'"

Annie put her hand over her husband's mouth.

"You are too trite!" exclaimed his wife. And with this little pleasantry all talk of the new driver ended.

At breakfast, Mr. Conscience said: "I am glad, indeed, to know you are to leave Vanity Fair. You have had more dangers spread around you than you are aware of. Had I not alarmed you, while at the Feast of Tabernacles, for the safety of your wives, they would have been conveyed away under the influences of ether; and, but for my intervention, Mr. Frank, you would have woke in the arms of Mrs. Proudfit a ruined man." This information appalled them. It was after a pause Frank found fitting terms to express his thanks, in which all joined, and our ladies shed tears of thankfulness.

"Where are your staffs?" asked Mr. Conscience; "and what has become of your rolls? Pray, what have you done with them?"

Strange as it may seem, they had never been a subject of consideration. They knew they were safely locked up, above stairs; and, rising from the table, accompanied by Mr. Conscience, they all went up into the chamber together. Annie brought out staffs, covered with dust and cobwebs, and these were soon dusted.

"Just as good as new," said Oliver, as he handed them to Mr. Conscience to examine.

Frank asked Oliver for his key to the casket upon the dressing-table, for neither he nor either of their wives could find their keys, nor did Oliver know where his was; in a word, they had all lost their keys to the casket containing their rolls, nor could any one remember when it was last opened; and so it was made manifest, in the presence of Mr. Conscience, that they had not seen their rolls for a year at least, and it might be longer.

Oliver contrived to force the lock, and, on opening the lid, their rolls were found all matted together. It required care to separate them, and when they were unrolled they were all but illegible: here and there was a line or two perfect, and then in some lines not a single word could be made out; and though they held up their parchments in the most favorable lights, they gained nothing by doing so. Neither was one better off than another, though there were passages in one roll entirely defaced which were legible in another. Subsequently, however, by careful study, and putting every word in its proper relations, they were enabled to recover more than at first seemed possible.

"How did it happen?" was the inquiry of all. On examining the box, they found holes had been bored in the back; and Oliver was able to say, from the crystals which covered the rolls and sides of the box, that some acid had been injected, which had obliterated the record. And now they consulted who had done this; and they believed it was the work of Theodore and Theresa, who had left them and returned (so the servants had told the ladies) into the service of Lord and Lady Dielincœur. They were also told, for the first time, Theresa's true name, which was

Theresa Wanton, and, too, that she did not belie her name. Other things, now Theresa was gone out of the house, were told our ladies by the house-servants, showing how much more a maid knows of a mistress than a mistress of her maid, — a suggestion worthy the notice of some of our readers, perhaps.

Old Mr. Conscience sat by while all these matters were being talked over, looking at the parchments with an air of despondency. "Here," said he, handing them to each; "you now have only to preserve these few lines as best you may; perhaps they may become to you more precious than the leaves of the Sibyl. Treasure them next your heart, and God help you!" And so the old gentleman walked out of the house without saying another word.

The ladies at once determined to make silk bags, with good stout ribbons of silk, in which the rolls were to be placed, and these to be tied around the neck. This they attended to on the instant. The rolls, having been rubbed by Oliver and Frank with sweet oil, were made very limber, so that they were very neatly folded up before being put into the silk bags. When they felt their rolls safe in their bosoms, there arose, strange as it may seem to our readers, a feeling of self-complacency that they had now put them where they would be carefully preserved for the future.

The new servants, whom they had engaged at the recommendation of Mrs. May, to whom they communicated their loss of Theresa and Theodore, and whose places they were to supply, now came with their trunks, bearing a letter from Father Cottin, saying, "These young friends of his wished to bear them company on their way to the Celestial City, so far, at least, as St. Peter's Villa, which lay in their route. He hoped they would

prove diligent, silent, and faithful." The man, Diego, was about twenty-five; the girl, Ursula, about nineteen, pretty, docile, and well-mannered.

It was twelve o'clock, and at the door of their house the coach-and-four stood, with their baggage duly strapped upon it. The agent had signed his papers, and received his money for the rent. Some twenty friends were assembled in the saloon to see them off; among them were Lord Shallbeso, Miss Gulphin and Fred, Misses T'nipnose and Tom, and Mrs. May, who promised to meet them at the St. Peter's Villa, which she said was the half-way house to the Celestial City, and to which she intended to make a journey shortly. Father Cottin also came to renew all his commendations of "his charges," as he called their maid and valet, and to express his hopes of meeting them on their way, or at the Eternal City. Frank, in expectancy of this parting call, had ordered a charming lunch to be prepared, and the company were all invited into the dining-saloon to a well-appointed table. This was a happy ending of a morning call to the visitors, and of a stay at Vanity Fair by our pilgrims. With any number of compliments and regrets, our pilgrims took their seats. Old Lord Shallbeso, as he handed Annie down the steps, pressed his finger on her compass-ring, and whispered, "Nil-desperandum!" She smiled very kindly, and nodded her recognition of his words.

With many bows from the guests standing on the steps, and waving of handkerchiefs, Alandresso gave a crack to his whip, and away they rattled along out of the great City of Vanity Fair.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRUNNENS CASTLE.

The road they travelled was the "Old Road," as it was commonly called, laid out by Mr. Primus Adam, and greatly improved by his descendants, especially one Mac Adam, so that now it compared with the best of the military roads of old Rome. The tolls were heavy, to be sure, and the ample accommodations along the road were all to be paid for; but, then, they were worthy of public patronage. As they careered along at a swinging pace, they met every variety of vehicle, — some very antiquated, but mostly those of the fashion of the day. The road was so clearly marked that no sign-posts were needed, — the only rule which obtained seemed to be "go ahead." Alandresso delighted in making his team do their day's work in good time, which, he said, not only gave them time to rest, and to eat and keep up in their flesh, but was, for the same reasons, necessary for the travellers.

They had been a fortnight on the journey, when they came upon a plain stretching far away to the north and west, skirted by a high range of hills covered with woods, and in front of these hills lay an extensive castle; indeed, it looked like an old fortification. The ground on the east and south was so broken and ribbed with rocks, that all the roads lay along by this castle. Here came into one grand trunk of travel various turnpikes, country roads, bridle-paths, as well as the Grand Central Railroad. These came in from all directions, leading north and west, from south and east, and, having passed this

"Point of Rocks," as it was called, took their divergent lines in all directions. The only roads which seemed to hold straight on were those known as the Roman and Oxford Turnpikes; these held on their way without any variation at this point. They held to the old paths, which they claimed were staked out for them by their fathers; and the wonder with very many astute men was, that two roads, running parallel to each other all the way, should be kept up. It was one more example, such men said, of the spirit of profitless competition, kept up by cunning, interested parties, who held appointments, many of them lucrative, as overseers, fence-viewers, and the like, who were well paid for their services, while the ignorant stockholders were most remorselessly robbed.

"What castle is that in the distance?" asked Oliver.

"The Brunnens," replied Alandresso. "These are the famous springs, sir; visited by all the fashion of the day, sir. Shall we go there, sir? We shall arrive in the height of the season, sir."

"What say you, ladies? What say you, Oliver?" asked Frank.

"Do you think we can be accommodated?" asked Oliver.

"Did you ever know a fashionable hotel so full as not to find rooms for a coach-and-four?" replied Frank.

"Go ahead," cried Frank to Alandresso, which he properly interpreted turn aside; and he did so, and in half an hour they were crossing the bridge over the fosse, and beneath the thick walls of the Castle Brunnens, into its vast court.

The Brunnens Castle was the resort of the fashion of Vanity

Fair, and the entire region round about, embracing Babylon, Bostonia, and all cities, towns, and villages, thereto pertaining. The "Brunnens," as they were called, rose from a famous spring, or springs, rather; for there were an immense number, each having some slight variation of taste, smell, or chemical combinations, but all alike hateful to the smell and taste of persons not accustomed to these waters. And this taste was acquired, in part, by the vast quantities of the waters bottled and sent to the provinces, where certain agents of the proprietors kept a supply of it. These springs seemed to be the concentration of all the putridity of stagnant waters from the marshy region in which they were situated. The medical faculty, who, in ancient days, had a famous predilection for what was most offensive, and whose pharmacopœia was full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, early took these springs into favor.* In defence of the modern faculty, we will here say they have labored successfully to get rid of those combinations of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which once obtained universal favor.

There was a legend connected with this castle, which was built in the dark ages. It was said that it was then inhabited by a giant, who supplied his table by incursions upon the king's highway, and whose taste for pilgrims resembled the love of chiefs of

* In confirmation of this remark, we find the following passage in Luther's Table Talk (strange talk for the table!), translated from the German by William Hazlitt: London, 1848. Luther said: "'T is wonderful how God has put such excellent physic in mere muck. We know by experience that swine's dung stints the blood; horse's serves for the pleurisy; man's is used for bloody flux; and cow's, with preserved roses, serves for epilepsy, or for convulsions of children."

the Fejee Islands in our days, who regard, as beyond all question, a roasted missionary as "the delicacy of the season."*

Of this famous giant there are many fabulous histories; the most popular of all was written by one Bunyan, a tinker, himself for a long time a prisoner in this castle; but modern critics have discarded all that he has written, as a mere myth. Be this as it may, his unapproachable narrative of his escape and adventures to the Celestial City has made this castle of world-wide renown.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE "BRUNNENS."— CHARACTER OF THE WATER. — OF THE CUPS IN WHICH THE WATER WAS DRANK.

At the time our pilgrims reached Brunnens Castle, the rage of modern improvement had changed its entire appearance. It was greatly frequented, for fashion's sake, rather than for the springs of water, of which many did no more than sip a little now and then; for they were in bad odor, as they well might be.

The walls were forty feet thick on the top, and of the circumference of a mile. These ramparts made a beautiful terrace-walk. The hotels, stables, lawns, shrubbery, and flower-garden,

* The author has this statement at second hand from one of the chiefs, who, with his companions, ate the Rev. Mr. Williams, missionary. The chief gave his reasons for preferring a missionary to a sailor. These are perfectly satisfactory, and highly honorable to the established character of missionaries, though we cannot repeat them here.

filled the space with every variety of taste and gardening. The lowest story was occupied for cellars; the second, for offices; the third, which rose five feet above the surface of the rampart and terrace, was occupied by guests. Here were the reading, billiard, and fencing rooms, pistol-galleries, bowling-alleys, and gymnasiums for ladies as well as gentlemen. These were resorted to with never-failing zest, as the surest means for securing health and happiness.

There were several hotels, but all under the same management. The place was owned by a joint-stock company, and was placed, at this time, under the control of a firm of Germans and Frenchmen. The Germans mainly devoted their attention to the bottling of waters; the French, however, to providing for the tables. Theirs was the business of cooking things up, and making nice *patties* out of all sorts of condiments, which the English would call by the unmusical epithets of hashes and rehashes, and which they hated the sight of, — swearing they were not to be beguiled into eating cats and rats by the daintiest of French names, as most of the natives were happy in doing, "it was so French!"

One building was called *Hotel Konigsberg*, and another *Hotel de France*. These were the hotels in which were spacious saloons for balls and music, and they were regarded as the most fashionable. The others were of less note, and the guests did not mingle in general society, though drinking at the same springs; nor were guests not belonging to the hotels we have named ever received into them but by special invitation.

As Frank had predicted, the very best apartments were at their service in the best of these hotels. Fortunately for them (it's always so at such places), the rooms of Judge Jones and his

family were vacant at the present time. These consisted of a suite of four rooms, opening to the south, — three bed-rooms, and a spacious parlor, elegantly furnished. The landscape was pleasant on the south and east; but the Black Forest, which covered the highlands for miles from the north and west fronts, made that portion of the horizon cold and gloomy.

When our ladies had disposed of their wardrobes, and had made their toilets, they had leisure to walk out of their windows upon a balcony of iron, graceful in its appearance, and which added greatly to their pleasure in sight-seeing. Looking down, they beheld a court, with tessellated pavement, studded with statues. In a circle, standing around a marble basin elevated upon pedestals, stood twenty snow-white swans of purest marble, from whose bills the fountains poured out their waters. Upon the ramparts were groups of guests walking, for exercise. Over the plain, riding-parties were seen running races. On the walls were guests fishing in the dike surrounding the castle, and which served for a perpetual drain of waters flowing down from the hills, as well as waters rising from the springs. At the extreme end of the castle, on the north and east, was quite a pond, stocked with fish. These ponds were profitable to the proprietors, though they added nothing to the healthfulness of the place.

As they stood gazing upon the scene before them, they were interested to observe the arrivals and departures. The *élite*, of course, came in their own carriages; and, of those who came on foot, it was curious to see the odd ways by which they got into the castle. Some, avoiding the grand entrance, with a leaping-pole cleared the ditch, and, climbing up the glacis, came in over the ramparts; others walked in over a single plank. Some came in

by means of a tunnel, which opened upon the plain a great way off. Others, still, would neither jump nor walk a plank; but were very curious and expert in balancing. These came in on ropes, of various sizes and at various angles, which ran from the top of the rampart, or were simply stretched across the ditch. Such persons were remarkable for nice balancing and unsurpassed dexterity. But, at the end of the journey, they were all alike inside of the castle, — all breathing the same air, and drinking the same water, as those who came over the grand entrance bridge. If, however, there was all this nicety practised when getting in, there was none whatever in going out.

The guests were numerous at the fashionable houses, and very select. Our party were seated near the end of one of the tables, to which Doctor Thornton, who sat in the seat of honor, welcomed them by a courteous bow as they took their places. The hour of dining was four, and the dancing-parties, concerts, and other amusements, commenced at nine. The ball-night was once a week, and ended in a grand supper; and the season wound up with a grand fancy-ball. Not that the castle ever was closed; for very many made it their home, spending most of the year here, — the air and water becoming second nature to them. It is anticipating the knowledge gained by "the Trueman party," as it was called here, to say that such persons became more and more cynical as they grew old, until nobody would endure their society; so what was at first choice with them became a necessity, and they were at home only with sneering, carping, hateful denizens of Castle Brunnens.

The next morning, about sunrise, they rose to go to the fountain. It was early, and comparatively few were there. The

visitors each brought with them their own cup; and, seeing our party at the fountain with no cups in their hands, with eager politeness, several of the guests offered theirs, saying, "Do not drink out of any cup but mine! This is the only description of cup proper to be used."

This earnestness caused them to pause. It seemed that there must be some reason for this strange variety of sentiment; and they held aloof from accepting any one's cup, wishing an explanation.

"Does it make any difference, sir?" asked Annie of a gentleman in middle life, who held to her a crystal goblet of singular beauty.

"Certainly, madam!" he replied, "all the difference possible! This water has the property of receiving, as well as imparting; and, if you drink out of my cup, the water becomes instantly medicated, and is altogether different in its action upon the brain and stomach."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Oliver. "Well, that is something new, indeed."

The guests, who had now collected around our friends, all affirmed the fact; and there arose a discussion about the cause of these phenomena, and why their cups were the only cups to be used.

"Will you please explain to us what this means?" asked Frank of the gentleman whose goblet Annie held, and who introduced himself as Professor Reinhard. This gentleman, who spoke English with great ease, though not without a foreign accent, went into quite a history of the manufacture of the cups in vogue. Those in the highest repute among the learned were the pure

German *alumine*, of which there were many manufacturers, all of them famous men. These cups were more porous than any other. They imbibed the stench better, and gave to the palate the water divested of all that was noisome, and in crystal purity, charged with an exhilarating gas, delicious to the taste when, by long practice, the palate had been duly cultivated to perceive its sweetness. "Vulgar people," said the professor, "never like these German goblets, for reasons which can have no weight with persons of true refinement and education; and it is only to such," said he, bowing, "I ever present my cup."

There was no resisting this; and Annie put the goblet to one of the swan's bills, and it was surprising to see the effervescence which changed the bilge-water into a white foam. This was drank while in the act of bubbling into pearls. They all drank out of the professor's cup, but were troubled for an hour afterwards with eructations of gas, and a feeling of being light-headed.

After they had drank of the professor's cup, other guests pressed them to drink out of theirs; but, for that time, they declined. They thought they had had enough. However, during their stay, they were tempted to drink out of various cups offered to them. There was a very nice cup from the Eclectic manufactory of *Cousin*, — a Parisian article, — very pretty and artistic; another style, a sort of Wedgewood ware, bore the name of Newman and Company, London. The meanest and poorest of all the cups (and these were most in use, because they were to be had at a low price) were manufactured by Parker, Emerson, and Co. Professor Reinhard and other Germans were very much offended that these people should palm off their miserable claptraps as their own original inventions. These Parker & Co.

cups were so offensive, at times, that new beginners had to hold their noses while they drank the water out of them.

That we may finish up matters as they are presented, we will here say our lady pilgrims had a taste all round, and soon became satisfied. Oliver was soon done for. Frank was inclined to think he should get over the repugnance; but it was rather because a very lovely girl of Bostonia insisted upon his drinking out of her cup. Even her beauty, however, could not make the water palatable; and they all resigned the fountains to those who found them to their taste.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WIDOW FITZALLEN, AND HER NEIGHBOR MR. JOHN THOMPSON.

Among the guests at the same hotel they found an acquaintance and neighbor in Mrs. Fitzallen, a handsome widow of thirty, whose residence in Vanity Fair was on the opposite side of the street to theirs. Mrs. Fitzallen was most happy to welcome them as a neighbor on the same floor, and in the same wing of the hotel.

Mrs. Fitzallen's husband, in the midst of a career of successful speculations, died suddenly, and left his wife with two children, and an estate greatly involved; so that the fashionable circles confidently predicted that this lady would very soon subside into the obscurity out of which she had been raised by

her husband's success. There were those who hoped it would take place at an early day; for she was in very dangerous proximity to Mr. John Thompson, a man of forty-five, of large wealth, whose wife was certain to die some time of consumption. The sympathy of Miss Sophronisba T'nipnose, of Mrs. Bates, and others, for the health of Mrs. John Thompson, was of the most perfectly disinterested character; and, if jellies could keep her alive, she would be in no immediate danger of dying.

But Mrs. Fitzallen had the important advantage of propinquity. The houses joined in front, and the garden-grounds were separated only by a wire fence, which was elastic, and admitted of being crept under by lifting up the lines of wire. All this was carefully noted by ladies who had no other concern than what was suspended on the life of dear Mrs. Thompson. One thing was greatly to the credit of Mrs. Fitzallen. She never was seen there; nor was there a single jelly, as these ladies well knew, to be seen in the sick chamber of Mrs. John Thompson, from Mrs. Fitzallen. But they did not know of the methods Mrs. Fitzallen took of enlisting Mr. John Thompson in the settlement of her estate, and the nicest tête-a-tête oyster-suppers that rewarded him for all his pains-taking. Mrs. Thompson, like a fortress beleaguered, held out in a manner that was beyond all endurance; and Mrs. Fitzallen, on the opening of the spring, determined, for her part, to come out to the Brunnens, if perchance she might meet with some one as eligible as Mr. Thompson, without his embarrassments.

We have here related what she, in her frank manner, with wonderful skill at showing up her rivals, told our party, one evening, as they sat in their parlor; and people do find it some-

times such a relief to tell all they have kept for a lifetime pent up in their hearts!

"You will find, here, my dear ladies," said Mrs. Fitzallen, to our lady pilgrims, on her first visit to their most attractive parlor, the next morning after their arrival, in reply to a question of Annie, "a great many women and men who don't believe anything — nothing at all; and yet they are often at swords' points, because, in getting down to the dead-level of scepticism, they travel by ways of their own choosing. Can anything be more absurd?"

"I think," said Annie, "I have a sort of consciousness that this is so; but, then, I have only seen the surface of society here, as yet."

"O, you will find it out by and by," said Mrs. Fitzallen. "Their 'Conversaziones' are, of all things, stupid. These are held every Friday evening, when the inspired give forth their 'utterances,' as they call sayings, in words which are as unintelligible as those of Delphi. Those ancient sibyls could never have been more pretentious and oracular."

"Pretentious!" said Annie. "Ah, yes, that 's the word. It vexed me to see Oliver and Frank, last evening, listen by the hour to those Bostonia girls talking the most sublime nonsense; and they all attention, only because these are sweet-pretty young ladies, and have such sweet manners — and, too, a good deal of coquetry."

Oliver and Frank entered with the newspapers which came in by the morning's mail, from Vanity Fair; and the servant-maid of Mrs. Fitzallen brought her a letter, which she asked leave to open.

"O, here is a letter from Mrs. Bates!" cried Mrs. Fitzallen,

"who says Lady Di. has shut herself up, and given out that she is sick, and only because she is so dreadfully mortified by the tales told of her about the opera-house affair. Now, she leaves me all in the dark as to what she speaks of. Do you know anything about it?"

And Frank, thinking it best to have Mrs. Fitzallen on their side, to defend them from rumors which might hereafter reach the Brunnens, told her their story.

When this was done and discussed fully, Annie asked if there was nothing about Mrs. John Thompson.

"O, certainly! There is a P. S., in which she speaks of Sophronisba T'nipnose having been invited to sit up with Mrs. Thompson; and of her having done so; and what a scandal it had originated. Ah, well! if Mrs. Thompson should chance to die, some air-castles will be cast down to the ground in double-quick time. But will she die?"

"Don't despair," said Frank; "I've known similar cases, and hope had all but expired, when the wife died, and hope revived."

"You are too severe upon me, Mr. Trueman; I must run away." And she did so, with a smile and bow to Frank and the ladies.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TABLES. — DOCTOR THORNTON. — THE BALL. — MISS LYDIA GREENLEAF. — THE DANCING DESCRIBED.

Our pilgrims were received by the guests of the hotels with the courtesy instinct in good society. The grand toilet was

made for dinner with great care and costliness. It was the event of the day. The hall in which their meals were taken was a magnificent room in all its details; and the table made an imposing exhibition of covers and cut glass. But all this show was plated ware, even to the forks. This, however, was the least offensive of the illusions practised upon the guests. The variety of covers, and their size, inspired the hope that a plentiful feast of good things lay hidden beneath them; but when, with military precision, all these were lifted at once, a series of disappointments met the eye as it ranged along the table. The "*pièces de resistance*" were miserably small; and a huge cover often revealed a pair of poor, starveling chickens; and another opened to the sight herrings whose ribs were to be counted. *Devilled* dishes were numerous; but, to supply the lack of substantials, there were any number of made-dishes, with unintelligible French and German names, stretching down the bill-of-fare, all hot as cayenne could make them. As for dessert, it was of all manner of syllabubs, the merest creations of sugar, air, and water. But, then, what was lacking in food was made up in variety. The wines were of all kinds, and the champagne was especially vivacious in the crack of its corks, and its effect upon those who drank it. The port, on the contrary, was heavy and quite a sedative; for it usually put those who drank it asleep, or it made them both pragmatical and pugnacious. It was drank mostly by old men, who, while they claimed for all the world the freest scope of opinion, yet, when one dared to found an argument upon the most common and current opinion, he was treated with great severity. Old Doctor Thornton, who sat at the head of the table, near our pilgrims, belonged to this class of disputa-

tious doubters of all received opinions, and defenders of new and wild theories. He was especially gracious to Mr. Trueman's party, for the first week of their coming, and threw out all kinds of lures for an after-dinner table-talk, but without success. Those who were familiar with the castle knew better than to take up his challenge; and our pilgrims were far too well-bred to dispute with a man on the shady side of sixty. One dull and rainy day, the old man determined to bring on a grand discussion to help out the evening, for there was no walking the ramparts on such a day as this.

While the dessert was under consideration, the doctor turned to Gertrude, who sat nearest him, and, in a honeyed accent, and with a gracious smile, said, "I hold some opinions which are not at this time in good odor among certain circles." Gertrude bowed in token of her attentiveness. "It is generally believed that this world had a beginning," glancing his eye upon Annie, who bowed her assent. "That it had a Creator," looking at Oliver; "and that," looking at Frank, "it bears marks of design."

Frank bowed; and the old doctor here paused with an air of self-complacency, and drew up himself big with the explosion he was about to make — "his utterance" (to use the parlance of the Brunnens) — and all around were on tip-toe for what was coming.

"Now, then, *I* hold, and can demonstrate, that the world never was made, and never had a beginning!"

"Granted!" cried Annie.

Doctor Thornton looked up inquiringly, as if astonished.

"Granted!" cried Annie, with a lurking smile upon her beautiful face; "and what then?"

It was a happy hit. The old man flushed in his face, rose, and left; while the listeners at that end of the table burst into irrepressible laughter. Before the night closed, all the guests were permitted to share in the enjoyment of the incident, which at once gave notoriety to our ladies; and it was the last time they were approached at table by Doctor Thornton in the way of controversy.

Mrs. Fitzallen insisted on our friends going to the ball. She knew they had eschewed balls at Vanity Fair, as savoring too much of conformity to the world; but here they were at a watering-place, where all thought of home and sense of obligation was, for the time, ignored, as it commonly is at such places.

And all Mrs. Fitzallen said was true. They had no place they could call their own. In the morning they were intruded upon by servants, who came in and out to clear up the rooms; and they could only command their rooms for morning prayer by locking the doors on the inside. As for evening devotions, these had ceased while at Vanity Fair; for social life they found so constantly breaking in upon this early practice of their religious life, that they at last gave it up. In all this we speak the common experience of other pilgrims to the Celestial City, who spend their summers at springs and other places of fashionable resort.

The young ladies united with Mrs. Fitzallen in urging our pilgrims to attend the balls. Our gentlemen were objects of great interest to those young ladies who had no beaux, and were under the care of unendurable aunts and mothers. They were

wise enough to know that their attentions to Gertrude and Annie secured them, naturally and fittingly, the reciprocated attentions of their husbands; and these were so handsome and well-bred, and then so amiable, besides being "safe persons," whom they made useful in many ways, and who, at the slightest suggestion, were ready to bring up the proper persons, at the proper time, in the proper manner. In all such diplomacy young ladies become adepts after spending a few summers at the springs.

And then, too, our pilgrims had a nice parlor, and a grand piano in it. Here these girls ran in after breakfast in their morning wrappers, and found it a delightful place to get rid of a morning. Nor were they ever wanting an excuse for coming. "Dear Mrs. Outright" and "Dear Mrs. Trueman" were such favorites! and if their husbands were present, it made no matter. Sometime they had "a love of a collar" they wanted Mrs. Outright to admire; or, they needed her advice as to the alteration of the bosom of a dress; and did Frank or Oliver lay down their books, and beg to be permitted to give their counsel, it was all delightful; for they were "married men,"—magic words, which unsexed them at once. And these girls enjoyed the frolic of these occasions greatly. Then, too, at night, it was so piquant to listen to their compliments, contrasting the nymph of the morning with the fashionable young lady of the night; compliments turned aside by the flirt of a fan, a swaying of the curls, or putting to the lips a fragment of vapor, called a *mouchoir*. Was it to be wondered at that Frank and Oliver were gratified, and regarded these girls, in their morning wrappers, angels of gladness—and, when dressed and jewelled, the starry divinities of night!

But we have forgotten the ball. Our ladies were persuaded to go, and they wore splendid costumes prepared for occasions of display at Vanity Fair; and, as for Frank and Oliver, they were unapproachable in the severe, simple elegance of their dress and bearing.

The company assembled from nine to ten in the saloons; and at ten o'clock the ball-room was thrown open, and the orchestra commenced playing. Gradually the guests filed off into the ball room, and, after a promenade, the band gave signal for dancing. The young took the floor, while mammas and papas took the sofas. It was a lovely sight to see these dances. It was not possible for the severest scrutiny to discover any good cause why *such* dancing should not be acknowledged and sustained among the fitting recreations of home circles and general society. So thought our pilgrims, as they acted the part of "lookers on in Vienna." Nor could a lady of any uncertainty of age have wished for anything more "strictly proper." The young ladies studied only to be graceful. Their flowing drapery was raised only *so* high as to save it from the toe of their partner's shoe; when this was done it was suffered to fall in all its amplitude, so that the prettiest feet the world knew of were only seen by glimpses;* and when a lady extended her gloved hand there

* Sir John Suckling, in his "Ballad for a Wedding," has thus described what we have attempted to suggest to our readers:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But, O! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."
* * * * *

was a daintiness of manner, met by a like extremity of refinement by her partner, the tips of whose kids barely touched the tips of the young lady's. Indeed, nothing could be more delicate, more maidenly, more proper!

So thought Miss Lydia Greenleaf, the only daughter of Deacon Simon Greenleaf, an elder of the First Orthodox Church in Old Town. She had been placed, by her pious parents, under the escort, for the evening, of Mr. and Mrs. Trueman. Her father thought it not proper for himself to be present, because he was a deacon in the church; but both himself and wife were anxious that Lydia should go with Mrs. Trueman; who, glad to promote the happiness of those around her, cheerfully complied with their wishes. This was the first ball Lydia had ever attended, and it may repay the reader to tell who she was.

Lydia was early known, by way of eminence, as "the deacon's daughter,"—for, though there were four deacons in that church at Old Town, yet, because Lydia's father was called "The Squire," and was worth more money than all the society beside, his only daughter was distinguished as "the deacon's daughter;" a distinction she early understood, and acted upon. She became very learned, for a girl; read Greek and German, and preferred Faust to Hamlet. She was ambitious, and, as a go-off, at fifteen she "joined the church," and her superior piety and activity placed her, where she sought to be, among "the mothers in Israel." While this was a novelty she grew up into young ladyhood. Too well born and too rich to be sought by any poor missionary, she set her heart upon being the wife of a professor, or of a doctor of divinity, who was known as a talented man; but, to the time of which we speak,

neither professor nor divine of any standing had shown himself conscious of her being a candidate for holy orders; and the idea was growing gradually into her mind that, perhaps, it would suit her just as well to marry some one who had fortune and family, whether in the church or out of it. This feeling was greatly enhanced, just before leaving for the springs, by the insensateness of a gentleman whom she had brought herself to believe was equal to the least sum of requirement she regarded as absolutely necessary; and who, when she had come with greatest reluctance to this conclusion, had met her maidenly manifestations with an air of unconscious indifference. This last incident had wrought in Lydia's mind a feeling of aversion to all doctors of divinity and professors, as positively distasteful. All this is necessary to be said in order that we may exhibit this phase of life at the Brunnens.

In the set dancing in front of Annie and Miss Lydia was Mr. Richard Lawrence, the eldest son of Lawrence, Grindstone, and Handsaw, great dealers in tin and bar-iron; who had started in life as pedlers of tin-ware, but now held a high rank as importers of iron. Dick was a dashing fellow, whom Miss Lydia was advised (young ladies keep the run of such matters!) on next May-day would be taken into the firm. When the quadrille was danced, and the partners had led their ladies to seats, Dick came up and begged the pleasure of dancing the next set with Miss Lydia. Miss Lydia entreated Mrs. Outright to dance in the same set with her; and Professor Reinhard, who stood by Annie, begged her to allow him to be her partner. But Mrs. Outright did not dance, would not dance; and, with much reluctance, Miss Lydia took her place in the set.

It was really amusing to see the earnestness manifested by Lydia in dancing quadrilles. To other girls in the set it was dull as dancing could, by any possibility, be. To Lydia it was delightfully exhilarating; and her feeling of regret when it was ended was easily discovered, and this was greatly increased by the waltzing which now commenced. She said to Annie, "The exercise in dancing quadrilles is delightful; but, as for these fancy dances, they are really wicked." Rosa Graham, a gay girl, who was the friend of Lydia, and who stood beside Gertrude, whispered in her ear, "Lydia don't like waltzing, because she does n't know how. I love waltzing, because I do!" And hardly had she finished these words when Mr. Lawrence came, with a persuasive smile and bow, and, gently lifting her hand to his shoulder, away she went, like a gleam of light, into the giddy circle upon the floor. Lydia was, no doubt, very sincere in her judgment about waltzing. We always regard it safe to believe every word such girls say without a discount. But, if the dainty delicacy we have described in the dancing quadrilles was remarkable, so was the *abandon* of waltzing. This was ended at twelve; and, while the clock struck, the music changed to a march, and the company moved into the supper saloon. Here a *fusillade* of champagne-corks was heard on all sides of the hall, and those who did not drink to quench their thirst drank because "Champagne is so exhilarating!"

The supper ended, the waltzing recommenced, and young ladies now surrendered themselves to the pleasures of the dance, with eyes half closed, and an air of ecstasy which Miss Lydia declared was in her opinion positively immodest. This feeling was deepened as the night advanced, when they ceased to waltz, and

polking, then the novelty of the season, and for the first time witnessed at the Brunnens, and never before seen by our ladies, commenced. They could hardly credit their eyes to see the dainty young ladies of the opening quadrilles the *abandoned* young ladies of the hour. This astonishment was shared alike by our pilgrim party and Miss Lydia Greenleaf.

"What does it look like?" asked Oliver.

"Indeed, I do not know!" replied Gertrude.

"I have it!" cried Annie. "This dance is copied from the movements of summer flies dancing their rigadoons to the music of their own wings. See! see!"

And so it was. Couples of young folks would stand dancing in circles of half a bushel, then the gentleman whirling his lady round and round, so that her streaming skirts

"Shone like a meteor on the troubled air!"

and before one could recover breath, at the surprise caused by such a blaze of drapery, like summer flies the parties were spinning around in a little circle at the other end of the saloon, and then rushing again to the centre, like comets, describing orbits of all possible elongations and eccentricities.

How this was done was to Oliver and Frank a matter of wonder. It certainly required surprising skill and self-control in the gentleman, inasmuch as the young lady (it must be remembered this was an hour after midnight, and, too, after a champagne supper), when folded to the breast of her partner, sweetly closed her eyes, leaving herself entirely at the will of her gentleman, whom she relied upon to keep his eyes wide open,—as, indeed, it was his bounden duty to do. But it was not possible to be

always on the alert. His glance would rest upon the beauty encircled by his arm, with all its sweet revealings; and, in doing so, innocent parties were likely to suffer from being run in upon; but the wonder was that these accidents were so few.

Our ladies had seen enough; and there were mammas and papas who thought their daughters had done enough. But not so their partners; and when they telegraphed their daughters to come to them, these attached gentlemen could not consent to be separated so soon from their partners. An altercation between parents and children in a ball-room is never pleasant. Children always have their champions, and so the chaperons are taken at a disadvantage. The *beaux* insist, and the young ladies are complying, and say, with more or less pettishness, "They know what is proper." And we must say in this they are correct; for, if they make the fashion, then what is fashionable becomes decorous and proper, all the world over.

Frank and Oliver were for seeing it out; but their wives were resolute. Rosa Graham, seeing them on the move, ran with haste and begged them to stay and see the German quadrille polkas danced. "O, it exceeds everything!" said Rosa; "I'm so sorry you won't stay! Good-night; we will talk it all over to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAY AFTER THE BALL. — OF PAINTING THE CHEEKS.

NEXT day the young ladies were not seen till dinner, and then they looked very pale, except those who never look pale. Lydia Greenleaf, about the hour of twelve, tapped at the parlor-door of Mrs. Trueman. Mrs. Trueman and Annie were sitting alone, sewing.

"How glad I am to find your gentlemen out! Don't I look dreadfully pale?"

"Yes, a little so," replied Gertrude.

"You don't think it wrong to paint, Mrs. Outright?" asked Lydia, addressing herself to Annie, the color of whose cheeks was always beautiful.

"Do you ask me if I regard it wrong to paint my cheeks?" said Annie, a little piqued that her color should be mistaken for art. "No, indeed; not a bit of it! Why not wear a false color on the cheek as well as a false bosom? What is more false than some of the finest forms we saw last night? Anything but a false heart, Lydia!"

"O, but painting one's cheeks is somehow worse than anything worn to give fulness and grace to the figure!" replied Lydia, who was herself initiated into the mysteries of padding.

"Ah, well!" said Annie; "I never have had any need of reasoning closely on such subjects, and I hope I never may."

"Really, I've a great mind to put on a little rouge, for I look like a fright. I never slept a wink till day-dawn," said Lydia.

"My dear Miss Greenleaf," said Gertrude, "don't paint your cheeks! — and let this be a good and sufficient reason: you feel it to be wrong; that it is something meretricious, and unworthy a young lady of maidenly sentiments. Do not let my cousin's badinage mislead you!"

"O, you and Mrs. Outright may do without paint, for you have perfect complexions; but I am naturally pale, and since I've come here it seems to me my skin is dreadfully yellow. I don't know how it happens."

"Go and ride on horseback with your father," said Gertrude, "and never allow yourself to become excited by such scenes as we witnessed last night. Sleep, cold water, and exercise, are all you need to restore the flush of health to your cheeks."

This speech closed the conversation. Miss Lydia Greenleaf did attend every ball; she danced quadrilles every night; she ate suppers; walked the ramparts by starlight with Dick Lawrence, at all hours; but she never complained of being pale but once. "Nobody else had pale cheeks," she once said to Annie; "and she did not see why, because she was pious, other girls should have this advantage over her, as those young ladies had." Still, Lydia was not satisfied, for, though she could paint her cheeks as well as Rosa Graham, she could not polk. There was only one thing left her, and that was to express her "virtuous indignation," — as she did, one day, in Mr. Trueman's parlor. "I declare, the way the young ladies waltz and polk at these springs is scandalous! And they say they can't endure quadrilles, because they are so tame and spiritless; and there's Rosa Graham, who won't take a step upon the floor

till waltzing begins,—and then comes polking, and last of all, and worst of all, German quadrille polkas! Where will this end?"

Annie laughed heartily at all this, and said: "Polking, Miss Lydia, is not to my taste. I will not believe it is loved by young ladies for any other reason than because it is graceful and charming in itself and for itself."

Mrs. Fitzallen and other ladies coming in, the ball was talked over as balls are reviewed by ladies, until the bell announced the hour for dressing for dinner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A "CONVERSAZIONE" AT THE BRUNNENS.

At the Brunnens Castle everything was in the air. All knowledge, all philosophy, was denied; every custom and law of society was challenged, and those most sacred were treated with a scornful sneer of contempt. As it is so much easier to suggest doubts than to solve them, we shall give but few examples of this sweeping scepticism, the tendencies of which, in the judgment of our pilgrims, would bring upon the world a reign of anarchy, rapine, and lust, prompted, guided, and controlled, by the sceptres of tyrants or the daggers of assassins. Not a vestige was left upon which to reconstruct social life; and all these learned professors, and their pupils, — pretty girls, who had nothing else to do but trifle with new things, and dapper, well-dressed gentlemen,—

believed themselves the only beings in the world who had a just claim to the title of intelligent beings, to whom the dignity of humanity belonged. All the rest of the world they held to be slaves of myths of past centuries, and under the sway and leaden reign of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism. It was all the same, to these learned and gifted people, whether they spoke of Fechticism, Brahminism, Mariolotry, or Bibliolotry; these were, to use their own phraseology, ideas in the vulgar mind, earth-worms crawling in the dust, forever making coffins in which to enshroud their souls; and — keeping up the figure — they were the Psyche with expanded wings, flying at will over fields of flowers, or soaring into regions of light and air.

This was transcendentally delightful; but there was one little difficulty these rapt souls had to look in the face. In spite of all the ideality of their philosophy, they were under the miserable necessity of eating and drinking; and, then, the body clung close to them, and they were surrounded by others who, too, had bodies; and there was an urgent necessity to see that this body was well cared for. To use Lord Shallbeso's saying, "They never could lift themselves off their feet by pulling at their waistbands."

The *Conversazione* was to come off, and our ladies asked Mrs. Fitzallen what preparation they should make. She told them it was nothing else than a dress-promenade, except when the great Conversationist descended from her sublime heights upon them. Then, while she talked, everybody was bound to listen. There was on this evening no music, no dancing, nothing but promenading and talking. There were some clever talkers, and such

were then in request; and in a corner they were certain to find a *raconteur* who was famous for his recitations, and particularly great on Coleman's "Kilkenny Cats." New comers were sure to surround him, and by them he was regarded with admiration. Indeed, a good story-teller is always in request at such places, and held in that reverence the ancient Jews paid to fathers of families — "Happy the man whose quiver was full of them."

Professor Reinhard had become one of the daily companions of the Trueman party. His perfect acquaintance with everybody made him very useful. On this evening he accompanied our ladies to the Conversazione. The guests of the two hotels were all assembled, for no one missed these evenings. Professor Reinhard entered the saloon having Gertrude upon his arm, followed by Oliver and wife, whom he presented to the lady-patronesses of the Conversazione, every one of whom was remarkable for her ability to talk upon all subjects with equal fluency.

The hour had come and passed, and expectation was on tiptoe for the entrance of the Pythoness. It was past eleven when the signal of her coming was seen, — a gilt chair, borne in the air by a servant-man, who crossed the hall and set it down upon the platform on which the grand piano stood, raised two steps above the floor. When this was seen, the guests formed an aisle from the door, through which the chair came to the piano, and four lady-patronesses went out to usher her into the saloon. The professor was careful to secure for his ladies a position near the piano. Soon the lady-patronesses and the great Conversationist entered, followed by a bevy of young ladies belonging to Bostonia and its vicinage, who formed her train. There was nothing prepossessing in the lady. She in no way resembled

Hypatia or Corinna, nor had she the fine arms and bust which Madame de Stael rejoiced to show upon like occasions; but, at that moment, she was "the rage.

The young ladies, who were called "disciples," each had an album and a pencil, in which, from time to time, they made notes of all the sibylline sayings that fell from the lips of the "god-like." Some, indeed, boasted that they had a pile of these books of memoranda; but the professor, who knew all about these girls, told our ladies there was not one who, by any happy accident, had been able to write out into any sort of sense these notes. The gifted lady had a famous flow of words; and while our ladies listened they thought they were certainly able to understand what she was speaking of. Sometimes they lost the thread; then they caught it again; then it was broken off hopelessly, and not a sentence was spoken which they could comprehend for ten minutes or more. And so it was for the hour and a quarter that this lady went on talking. It was said she was on this evening particularly happy. Men listened attentively, and it was easy to see they labored to follow *words* fitly spoken,— charming tones, and a fire of genius lighting up her face; but to the uninitiated it was "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Our pilgrims stood by, as mere spectators, looking out upon a splendid conflagration of the inspiration of genius. No stretch of intellect could "catch the Cynthia of the minute." If an idea was presented which seemed ship-shape with ideas held in common with other minds, like a gilded cloud in the sky it changed while one gazed, and what once resembled a thing of earth took on some monster shape, and ended in piles of cloud, beautiful, but signifying nothing. No power of the imagination

could delude the mind that it was anything but vapor. The dear girls were very busy with their pencils; and as their admirers looked over their shoulders admiringly, they worked on with all diligence, then looked up into their faces and smiled knowingly. It was past midnight when the lady descended from her tripod, and the young ladies gave their pencils and albums to their gentlemen, whose arms they took, and promenaded, discoursing on their own account, and doubtless to the best advantage.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY. — "THE LATEST PHASE OF MODERN INFIDELITY."

THE way all questions of science, literature, art, and religion, were "done for" at these parties for conversation, was a wonder. Nothing was too sacred to be handled and held up to scorn and contempt; nothing in history or science but was doubted. All the sweet confidences of childhood in the truth of history, especially those beautiful periods when poetry was the vehicle of truth, all sank like lead in the waters.

There was a Doctor Niebuhr, who, speaking of ancient Rome, upset in the most merciless manner all the storied memories of Annie and Gertrude; though, as for Frank and Oliver, men-like, they affected to have known all this before. Not only the

mythical age of Romulus and Remus in their cradle, and the she-wolf, but the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Tullus Hostilius, the purchase of the sibylline books, the madness of Brutus, the wrongs of Lucretia, and the bravery of Horatius Cocles, all went to the land of shadows, as mere creations of the imagination.* Nor was this all: much that was left was said to be imbued with poetry, invented by some minstrel whose name is buried in oblivion.†

And Doctor Schmitz, not to be outdone by his countryman, made a fearful onslaught upon the early history of Greece. The story of Cadmus and his colony, and all about the Pelops crossing from Phrygia and ruling at Argos, was nothing but moonshine. He said the Argonautic expedition was a poetical narrative, with little or no history; and, in a word, the heroic age was all obscurity, nothing but the residuums of lays and ballads.

This led to some inquiries of these fathers of history.

"What about Homer?" asked Gertrude; nor was she surprised when the gentlemen around her told her there was no Homer; he too was a myth, and his epics were not the work of one mind, but of many minstrels, known as Homerides, who are described in the poems themselves, and whose songs, or rhapsodies, were collected by order of Pisistratus. Frank assured Gertrude that he knew all this long ago, while a student in Greek at Cambridge: and that this was suggested by Bentley, of England, and Casaubon, whose criticisms were known to English

* The wars of Porsenna are deeply tinged with poetry. The battle of the Lake Regillus is a *grand epopee*. The stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin. — NIEBUHR.

† Lays of Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: 1842.

and French scholars long before Herr Wolf knocked the bust of Homer from his pedestal in Germany.

Nor did matters end here. The plough-share of modern criticism was turned in upon the pages of Hume; and the pretty story of Elfleda and Elfrida, the loves of King Edgar, were set down as mere romances.

"There is a law in these matters," remarked a gentleman to Gertrude, in reference to questions being discussed, "and it is this: the ballads always precede the chronicles; and when the ballad is lost, some historian gives the legend the impress of his genius, and it lives on forever. Such is history!"

Now, our readers will see where our pilgrims were drifting, and when theology and biblical criticism came under review, with what a sweeping wave everything sacred went by the board.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were sitting upon the balcony, over the grand entrance of the west front, at the close of a hot summer's day, enjoying the luxury of the breeze coming over the Black Forest. The company had been talking of a new *Theodicée*, which completely annihilated all that had ever before been published. Annie and Gertrude, and Count Flieschmann, a handsome young German, were all this time amusing themselves with finding figures in the clouds, paying no attention whatever to the extremely clever sayings of a lady held in highest repute among the Illuminati, a circle of learned men and women belonging to the vicinage of Bostonia. Nor was the husband free from pique at their utter inattention: especially was he anxious Count Flieschmann should listen to his wife. He determined to bring our ladies down from the clouds; so he

addressed Annie, who chanced to be looking around in quest of some new subject for her observation:

"Mrs. Outright, I believe you are a German scholar," said Professor Spooner.

"Not a scholar of any sort," replied Annie. "My cousin, here, is said to speak German with great purity; but scholarship! — O, no, we are no scholars."

Mrs. Spooner now entered the list.

"You have, doubtless, read the modern critical writers of Germany, if not her metaphysical writers," addressing herself to Gertrude.

The count now became interested, to the great delight of Mrs. Professor Spooner. We give her the title, for she was always pleased to be so addressed, as was also the professor himself.

"I do not know anything of German metaphysics or criticism. I have read Schiller, and some of the poets," replied Gertrude, meekly.

"But you know something, surely, of theology!" said Mrs. Professor Spooner. "A pilgrim, too! and, as such, you must have read the writings of Schwegler, Bauer, and Planck." Now, she only said this for the ear of the count; not that she had any expectation that Gertrude would answer her affirmatively; but, then, it must make an impression upon the count, and it did.

"I never heard their names before," replied Gertrude. "May I ask, what do they teach, which is not already to be found in the Bible?" asked Gertrude, with greatest simplicity.

"The Bible!" exclaimed Mrs. Professor Spooner. "Ah! they have demolished, utterly, that old fortress of superstition, and all 'book-religion,' and have erected a faith worthy the age."

"The Bible, and faith in the Bible, have been exploded every year," said Annie, "by some enterprising 'architect of ruin;' but the next year or two all is restored, as good as ever. Is not that, like the dispersion of the Jews, and their continued separate existence among men and nations, a standing miracle?"

"It is only the momentum of mind upon mind, acting with the sweeping current of time for centuries," replied Mrs. Professor Spooner.

Gertrude, to save Annie from indulging her love of mischief, asked, "To what department of criticism have the great men you have named devoted their time and talents?"

"They have made themselves famous," replied the professor's lady, "for the advance they have made in the *Christology* of the *New Testament*."

"That is a new phrase, madam," said Annie; "I really never heard it before. What does it mean?"

"It is the development of the Christ of the New Testament,"* replied the lady.

"I don't understand it yet," said Annie. "It may be I am very dull; but it is all Greek to me. Now, if you were to say the Christology of the Old Testament, I should understand you. Doubtless, I have misunderstood you."

"Not at all, my dear madam!" said the professor's lady. "It is the received opinion of Germany, certainly of those who belong to the school of progress, that the Christ of the New Testament did not spring, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, in all the completeness in which he now appears in the New Testa-

* See an interesting article in the *Christian Examiner* for September, 1851.

ment writings. Far from it. Schwegler has demonstrated conclusively, to *my* mind, that he was developed out of the conflict of Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, with the twelve apostles to the Jews."

"I have read," replied Annie, "how Paul had a buffet of words with Peter at Antioch, one day; for 'Peter was to be blamed,' so says St. Luke. I know of no other conflict."

"May I be permitted to explain myself?" asked Mrs. Professor S. She was glad to see the attention of the group on the balcony was now concentrated upon herself, and she felt herself in a position to win golden opinions. She went on to say: "The ancient Jews, in their mythological books, represent the Christ as the god of their nation, — *their* guardian. I presume we all agree in this."

"I do not, for one," said Annie, "if that is the totality of the Old Testament teachings. How many are the passages in the Old Testament which speak of all the earth as being blessed in him and by him!"

"There is, to be sure, Mrs. Outright, some straining after a mediator in the Theophanies of the ancient Hebrew writers, in which Wisdom appears as a goddess resembling Minerva; but I think you will confess that the religion of the Jewish scriptures is a religion of Dualism, rather than a religion of reconciliation."

"I really do not understand what Dualism is!" replied Annie.

"I will explain," said Mrs. Professor Spooner. "The Messiah was to hold his divine honors, as their king, in some such way as *Guadama*, *Siva*, and *Vishnu*, preside over the fates of men under *Brahm-Arti*, who himself dwells in the 'silences of eternity.'"

Annie was bewildered, and bowed her assent.

"I am glad we are agreed on this point," said Mrs. Professor Spooner.

"Dear madam!" replied Annie, waking up, "I don't comprehend you at all! I bowed assent only because I am glad of this opportunity to be told what is the 'latest phase of modern infidelity.'"*

Mrs. Spooner was greatly amused at the earnestness of Annie, and laughingly replied: "Mrs. Outright means," bowing to the listeners, "the latest victory of truth over error, of the reason over the imagination. The last attainment of modern scholarship," continued the lady, "maintains that the Christ of the gospellers is the result of various opinions existing among the Jews antecedent to Christianity; that the first Christ was a mere man, the son of Joseph and Mary. This was the Christ, according to 'The Gospel according to the Hebrews,' of all Christs the most ancient."†

"Pardon me, madam. I did not design to interrupt you; but, really, I never heard of such a gospel. Will you explain it?"

With great amenity of manner, Mrs. Professor Spooner replied: "This gospel was the original of all the gospels used by the Ebionites in the middle of the second century, — a point of time

* The Rev. Professor Andrews Norton, when his own disciples outran him by their transcendant scepticism, published, in Boston, a pamphlet with this title, written by Professor Alexander, of Princeton.

† This gospel is alluded to by Hegesippus, lib. comment. apud. Eusebius Ecc. Hist., l. 4, c. 22; Clement Alex. Strom., l. 2, p. 380; Origen, Tract VIII. on Matthew; Eusebius, lib. 3; and Jerome in many places. — *Apocryphal New Testament.*

when we have no certain proof the other gospels existed at all."

"Let me ask one more question," said Annie. "Where is this 'Gospel according to the Hebrews'?"

"It is lost; but Epiphanius and other Christian fathers speak of it, and a passage or two is to be found cited by Jerome."

A gentleman who had stood by near to Gertrude, seeing Annie would not break silence, and who had been greatly interested and no little amused by this discussion, and at the astonishment painted upon the expressive features of Gertrude and Annie, now put himself forward, and said, "Mrs. Spooner, permit me to ask to which of these fathers do you refer? What are their names, the age in which they flourished, and the means they had of knowing? Who are these witnesses?"

The professor now stood forward on behalf of his wife. "Epiphanius, to whom my wife refers, was Bishop of Constantia, the ancient Salamis, and Metropolitan Bishop of the Island of Cyprus. He flourished A. D. 367 to 402. St. Jerome died in the year 420."

"Thank you, sir," said the gentleman. "But it is not in Jerome's catalogue of canonical books. He left it to find its way down to oblivion along with the gospels according to Barnabas, and St. Bartholomew, and of poor Judas Iscariot. What a pity those learned of our day, who 'deny the Lord who bought them,' should not have in hand the gospel of the man who sold him!"*

The professor's lady was a little disconcerted. "I do not know that I am able to meet you; but that ought not to disparage the

* This gospel of Judas Iscariot is spoken of by Irenæus, in his great work on Heretics, liber 1, ch. 35. He flourished A. D. 120 to A. D. 177. Somewhat higher authority than Jerome and Epiphanius!

claims of German modern scholarship, nor the opinions I have stated as held by them."

"Certainly not, madam," replied this gentleman. "You are aware that Paul, in his epistles, tells us that there were many false teachers, and 'another gospel' than the Gospel of Christ, as he had received it by direct revelation from God. But I have interrupted this very interesting discussion; and, to renew it, I should be greatly obliged to you to tell us what Schwegler thinks of the gospels we call genuine."

Mrs. Spooner, reässured by the kindness expressed by the gentleman and Mrs. Outright, and by the company generally, who all professed to be much interested to know what modern scholarship said of ancient gospels, went on to say: "I can only give you my own impressions of their teachings. Schwegler holds that Matthew's gospel grew out of this 'Gospel according to the Hebrews;' inasmuch as the Hebrew conception of Christ characterizes this gospel."

"What does he call the Hebrew conception of Christ?" asked the gentleman.

"That Christ in it is 'the Messiah,' who comes 'to save his people from their sins,'" she replied. "This gospel was followed by Luke's, which is substantially the same. He adds nothing to the Christology of Matthew. The general tone of Mark is regarded as Ebionitic, slightly colored by speculations of a different kind. In it the old Jewish Christ is changing, almost imperceptibly, into another shape; losing his identity, but still no other than himself, though not wholly himself. The human outline is yet distinct, though its edges are slightly blurred and hazy, as if the figure was softening and melting into the angelic."

"You have succeeded admirably, madam!" said the gentleman; "but there is one other gospel. What do Schwegler and the latest of modern scholars say of John's gospel? Christ, under the transforming wand of these men, has become a very shadowy and doubtful person; but what have they made of John's gospel?"

"Ah!" replied the professor's lady, as if she felt the force of all that was said, "ah, sir! there 's the rub, at last!"

"They find, perhaps, madam," said the gentleman, "the dying words of Neander true: 'This gospel is the battle-field of the whole argument.' But one other question, — What of Paul?"

"O, Paul!" said the professor's lady, laughing; "there 's no making anything of Paul — for neology!" And, with a curtsey, she took her husband's arm, and retired.

Our ladies went to their parlor, and sat a long time silent, — Annie looking out of the windows to see the riding parties returning, and Gertrude upon a lounge, in a brown study. Rousing herself, she spoke her thoughts.

"There is nothing, Annie, more painful to me to witness than the exhibitions that we have all around us of time and talents worse than wasted. It is not only in the scepticism of infidel speculations, but in life itself. There is nothing to live for, nothing to die for. It is the pall of annihilation which is above, around, and beneath us. And this is the beginning and the end of a liberal Christianity! Indeed, it goes heavily with my disposition, that 'this goodly frame, the earth, is made a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you; this brave o'erhanging firmament; this majestical roof, fretted

with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.' " *

"Excellent!" cried Annie, rising, and taking a seat upon an ottoman at Gertrude's feet. "It has made you poetical, dear cousin."

"O, no; there 's no poetry in me. Only, dear Annie, I was thinking that the universality of Shakspeare's genius supplies fitting expressions for all the wants of the soul. And when trying to analyze my thoughts about what we have heard just now, these sayings of Shakspeare presented themselves, and I could not deny to myself the pleasure of reciting them, as the most pertinent and proper of all I can think or say."

CHAPTER XX.

A DISCUSSION OF MODERN SAVANS.

If it was wonderful to witness the way in which the facts of history were sublimed, at the Conversaziones held at Castle Brunnens, it was not less surprising when the facts of science came in for their share in these new processes of investigation. And, if our ladies were gravelled by the discussions we have reported, Frank and Oliver found themselves upon the lowest form in the

* Hamlet: act ii., scene 2.

school of modern sciences, when, too, the topics were those they regarded as within the range of their own studies and pursuits.

At the first *scéance* attended by Frank and Oliver, there seemed a general looseness among the members. Mr. Young, of Bostonia, addressing Doctor Thornton, who presided on this evening, remorselessly attacked those microscopic-minded men, Newton and La Place. "Many matters* now universally esteemed sublime, scientific truths, are but dark and occult errors;" and, speaking of the tides, he said: "Newton's theory is a tissue of absurdities and dilemmas." In this startling statement Mr. Young was upheld by a gentleman of the royal navy, who ought to know, at least one would think so, from his earnest, confident tone. He said: "Newton's theory was a gross fallacy, a palpable deceit, and an insult to the law of gravitation, on which it was founded." † And he, too, was buttressed by a captain of the royal navy, who, in a tone of jeering contempt, said: "As for Newton, he is continually committing the grossest blunders, in consequence of neglecting the rules of geometry, and richly deserves to be decorated with the cap and bells." ‡ Upon which Mr. Young rose and poured forth one of his "utterances:"

* Unity of Purpose; or, A Rational Analysis to Disclose Physical Truths, and to Detect and Expose Popular Errors. By Augustus Young. Boston, 1846.

† "The Anomalies of the present Theory of Tides, elucidated by Additional Facts and Arguments. By Thomas Kenigan, R.N., F.R.S." London, 1847.

‡ "New Theory of the Tides." By Captain Forman. London, 1848. Cited by Professor Lovering. See his able article on these subjects, in *Christian Examiner*, 1851, page 213.

"I declare, that I have yet to learn of any single discovery or principle, originally promulgated by Sir Isaac Newton, in any wise beneficial to physical astronomy." *

Frank and Oliver rose, by one impulse, and walked out upon the rampart. They looked up to see if the stars held their places; and there they were, shining in high heaven, so clear and bright, they felt it a joy to know that they were beyond the inconoclastic fury of the age. Walking and musing a while, both were glad of the soft breeze blowing, and the serenity of night, to restore to them the healthful play of their intellects.

"I think," said Frank, "this night we have had a richer experience than is usually offered. We must have been fortunate. What would Pope have said, had this been spoken in Westminster Abbey, in front of the most felicitous of all epitaphs?" †

"Let us go to our wives, and tell them all we have heard," said Oliver.

And they did so. They found in their parlor Mrs. Fitzallen, Lydia Greenleaf, and Professor Reinhard, sitting in happy converse. Frank, having related their experiences, the conversation turned upon the Conversaziones, and the gifted lady was alluded to. Professor Reinhard said:

"She really knows nothing of German metaphysics. This science requires German training; we breathe it in from our infancy; it is the atmosphere which surrounds us from birth to old age. Not so with you, in this land of out-door activity and

* "Unity of Purpose," before cited.

† "Nature and all her works lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and there was light."

effort. This famous lady is clever, very clever, in spots; and then she generalizes famously. In this lies hidden all her power. Some odd chance is sure to happen, when the shallowness of the current of thought is seen being all broken up into foam, froth, and bubbles. The other day she was discoursing on a theme which is the fools' paradise of such talkers — it was life. These young disciples, with their pencils, did their best to follow her. 'She was so glorious!' But when they came to compare notes, there was nothing tangible, nothing coherent; and they, simpletons as they are, asked her to repeat herself. She was too wise, and said 'the inspiration was gone.'"

"I cannot see what is the charm of all this," said Gertrude. "Mrs. Fitzallen, have you discovered why it is that a clique of young ladies, from a city famous for its wisdom and wealth, circle around this masculine woman, and offer her the incense of their daily admiration?"

"It would hardly do, Mrs. Trueman," replied Mrs. Fitzallen, "for me to guess at what I really care so little to know; but I have an intuition (I believe that is the word, professor?"—he bowed) "that all this speculation finds its origin in the restraints of religion. The fools of this age, as in ages past, are ever saying, 'No God! let there be no God!'"

"What restraints do you speak of?" asked Oliver.

"I am not to be tempted to lift the veil from the Isis of Castle Brunnens," replied Mrs. Fitzallen, smiling.

"Is it so strange that the faith of a future state of being can be sacrificed?" asked Mrs. Fitzallen.

Oliver replied, "It is all mystery to me."

"Perhaps I can solve the enigma," said Professor Reinhard.

"In my judgment, then, it is a scepticism, Mr. Outright, cured at once and forever, when the heart is happy in its affections. A young mother, when she looks into the face of infancy reposing on her bosom, no longer wishes to believe death an eternal sleep, and heaven and its mansions of glory a miserable myth." And here the subject was dropped.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "ACARUS CROSSI," AND THE RESULTS OF MAKING LICE, AMONG THE LEARNED AT BRUNNENS CASTLE.

THE pursuit of pleasure is ever wearisome; and Castle Brunnens possessed no charm to save its inmates from the misery of *ennui*. It was a god-send for some new thing to turn up. Such a happy event attended the arrival of Mr. Andrew Crosse, who had been sent for by the proprietors, to repeat his famous experiment of creating lice. Since the times of the magicians of Egypt nothing of the sort had been attempted; and his coming, with a load of chemical apparatus, was worthy of being chronicled. Mr. Crosse was a worthy Welsh gentleman, and his apparatus was packed up with a full supply of Welsh cheese, for which his father-land was famous, and he too much of a Welshman ever to be without it. Somehow, these cheeses were contingent and necessary to the success of his experiments. No chemist had been able to repeat them; and yet, the slightest intimation that the "acarus crossi" must have lingered about his retorts and

crucibles, unless, indeed, shaken during his manipulations from out his own head, put this learned gentleman in a furious passion. One thing was certain, — his head and his fixings were essential to the success of his experiments.

The gentleman was now bringing his labors to a happy conclusion. At their commencement, only a few were allowed to be present; but the circle widened as the work went on; and Oliver, having a love of chemistry, was invited to aid Mr. Crosse. He opened the door for Frank and his wife and Annie into the saloon, where they witnessed, under glass globes, the gratifying results coming to a desired end. Day after day, and, indeed, hour by hour, the circles of the castle were occupied in examining the process of this wonderful transformation. And when the eggs began to hatch out their young, and the little animals to show signs of life, and crawl about, real, live lice, a burst of joy thrilled round the castle. It was wonderful to listen to the systems of creation suggested, all taking their rise out of these lice; and the greatest delight was expressed by the *savans*, to see animated nature taking its rise, under favorable auspices, from slime, water, and electricity.*

* Sir John Frederick Herschell, in a speech delivered by him before the British Association, says of the theory of development: "Surely, when we hear such a theory, the natural human craving after *causes* capable, in some conceivable way, of giving rise to such changes and transformations of organ, intellect, &c. &c., becomes important. And when nothing is offered to satisfy this craving, but loose and vague reference to *favorable circumstances* of climate, food, and general situation, which no experience has ever shown to convert one species to another, who is there that does not at once perceive that such a theory is in no respect more *explanatory* than that would be which simply asserted a miraculous intervention,

"Where now is the need of a God?" cried the gifted lady, in a tone of triumph, as she saw the lice crawling one over another, under the glass retort.

These manifestations of joy, so universal among the guests, without one single expression of grief and alarm for what was jeoparded, became a matter of mature cogitation and conversation among our pilgrims. It was revealing the inmost depths of the heart, disrobing the soul, and showing its latent enmity to the existence of God; a sudden unmasking of the soul, not more to others than to themselves. "There is no God! Let us eat and drink. Life 's but a span; we 'll every inch enjoy!" So great was the relief of pressure, which, like the atmosphere, had rested upon them, and was now forever removed from their souls. Who that remembers the glad joy which welcomed the Vestiges of Creation, a pretentious book, which sold by thousands of copies, can doubt that all that Paul has said is true? — The heart, "the carnal mind, is enmity against God!"

Annie was standing one day, looking intently at these lice, when the gifted lady, and a troupe of her disciples, entered, and came around the table upon which the glass cylinder retort was placed, without attracting or disturbing the attention of Annie, who, at last, breathing a sigh, came back to consciousness of the presence of so distinguished a personage. She smiled, as she witnessed Annie's recovery of her recollection, and said:

"I have never, madam, seen anything like this. To me it is an *experimentum crusis*. What do you call them?"

at every successive step of that unknown series of events, by which the earth has been alternately peopled and dispeopled of its denizens."— *London Athenæum*, No. 921, June 21, 1846.

"Lice, madam," replied Annie; "veritable lice! I think their paternity cannot be questioned any more than their existence."

"You think, then, they should be called 'Acarus Crossi'!" said the gifted lady, with enthusiasm.

"Certainly!" cried Annie; "they belong to no one else."

"I think so, decidedly!" said the gifted lady; "and Mr. Crosse is made illustrious by the solving of this problem of the ages — Life is the development of vesicle, under favorable conditions of light, air, and electricity."

"O, do let us write that down!" cried a dozen young ladies at once. "Pray repeat that once more!" And this eminent lady was pleased to do so, and it became an axiom forever with this favored circle.*

"What have you to say to this, professor?" said Annie to Professor Reinhard, as she walked with him out of the

* "Will it be believed in a future and a wiser age, did not the page of history record it, that in the middle of the nineteenth century, in one of the intellectual centres of Europe, books have been written, and eagerly devoured, in which the great system of worlds to which we belong is said to be created from an universe of dust, in which man with his immortal soul is struck from a speck of albumen by an electric spark, and in which his divine form, the pride of the sculptor, and the theme of the poet, is developed from the brainless monad and the grinning monkey!"— *North British Review*, Nov., 1854, p. 219.

"The Mormonism of the religious world is not more baleful than the doctrines of the electro-albuminous origin of life; — the development of man from monkeys; the creation of the universe by blind law; the formation of planets out of mud, and of stars out of steam." — *Ibid.*

saloon now occupied for the exhibition of the Welshman and his lice.

"It is something I do not understand; they are certainly lice!"

"O, yes! that any one can see with half an eye. But where did they come from?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders. "That is the question!" and for a long time the professor teased Annie with arguments of a system familiar to him as a student of Professor Oken, in Germany. "Ah!" said he, "if I could but find the *vord*, I could tell you all I thought of it in one *vord*," putting his hand to his forehead. He had but a slight German accent.

Oliver and Mrs. Fitzallen, and Frank and Lydia, came up to them as they were promenading; and Oliver asked the professor what it was troubled him. The professor explained, and asked them all to aid his memory.

"O," said Frank, "the English vocabulary is very opulent! 'Absurd, rigmarole, twaddle, fudge, trash, stuff, moonshine, platitude, flummery.'" — Not one of these was the word sought for.

Oliver tried his hand at it: "Nonsensical, foolish, extravagant, bombast, stolidity, doltishness, silly, base, baseless." — Nor was Oliver successful.

"Now, ladies, won't you try?" And, like drops before a heavy shower, the words came rattling on: "Childish, babyish, idiotic, thick-skulled, dull-witted, sappy, weak-headed, inexplicable, paradoxical, confused, transcendental." — Not one of all would meet the requirements of the professor.

"Dipping up moonshine with a pitch-fork, professor!" said Frank, beginning again.

"All very *brober*, but not *my vord;* it is much used by men in *bolitics*."

"Buncombe!" cried Frank; "speaking to Buncombe' as old Felix Walker was wont to say in Congress."

"No, not it. Ah, it is humboog! humboog!" Delighted to have got his word, the professor clapped his hands for joy; and the party, rejoicing in his joy, and pleased with his wit, laughed heartily, to the infinite satisfaction of the professor.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM BRUNNENS CASTLE.

Early in the morning, during the last week of their stay at the Brunnens Castle, Gertrude and Annie were walking upon the lawn with Lydia Greenleaf, when they heard a shriek, and, turning round, a girl, whose long hair was streaming in the wind, flew towards them, and, falling at the feet of Gertrude, clung to her dress. Looking up with wild terror, she cried: "O, save me, lady! I am not mad! They have put me in a damp, dark hole, where there is no light, and demons are there, and I can't live! O God, help me! I am not mad! Lady, help me!—help me—O, help me!"

While this poor girl was thus speaking, clinging to Gertrude's

dress, a man, in a red baize blouse, came running towards them, and, with the fury of a demon, clutched this poor, wretched girl by the hair, and dragged her, shrieking, away, she crying, "I am not mad! I am not mad!"

Gertrude ran and clung to this infernal wretch, praying him to have pity on the girl. She would not let him go; and he was compelled to loose his grasp upon the hair of this poor child of grief, and bear her away in his arms, when he disappeared with her, running into the basement-story of one of the outbuildings of the hotels.

In a tumult of terror the ladies returned to their hotel, and found their husbands and Professor Reinhard upon the terrace. When they could speak, they told their tale of terror, and learned, for the first time, that this castle was a famous mad-house; and that the madness was all of one kind, which Prof. Reinhard said was by some attributed to drinking the water, and by others to the effects of too much study, or from causes too obscure or too refined for him to explain. This news and the state of Gertrude's nerves determined Frank to leave the Brunnens at once.

Our pilgrims' determination caused quite a sensation in the circles of the Brunnens Castle. They had made many friends, and the society was not without its attractions. The coteries had the charm of novelty peculiar to the Brunnens. It was not a life without thought, a mere pursuit of new fashions of dress and new music, as at Vanity Fair. It was thinking, though thinking in new paths, which grew more tangled and dark as

the mind advanced, seeking and hoping to wind itself out of the labyrinths of speculation into the clear light of certainty.

They had become attached to Professor Reinhard. His constant courtesy had been a source of daily pleasure to them, and Frank urged him to take a seat in his coach and go along with them; but he declined, and said he must go back to his professor's chair.

The professor, the night before they left, came to their parlor, and, after a long talk, rising to leave, he said: "I wish you may reach the Celestial City. It is a long time since I have met with a party of travellers really in earnest to perform that journey; and, for myself, I have come to regard it a myth, a beautiful picture of the imagination, — as real as the Atlantis of Plato, or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More."

"And have you so soon forgotten your father's hearth-stone and your mother's prayer?" asked Gertrude, offering him her hand, which he took in both his with most tender respect. "Do you never remember with love and tenderness the hour of rest, when, taking your little hands in hers, and at her knee, that mother taught you to say,

'Unser Vater in dem Himmel!'"

and Gertrude repeated with emotion, tears filling her eyes, the Lord's prayer in the tongue of his infancy. Professor Reinhard's heart was touched; kissing her hand, with tears streaming, he left the room without a word of farewell.

Mrs. Fitzallen had received an important despatch from Mr. John Thompson. It was a great secret, too great to be kept by

one person, and she must get Annie and Gertrude to help her keep it. Mr. John Thompson wrote Mrs. Fitzallen of his great bereavement. His wife was in a coffin, ready to be buried next day. That he had shut himself up, and would not even read the cards left at his door; and that, to avoid all annoyances, he should shut up his house and go to his farm-house for the season. He wished her to meet him on the first of December, at Vanity Fair, to be married on the day following, lest his wife's friends should get wind of it. "Now," said he, in concluding, "my happiness depends on our secrecy. I can keep my secrets, — see that you also keep them!" "Is n't that mercantile despatch? Now, do stay and go home with me and see me married. Won't it be a surprise to somebody, and shan't I suffer for it?"

The Conversazione of the evening enabled our pilgrims to take leave of all their friends; and, with the rising sun, they left Brunnens Castle for a further prosecution of their journey towards the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE VILLA DI ROMA.

Inasmuch as our pilgrims were staging it, their guide-book was entirely superseded, and, as a matter of routine, they followed the lead of their driver, who they believed was a skilful tourist and courier, and to be relied upon as such. And, certainly, they

had every reason to be satisfied with his skill. He knew the best taverns, and followed the broadest and best roads, those leading to the most lovely spots of scenery the route afforded. They found journeying under his guidance every way pleasant.

After a month's travel they reached a chain of mountains formed by nature for the division of countries and people. This barrier was surmounted by a road once known as the Simpleton's road, now called the Simplon, being a corruption of the true name. It consisted of a series of perilous passes, sometimes along the face of the mountain, a thousand feet from its base, and over bridges of a single span, thrown over abysses unfathomable. Destruction met them on all hands; a mishap here would be fatal, and there was a traditional belief that this road was especially dangerous to pilgrims going to the Celestial City. It really seemed so, looking down from dizzy heights upon caverns and abysses, the roar of whose unseen waters came up from beneath like moans of the wounded and dying. Our ladies insisted upon walking over this famous pass. Alandresso was pleased to consider his skill impeached, and this only made Gertrude more fearful; so that they all toiled their way along these steeps, and across threads of wire and iron which spanned the gulfs below, and glad were they all to reach the inn on the other side of the mountains.

We have so much yet to tell of the pilgrimage of the Trueman party that we shall not give the various incidents of travel, but bring our readers at once with them to the Eternal City, which, with a vast multitude of people, is synonymous with the Celestial City. It was sometimes called St. Peter's, or more anciently Villa di Roma; and, at the time we speak of, was a city of

cathedrals, palaces, monasteries, and nunneries, inhabited by princes, priests, monks, nuns, strangers, and beggars. Without commerce or manufactures, they lived by the sale of relics, paintings, and plenary indulgences.

Alandresso drove his coach with a famous flourish and apparent recklessness, at the imminent danger of life and limb to the horde of beggars that beset the coach from the entrance-gate. He went careering onward at a famous rate, till he came to a grand square surrounded with palaces and public edifices, and drew up suddenly at the entrance of a palace.

"Whose residence is this, and why do we stop here?" asked Frank.

"This, sir," replied Alandresso, "is the palace of Prince Piombo Sylvio d'Istria, whose hospitality has induced him to rent it to one of his servants as hotel-keeper, and so condescends to receive strangers and pilgrims — for a consideration."

"How do you know, Alandresso, that the keeper has any rooms unoccupied?"

"That, sir, is a matter of my own. I have been twenty years a courier, and never yet made a mistake. Your suite of rooms were engaged a month since."

A troop of servants made their appearance in livery, who bowed quite as reverentially to Alandresso as to his masters. To some he gave orders concerning the baggage; to others, as to the coach and horses; and, giving up the reins, he led the Trueman party up a grand staircase into a suite of six noble apartments.

It was, certainly, very charming to be at once installed in a palace, furnished with elegance and taste, paintings and sculp-

ture, appropriate and graceful, in every room. There were signs of departing splendor, shown by patches of modern plastering in ceilings painted in fresco by the pencils of masters. The piazza was itself full of interest to them, for its stupendous temple and living splendor of perpetual fountains. The only thing requisite to complete the enchantment of this place was a cheerful, well-dressed, busy, happy people. But these were wanting. At the base of the columns of the temple, under porches, upon the steps of all the palaces, mansions, churches, were to be seen, lounging and crawling about, a lazy, ragged race, who, though wearing the marks of utter destitution, seemed indifferent to their condition. They were content with so much of sunshine or shade as was desirable. Nor were there beggars only; for, mingled up with them, were bareheaded priests, in brown dresses and ropes round their waists, scarcely a degree above the beggars. The crimped black hair and coal-black eyes of all these people Oliver described, by what he regarded as a happy hit, as being the beau-ideal of a band of conspirators. And, though it would have required many lanterns, and the strictest scrutiny, for a modern Diogenes to have picked out either an honest man or woman from this multitude, the ancient Diogenes would have found hundreds whose philosophical recklessness of everything but sunshine he himself might have envied.

The importance of their courier was most conspicuous. He examined everything in and about their rooms; and his complaints, and the changes ordered by him, were at once attended to, though they seemed sometimes mere expressions of whim; but, on the whole, they saw his zeal was all well directed, and they sat by in silence.

Dinner was announced, and there was a great show of covers as at the Brunnens, but they revealed little that was attractive. If the dinner was meagre, the wines were miserable. Frank ordered the host to appear, and, shortly after, a personage in an embroidered uniform, with a cocked hat and plume of a field-marshal, made his appearance, and, with many bows, advanced. Oliver thought it was Prince Piombo in person, and rose; but Frank, who made a better guess, kept his seat. When he came to a stand-still, and made his last bow, he begged to receive the orders of his distinguished guests. Frank told him this was the last dinner of empty covers which he would pay for; and, as for his wines, he would not have them; and added, "Hereafter let there be nothing but water placed on the table." The dismay of the host was great. He said an entire mistake had been made; that henceforth he would attend to the table in person; and, as for his wines, he could and would produce such wines as Prince Cardinal Lambruschini alone could equal; and, so saying, this magnificent Prince de la Cuisine made his bow, and, trailing the plumes of his cocked hat along the pavement, disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER GERIOT AND MRS. MAY CALL UPON THEM.

As they were sitting in the balcony of their parlor, which opened upon the piazza, a splendid barouche and four, with two high church dignitaries, a lady and a gentleman, in it, drove past

them. The lady waved her handkerchief to them and bowed; but the coach, turning into the next street, prevented them from recognizing her.

In the evening was brought up the card of Father Geriot, who was received. He expressed great pleasure in meeting them once more. On being asked where were Blanco and Angelique, he told them that Blanco had become a priest, and would preach his first sermon on the occasion of the taking the black veil by his sister. Our ladies asked in what convent Angelique was, and where it was situated, and if she could be seen by them; to all which inquiries Father Geriot gave satisfactory replies, and offered his aid in any way in which he could be useful to them during their stay. Frank begged him to dine with them, and bring Blanco along with him, promising him the best dinner the palace could serve up. This was touching the father in a weak spot; and he promised to do so with alacrity, and a heartiness which showed that it was possible even for Father Geriot, who usually appeared masked, sometimes to show the real live man.

The next day, just as they had risen from breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. May were ushered into their saloon. The meeting was one of gladness on all hands. Mrs. May said her husband and herself had been in the city for a couple of months, and had a suite of apartments in the Palazzo di Ternore, and concluded a long visit by inviting them to a party at her rooms that evening.

"And who shall we meet there?" asked Annie.

"Indeed, I cannot well tell you," replied Mrs. May. "Man of 'my dear five hundred friends;' but, first of all, those distinguished persons with whom I was riding yesterday when I had the delight to see you in the balcony. These are known as the

nephews of the late Pope Gregory XVI., to whom he left the millions of money he gathered up during his pontificate. They are both princes and dignitaries of the church; the one a cardinal, and the other a bishop. They have their separate palaces, and live in the greatest elegance; and, what is rare here, they are men of remarkable purity and refinement—not merely so in appearance, but in reality. In this they do not resemble *their uncle*," said Mrs. May, with archness and emphasis. "Then there are some very eminent ladies, *nieces* of a reigning cardinal, whose husbands have had the great good fortune to repair their palaces by the wealth of the uncle of these great ladies; and who are regarded here as being second only to the most influential members of the sacred conclave. O, you have a great deal to learn; and I shall be ready to help you to the best of my ability. And, as for the rest of my friends, they have all sorts of names: Count Ramanello da Forta, Count Ettore Giovenale, Romano; Marquis Marco Carellino, Napoletano; Guglielmo Albimonti, Siciliano; Miale de Proja; Riccio de Parma, Francesco de Rimini, and Frenchmen and Englishmen, and ladies to match; but they are of no account. Those *nieces* and *nephews* are the true nobility here; and I shall take pains to see you properly presented. And I beg you, gentlemen, be particular to show yourselves impressible. As for you, my ladies, I need say nothing."

"Pray, give us the names of these noble ones," said Oliver; "as for the rest, we won't task you. For one, I never could remember their names five minutes at a time."

"Certainly," said Mrs. May. "The *nieces* are known here as the Marchese Ginevra de Correa and the Countess Zoriade

d'Asti, whose husbands find it profitable and pleasant to live on their estates, while their ladies live here in their elegant homes, furnished by their dear uncle, who cannot live without their society; and, ladies, my most eminent friends are here known as Prince Cardinal Carita, who holds splendid livings somewhere, but who never has been out of the Papal States, and Prince Bishop Cajetan, who cures all the souls under his care by proxy. They are charming men, and have my confidence entirely. I can't say this of but few."

"How must we dress?" asked Gertrude.

"I don't care how *you* dress, my dear Mrs. Trueman, because you and Mrs. Outright always look well. Your taste is so perfect in such matters that I would not prescribe; but, to please me, wear the dresses you deem most graceful, most superb."

Mrs. May then took her leave, and the rest of the day was all absorbed by our ladies in getting out their dresses, and making preparations for the evening. Alexander was found invaluable. He had twenty artists, milliners, and others, at work; and, aided by eminent skill, and the persuasive power of gold, our ladies were just able to complete their toilets at ten o'clock in the evening.

At eleven o'clock, precisely, they made their entrance into the spacious saloons of Mrs. May, at the Palazzo di Ternore. Here were assembled Montsegnori in their purple stockings; Jesuit fathers, whose costume has been so closely copied by the psuedo-*Protestant* Episcopal priests of all lands; foreign ladies and foreign gentlemen, travellers like themselves, whose fair skins, light hair, and blue eyes, strangely contrasted with the black hair, dark eyes, and olive complexions, of those native born.

Here, too, were men wearing the uniforms of various courts; noblemen of the land in rich dresses, bearing the titles of princes, dukes, barons, whose stars and orders were all they possessed to tell of lost honors and wealth, which once made their names illustrious.

It may be well to say something respecting the appearance of our ladies at this period of their lives, before we go on with our story.

They had been born to circles which, in their own city, as we have already stated, were recognized as the best. As a result of their contact with society at Vanity Fair and the Brunnens, they had lost something of their virgin, blushing modesty, which shed a vermeil bloom over their faces, and gave a sweet shyness to their address as young ladies. But, in place of this, there was now to be seen that blending of nature's loveliness with the *manière* of high life, that proud bearing by which art heightens grace. Nor were they any longer novices in the mysteries of *une grande toilette*. With them it was not a mere arraying of forms fitted for the pedestal, but, as the work proceeded, every graceful play of intellect was awakened; and, when dressed, the eyes outshone the diamonds beaming from a jewelled circlet that gathered up tangled tresses which refused to be bound — tresses of golden hair the Madonna herself might envy.

It was with feelings of pride that Oliver and Frank presented their wives to Mr. and Mrs. May; and the sensation produced upon the crowd was more delightful to their hearts than it was to their wives'.

Many came forward to claim the privilege of an introduction;

and in twenty minutes our pilgrims had been presented to the very *élite* of all the society of the city; and it was with more than usual ceremony the pilgrims were presented to Prince Cardinal Carite, and his brother, Bishop Cajetan, and to the Cardinal Lambruschini, and his nieces, the Marchese Ginevra and Countess d'Asti, who formed a group by themselves, somewhat aloof from the crowd of guests, talking with Father Roothaan, the then General of the Jesuits. Cardinal Lambruschini, being an old man, was seated with his nieces, as Mr. and Mrs. May led our pilgrims up. With great kindness he begged them to be seated. Sofas and ottomans were at once rolled up, and a charming circle was formed around the veteran of the conclave. The conversation soon took its direction from the cardinal, and was permitted to circle round the whole range of topics in society, affording a graceful natural play of the wit, the acquirements, and the taste, of the group. Here they all sat in a happy unconsciousness of all about them, till Mrs. May came to lead the old cardinal to the supper-saloon. Then the Prince Cardinal claimed the privilege of escorting Annie; the bishop, Gertrude; the marchese fell to Frank, and the countess to Oliver. This arrangement was perpetuated to the close of the party. It was evident that this group of guests were too happy in each other to care to have their attention for any time divertod; and this sort of teasing was especially resented by the marchese and countess, who, by their manner, told their admirers that, for that evening, at least, they were preëngaged. Such new attachments are so common in the social circles abroad that it produced no alienation; and its manifestation only widened the high compli-

ment paid to Frank and Oliver, as also to their wives, by the Prince Cardinal and his brother.

Before the evening closed, invitations to galleries of art, to palaces, to cathedrals, to monasteries and nunneries, to colleges and convents, were most kindly presented and gratefully accepted. There was a world of sight-seeing to be gone through with, which would occupy a month at least.

Mrs. May was delighted with the sensation created by her friends; and, as they were about to leave, she said, "O, if Lady Di. and Mrs. Proudfit were here to see what I have seen this night!"

The impression made by our ladies was every way gratifying to themselves. They felt their power, and it was the first time they fairly woke up to the confident certainty of their superior presence; which superiority had been confessed on all sides, by ladies even, and more truly because it was unsought for on their part, and acknowledged ungraciously by some, and unconsciously by others. To be sure, the *éclat* conferred by such distinguished personages was very great; but, then, why should such gentlemen seek them but for their attractiveness? Not for their diamonds, certainly; for theirs were few, and other ladies wore fortunes depending from their ears, and clasped around their necks. It was not for their beauty; for more beautiful women than they were present. It might be they were new comers, — yes, it might be that; but they could not disguise from their heart of hearts that it was to themselves, to their manners, intollect, and acquirements, brought into happy play by these princes, they owed the attention they had received on the last evening. And

while their wives had cogitations of this sort, Frank and Oliver were trying to catch glimpses of some things said, some looks, furtive glances, and smiles which they could not interpret, and which made them say aloud so much as this, the next day at breakfast, "Those are very charming sisters!"

Nor were they alone in recalling the impressions of the previous evening. The Prince Cardinal and the Prince Bishop both came to Mrs. May's to make inquiries concerning those attractive ladies they had met the evening before. Mrs. May told all she knew of our pilgrims, in the way most likely to increase the sentiments of admiration expressed by these nephews of the late pious Gregory XVI.*

They both expressed the highest admiration of our ladies. The Prince Bishop, who was about thirty years of age, said, "Dear Mrs. May, I do not know what it is which invests these friends of yours like an atmosphere of light, and I have sought in vain to make the discovery of their power. Beauty is not uncommon among us; wit is not rare; grace is a common property among well-bred women, though possessed in very different degrees, but common to all *we* meet with in society."

The Prince Cardinal spoke: "Agostino and I were trying to define our several impressions as we rode here together. You, madam, are too well acquainted with all these matters not to be able to aid us to a solution of our questionings. I confess to

* NEPOTISM is common enough in Rome. Paul III., among his first public acts, created two boys, of fourteen and sixteen years of age, cardinals. — *History of Jesuits, by Steinmetz. London edition*, vol. I., p. 129.

you, that the presence of beautiful women, who discard all *agacerie*, in which other women hide the mysteries of art, wit, fashion, beauty, fills me with admiring wonder. I am weary of all which is, with most men, attractive. I am too old now" (the Prince Cardinal was only forty), "and have seen so much of artifice, that I have rarely found society worth the sacrifices I must make to obtain it."

"Your eminence talks like one of the patristic saints," said Mrs. May; "and, though I regard you almost a saint, I should be sorry to see your name on the calendar. But we are forgetting one very grave matter. What is it I am to tell you?"

The cardinal bowed with a pleased air, and continued: "Reveal to us what makes these friends of yours fascinating? In what does it consist? Where does it hide itself? — so silent, unobtrusive, and yet so constantly felt!"

The bishop spoke: "It is not in their fair skins; for we have beauties from every clime here, who come to be bronzed beneath our glorious skies. But what is it? and how is it? Tell us, dear Mrs. May!"

"Ah, my Lord Bishop, you have yourself given the clue to the mystery. I see it at a glance; and you will say it is so. Ladies, lovely ladies, of every land, come here, after having spent their winters in Paris, their summers in Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places of fashionable resort, *bronzed* under the baleful glare of *midnight* suns. It is the purity of my sweet friends, their innocency, combined with all the feminine graces of beauty, and wit, and goodness, which make them glorious as the evening star. And, now, let me urge you to worship these stars in their

orbits, content to be gladdened by their radiance shining far off in their appropriate spheres."

"Your compliments are equally proper and graceful," said the Prince Cardinal; "and I pledge you my honor and fealty to truth and virtue, that while I shall seek the society of your friends, it shall be to confer happiness, as well as to receive it."

CHAPTER XXV.

BLANCO, THE YOUNG MONK.

Father Geriot brought Blanco to dine with them. He was a most striking contrast to the father, whose corpulent, burly look, bald head, and flushed face, all told it was high carnival with him all the year round; while Blanco wore an air of penitence, looked dejected, ate little, and said nothing but in reply to questions addressed him. Nothing could be more proper for a young priest, and they could not but wish Father Geriot would follow his pupil's example. This father, evidently a man of great address and attainments, sought, by his jesting of things regarded as sacred in this Holy City, to draw out our pilgrims; but he was disappointed in this — they had nothing to conceal. They did not come here to pretend a reverence they did not feel, nor to be guilty of the vulgarity of offending in any way the sentiments of reverence felt or professed by others. They rose

from the table as the sun was setting, and Annie invited Father Geriot to seats upon the balcony.

"Come, Father Geriot," she said, "and tell me which is a Capuchin and which is a Franciscan; for they look very much alike in their brown cloaks and corded waists: and I want you to tell me all you know of these people who swarm around the square."

When they were gone out, Blanco whispered to Gertrude:

"Send your valet out of the room on some errand.— This is a very fine picture," pointing to a large picture of St. Louis, and speaking aloud. "I think this is seen best in this light," placing Gertrude with her back to the valet, who busied himself about the room. "The drapery is exceedingly *well cast*, and its *tone* is *pure*, and the *handling*, as a whole, is excellent."

Gertrude told Diego to go to her room for her watch; and while he was gone, Blanco spoke in a whisper, full of earnestness;

"O, lady, see my sister; tell her to die, but never to take the veil! She is destined to be sacrificed to a base man. Speak this, in a whisper, to your husband. There is no place safe here. Your Diego and Ursula are *camériere segréti*,* and all around you are spies. Ask your husbands to come and see me; I have much to say to them. Silence is your safety and mine." The door now opened, and Blanco went on, saying, "The sword is very fine — charmingly painted."

* It is hard to make Protestants believe they are objects of interest to be supervised; but it is a great honor to be a spy for the Holy Office. In September, 1850, the Abbe Talbot, a son of Lord Talbot, and lately a priest of St. George's, Westminster Bridge Road, London, was designated from Rome to the office of *camériere segréto*, a secret servant.

Diego presented his mistress her watch, which she looked at, as if anxious to ascertain the hour, and then placed it in her girdle. The father reäppeared with Annie and the gentlemen. Blanco and Gertrude went on talking about the pictures, until Alandresso announced Prince Cardinal Carita, Prince Bishop Cajetan, Marchese de Correa, Countess d'Asti, and Oliver and Frank went down to accompany these eminent personages to their rooms. Father Geriot at once lost all his brusque air, and, with a demeanor as servile as Blanco's was humble, stood near the door when this party entered, and then retired without taking leave, for at the instant Gertrude and Annie were busy in welcoming their visitors.

They sat an hour, and during the visit, while the cardinal and bishop were enlisting Gertrude and Annie to hear a new mass to be sung at a certain church, the ladies had secured the presence of the gentlemen to visit their galleries of paintings; and when it came to be understood that these engagements conflicted as to time and place, there was a little contention carried on among the ladies as to who should have the husbands; and, with a politeness and grace alike irresistible, the wishes of the marchese and countess became decrees. And it was so ordained that the wives should go with the princes, and their husbands with these noble ladies.

If it should seem strange to any one of our readers that pilgrims, who had so recently been at Vanity Fair, should have been so easily entangled again, let them consider how arbitrary are the conventionalisms of fashion, and the address of women whose whole lives are devoted to intrigue. There is only one safe rule in all times, and in all places, and it is this: "Go not

into temptation." Our pilgrims, as other pilgrims of the present day, were constant in every morning praying — "lead us not into temptation;" but, having said this, they thought no more about it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVENTS AND SCENES IN THE CITY OF ST. PETER.

It is not possible to narrate all the incidents attending their residence in the city of St. Peter, nor the arts adopted to impress them favorably with the preëminent claims and piety of the One and True Church. They listened to the enthusiasm of beautiful women, the commendations of amiable and attractive men, some of them distinguished for their zeal and attention to the sick and the wretched; they beheld the grandest creations of architecture with the feelings of awe and sublimity; but their hearts did not betray them into confounding emotions natural to man with the devotions of a soul in its aspirations for a heaven of holiness, and its deep humiliation on account of the depravity and waywardness of sinful hearts.

They were curious observers of all that was passing, and remarked narrowly the swing of the pendulum of life and society, often abruptly changing its measure and beat. The same party of devotees who took them into a vast pile, where, before a lofty shrine, a few candles, feebly burning, made darkness visible, and voices sung in tones of melting sweetness, ten-

derness, and agony, the griefs of the mother at the foot of the cross, on leaving these scenes and sounds, would take them to places where all was festivity; where, with gay groups, they walked through galleries covered with creations of genius, full of seductive blandishments, of beauty wearing the thinnest of veils to conceal the amours of mythical gods and goddesses; or, it might be, next to some saint, with his skull and crucifix before him; but where all served, directly or by contrast, to minister to the passions or to superstition.

Our pilgrims would not be seduced into the study of voluptuous pictures, whether the subjects were sacred or profane. And most *travelled* ladies, as they witnessed this resoluteness of our ladies in eschewing all such works of art, whether by an "old master" or a young one, amused themselves at their expense; and they were styled "verdant," "*un peu puriste.*" Indeed, we may here say, few return as pure to their father's home as when they left it for a foreign tour. Having no other intention than to see all that is to be seen, and "in Rome to do as the Romans do," so very anxious are our home-bred in these particulars, that few of those "native here, and to the manner born," are ever initiated into all the mysteries in which such travelled ladies return adepts to their native lands. It may be well for men to ask, who have wives to elect, "Has my lady-love been a tourist;" and, if so, "At what capitals did she winter, and where were her summers spent, and with whom?"

To proceed: our pilgrims had not come abroad ignorant of art. They had studied drawing under good masters, and knew something of what is meant by composition and color, and other terms forming the technology of artists; and, standing in the

presence of the grandest of all the labors of genius, they saw proofs of the long servitude of the pencil and the chisel, pensioned and patronized by priests to elevate and embellish superstition, or by princes to aid in the ministry of the passions. Whatever may have been the effect upon others of our ladies' "*purisme*," the cardinal and bishop by every act showed their highest admiration of their conduct, and never sought to detain them before a picture or a statue which they could not all scrutinize and study; and, in these examinations of works of art, these gentlemen delighted to be instructors of pupils so grateful, docile, intelligent, and quick to understand their taste and criticisms.

Gertrude whispered into the ear of Frank all that had fallen from Blanco. They now, for the first time, asked, "Who are our servants?" They represented themselves as cousins; were amiable, intelligent, and attentive; always in their places, silent and unobtrusive; so that they had come to regard them as model servants. They could hardly believe they were soldiers in that grand army whose name is legion, forming a grand whole, compared by one of its great masters* to "a sword whose handle is held by the general of the Jesuits in Rome, and whose blade's point sweeps the world."

It was to Annie a matter of restiveness to feel she was a subject for espionage of their own servants, and had been so for months; and it became a matter of first necessity to discover how far this was carried. Annie's dressing-room opened into her bedroom by a plate-glass door, which had a white curtain hanging on

* Aquiviva.

the inside. Of this she held the key. One day, when they were all to go out with a party, Annie dressed herself, with the aid of Ursula, and then, having sent Ursula to a shop, and Diego on an errand, returned to her private room; and when those servants returned, they found the rooms all vacant, and, asking no questions, rested in the belief that they were alone. While Annie was reading, she heard them enter her chamber; and, through a hole she had made in the curtain, she saw Ursula take from her own pocket a string, upon which many keys were strung, and, having found the one she sought, open her little travelling writing-desk, and read all the notes lying loose. She selected some few of them; and then she opened her memoranda-book of her travels. These she copied with singular facility, aided by Diego. When done, they compared them carefully, and Ursula placed these under an envelope, and handed them to Diego, saying, " Say to Father Geriot he has all the means of judging of what our ladies are thinking and doing that we possess. Say to him, I beg he will tell me when he will hear my confession. It is now a full week since I have seen him. Let him appoint the time and place. Say to him I can tell him what I cannot write." Her manner to Diego was that of a superior, commanding, and having a right to control. With profound reverence Diego took the packet, and left the room. Ursula paced the chamber for a while, looking very much discomposed about something, when she left the room, and soon after returned with her bonnet and scarf on, and, going out, she locked the room and took out the key, to be delivered to the janitor for safe-keeping till her lady returned.

Annie was curious to see what she had written in her memo-

randa-book, and laughed merrily at the thought of how queer this must have sounded in the vaults of the College of Jesuits, and what Father Roothaan might have said in reading her "first impressions" of himself and others. Had we space we would give some of these notes of travel. Annie's *ruse* was successful. On mature consideration, our pilgrims determined to retain Diego and Ursula, and to do all they had done, even to Annie's journal, which from that day became more and more piquant and *telling;* and the record was made to blind those who regarded themselves in the light of noon. The reverend conclave and General Roothaan had no reason to distrust the pertinency of the proverb concerning eavesdroppers, They regarded it safest and best to be all unconscious of the espionage under which they lived; and the secrets of others, especially of Blanco and Angelique, were never spoken of but in whispers in each other's ears.

Blanco never came but with Father Geriot, nor did he ever try to speak with them; but, looking sad and wretched, while Father Geriot was full of his sallies of wit, he sat in silence, without a smile. When he left them, a look, an appealing look, reminded them of his request, and prompted them to a compliance with his wishes.

One day he said to Frank, in a whisper, while looking over a book of prints, "Come to my monastery to see our conservatory. Come with the Prince Cardinal. Take your ladies along." And poor Blanco tried to smile, and give significancy to these last words; and never did a face look so wo-begone as his at that instant. "They must be left at the door; the cardinal will, no

doubt, return to them, and leave you with me in the conservatory. Come to-morrow, at twelve."

"Prince Cardinal, our friend Blanco has been telling me of the conservatory at his monastery, and of some beautiful plants now in flower; Will you take us out there to-morrow, if it please you, or at any other time you shall name?"

"With great pleasure," said his Eminence.

"And we will go, too!" said Annie, with a glow of enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Oliver, "you shall go as far as the grating; and the prince, after he has secured us admittance, may bring you a bouquet."

"Is that all? Can't we see the flowers? How I hate all such restraints, extended even to flowers!" said Annie.

The Prince Cardinal made a speech complimentary to the ladies, that their proximity would prove too attractive to those whose lives were devoted to prayer and penitence; and concluded by saying, "I will do what I can to save you from any cause of regret for your exclusion."

"Thank you, your Eminence;" and, looking at Oliver, who looked "go," Annie added, "we will go with you with pleasure; and won't you ask Bishop Agostino to accompany us?—for you know I am apt to monopolize you!"

The cardinal bowed his thanks. It was the most like a compliment he had ever yet won; and, having obtained from them a promise to dine at his casino in the vicinage of the city and of Blanco's monastery, he left them, promising to call with his carriages for them as early as ten o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STORY OF BIANCO, THE YOUNG MONK.

THE day was beautiful. The pearly purity of the atmosphere was an ever-new and inexhaustible subject of their admiration.

"One would think heaven was just beyond our range of vision, all is so serenely beautiful," said Annie. And, though the compliment took a high range, the cardinal, who sat beside Annie as he rode with Oliver and wife in his open carriage, was gratified, as if it was in some way connected with himself. Certainly it showed a growing attachment to St. Peter's, and perhaps its piety, and its cathedrals, and cardinals, and, above all, of himself. Such things do happen to minds in high stations; and the higher the culture, the more ready to be won. Whether this be so or not, it is certain we are soonest won by those whom we ourselves wish most to win. And, as for the Prince Cardinal, without analyzing his wishes very closely, — for he had not done so for himself, — he was sometimes thinking he would like Annie to become a nun in a convent under his especial guidance.

The monastery was a prison-like building on the outside; but through the iron gateway glimpses of a lawn and garden and walks were to be seen, and priests, in their long black dresses and odd caps, significant of their scholastic rank — caps which Annie thought very like those worn by dunces elsewhere.

The abbot and his monks stood inside the gate, waiting for the arrival of the *cortège*, consisting of two carriages conveying the cardinal and bishop and our pilgrims, and two carriages carrying their servants.

There was quite a little scene in one act performed when, the gates being thrown wide open, Annie made a feint to go in. The confusion on the inside was amusing. The cardinal, with a playful manifestation of force and anxiety, stood in the way. Annie and Gertrude then appealed to these dignitaries to put under foot all the decretals of councils, and to let them put their feet inside of the monastery, if it was only over the stepping-stone; but all in vain. The playfulness of Annie, sustained as it was, in this case, by Gertrude, made these great lords feel how very odd it was that they should lock up these priests from womankind, when they, no less priests than these monks, were doing them the honor of being their *ciceroni*. And yet here, just at this point, comes the feather which breaks the camel's back. The frolic was as beautiful as beautiful women, full of wit and resource, could make it. At last the ladies consented to remain on the outside with the bishop, having the promise that the cardinal should bring them presents of flowers.

"Don't stay long!" cried Annie to the husbands and the cardinal, as they left them at the gateway. The cardinal turned and kissed his hand, with an air of gallantry very graceful in a cardinal; while the husbands, occupied by their conversation with the abbot and his monks, never so much as turned their heads. It is provoking how men neglect their wives! And then, too, the contrast between their unconsciousness and the devotion of those who have no business to be devoted, is so suggestive of what they must never think of! But all such remarks are utterly useless, for they are never remembered at the moment they should be.

The mien of the cardinal at once became stately; and when they reached the main building the abbot made a formal speech of welcome, to which he replied: "I have come to gratify these gentlemen, and I will reply to your speech when I have introduced them into your conservatory."

So saying, he ordered a monk to show him the way; and they hurried on to the conservatory, where only Blanco was to be found. The cardinal ordered them to busy themselves in selecting the choicest of the flowers; and they did so without stint, for the wish of a cardinal is law inside a monastery. These he gave the monks who came with him, to take to the bishop and ladies, and said to Oliver and Frank, "You will redeem your promise to your ladies at your leisure. I take these flowers as *your* gifts."

The husbands bowed their thanks; and, when all were gone, Blanco hurried them through gardens into an open space enclosed by shrubbery, used at times as a play-ground.

"Here," said he, "we can talk with safety; but let us seem to be talking of pebbles."

So saying, Blanco gathered up a handful, which he handed them to examine, while he went on speaking. It was a sad story Blanco had to tell of his birth. The son of a noble Spanish house, devoted to the church from infancy; of his trials as a novice, of his faith in the purity of the priesthood, and how the silver veil of the veiled prophets had fallen. Men whom he once regarded as saints had thrown off their masks, and gloried in their shame. They had welcomed him to vices he had never before heard of; and it was with horror he had listened to their narrations, which showed him nothing was sacred, not even the

confessional behind the altar. No! in despite of its position in a consecrated edifice, in despite of all vows, that was the chosen theatre of crime.* He had never yet found a man of any learning who did not despise the jugglery of the church; never one who believed what he was sworn to teach, and, with all sanctity of mien and manner, did teach.† "But," said Blanco, "the greatest of all horrors awaits me. Father Geriot has twice brought back my beautiful sister from the arms of an aged father and mother, denouncing them for refusing her as a spouse of Christ. Once, at the greatest hazard, I had persuaded her to return; and she did so. But now Geriot glories in the belief that he shall at last have her within his power, to satiate his lust. Yes! I speak it, and, with a refinement of cruelty which none but a monk is capable of, I am compelled to say mass. He wanted me to preach the sermon, but I could not. He saw I could not; but the mass I must say. And I am to witness not only the burial of my sister to the world, but to holiness and heaven. She will wake," said Blanco, with intense agony of feeling, "to a living death, more hateful and dreadful to her soul than it can be to mine!

* Louis Philippe, in order to abate in some degree the sacrilege of confessionals, required that in all the churches they be so constructed as to be open to the scrutiny of those present.

Cardinal Bembo writes of the character of monks in his day (1530): "I labor very unwillingly in the matter of monks, to find under many faces all human rascality, covered with diabolical hypocrisy." His own words, as found in Botta, vol. I., p. 26, are: "Io mi travalgio malto malvolentieri in case di frati per trorarvi sotto molte volte tutte le umane sceleratezze coperte di diabolica ipocrizia."

† Blanco White says this in his works, giving an account of his life.

"And, now, why do I tell you this? It is that I may send her this ring by your ladies. It of itself conveys her this message: 'Refuse to take the veil.' Tell her she will die; but let her die a holy virgin, rather than live to be polluted by Father Goriot. There 's no escape for us but death. It is the only way left us; and I hope we both may die soon."

"But why not escape?" asked Frank.

"How? — when? — where?" said Blanco. — "See," said he, holding up a quartz-pebble to the sun, "see how transparent it is. — We are observed!"

Frank took the pebble and the ring from Blanco; and, as he held up the quartz to the sun, said to him, "All you wish we will do, and do at once. Gertrude shall go to the Convent of St. Maria, and see your sweet sister. We will do what we can."

"There is nothing to be done," said Blanco; "nothing! — Curious eyes are upon us, with glasses, from the monastery."

And, in a careless way, picking up a pebble, or culling a flower, they strolled about the grounds, and members of the fraternity were seen in all directions. But Blanco never came near enough for conversation; for, when he brought a flower, he said, "We are seen;" then he retired; and when he returned again, he said, "Tell Angelique to be brave — God will save us!" And in this way he led them through the grounds to the gate, with their hands full of flowers, and, in a most formal manner, bowed them out of the gateway.

They found their wives sitting under the shade of a great tree commanding a beautiful sweep of scenery. Tables, and sofas, and a carpet, had been brought out of the convent, and the largest table was covered with fruits and choicest of wines; and at

another table, covered with flowers, sat the ladies and the churchmen, engaged in making up bouquets. The monks stood by as servitors. Frank and Oliver were invited to help themselves to all the convent had supplied them; and they did so, listening with wonder at the learning these great men showed in the science of botany, and in their superior skill in making up flowers. The ladies would not at first concede to them the arrangement they proposed to make; but they were soon satisfied that even in a matter such as this there was a science in form and color,—laws of combination, full of wonderful beauty, when developed by the skill and mind of a master.

On their way to the city, they dined at a villa belonging to the cardinal, and met here the marchese and countess, and Mr. and Mrs. May, who had come by invitation to meet them. The dinner appointments reminded them, in their taste and exquisite beauty, of the Chateau de Ville. It was a delightful place, and the party rode into the city at a late hour, having spent a day full of pleasurable recollections in the country; at least, this was true of our ladies. And Frank and Oliver sought to show themselves equally satisfied with their kind friends, whose eminent courtesies were every way gratifying to their pride and to their tastes. They had, however, something to do to keep pace with the natural, graceful, and earnest expressions of Annie and Gertrude. As it was, the cardinal was content with what was said by the ladies; and the nieces of Lambruschini were well content with what our gentlemen had said to them. So all were pleased with the day's performances.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RELICS TO BE SEEN AT ST. PETER'S.

Mrs. May called, the next day, saying she had permission to visit the museum which contains all the precious relics of St. Peter's. "Let us go at once," said Mrs. May, "because I don't want the presence of our friends. Though I know it is a great honor to us, yet I do sometimes love to breathe and to speak my thoughts without reserve; for, good Catholic as I am, it is really painful to be forever on my good behavior."

"Good behavior!" cried Frank; "is n't that a misnomer?"

"I guess," said Oliver, "Mrs. May has been in behind the curtains, and seen through the rent veils of these temples, into the dark chambers of imagery."

"I declare, you speak oracles to me," said Mrs. May. "I call you all infidels, who have the bad taste to resist the influence of high art, and the sublimity of worship in temples worthy of a God. Don't reply, Mrs. Outright; for you see we must go at once."

The museum they found beneath the great Church of St. Peter's. Mrs. May presented a card to a priest, who responded to her request by escorting her down into the crypt devoted to the sacred relics; and, knocking at a great iron door, the bolts were drawn, and a most venerable man, wearing the garb of a priest, received them. To this personage, to whom they were presented, with much form, as the very Reverend Father Felix Gandolfo, the priest handed the card, which contained a few

impressive words from the pencil of the Cardinal Lambruschini. Nothing more was needed to secure the most distinguished attentions to Mrs. May and her companions.

Mrs. May presented each to Father Felix, and then said, "Now, Father Felix, let it be understood, we five are very old friends, who want to see the objects of greatest interest in the shortest possible time;" speaking to him in his native tongue, the only one with which he was familiar, and which happily was both read and spoken by all our party. There was, to be sure, a slight accent on the tongue of these ladies, which never fails to enhance the pleasure of listening when a pretty woman speaks a foreign tongue.

Father Felix was glad to see these foreign ladies. It was music to him to hear his own sweet tongue heightened in its beauty by being so spoken.

"You see, my dear friends, around you," said Father Felix, "the treasure-house of our Holy Church. To fill these rooms, the catacombs, and, indeed, the sacred repositories of martyrs, confessors, and saints, have been ransacked for precious relics, which here find their fitting and final resting-place. But, as you want to see much in a little time, we will first show you those relics which the church possesses of the Holy Family. That will be beginning at the beginning."

"Pardon me, Father Felix, if you begin at the beginning, may I not ask to see the feather which once belonged to the wing of the Archangel Michael?" asked Mrs. May.

"Those relics are not now on exhibition," said Father Felix. "This cabinet," going up to an exceedingly curious old chest of drawers, ten feet high, and six feet wide, made of wood as dark

as iron, "contains many relics, which, since the days of Erasmus, have been locked up. His writings — strange for so good a Catholic as he was! — brought them into disrepute; and they are now regarded too sacred for the sight of the men and women of our days.* But here is something rather antique than otherwise. This," taking down a rod ten feet long, "is the rod of Aaron,† which is in remarkable preservation. And here," showing a brazen serpent, "is the veritable serpent ‡ that Moses made and elevated in the wilderness."

"I thought," said Frank, "that had been destroyed." §

"O, no! here it is!" said Father Felix. "I think we lose time," said the father, leading the way to an alcove of all others the most sacred, whose sculpture showed that it belonged especially to the Holy Family.

"Here are priceless relics!" exclaimed Father Felix; "and first I will show you the veil of the virgin," rubbing the plate glass with his silk handkerchief; "here is a portion of her golden hair. That pail full of milk is her virgin milk; ‖ also a phial of the blood of the Saviour,¶ and a tooth of St. Peter, which is to be

* See Dialogues of Erasmus, for the Relics here spoken of. There is no print so small in which these may be presented to the eye.

† At St. Croce. So Seymour (p. 445), "Pilgrimage to Rome."

‡ In Church of St. Ambrose, Milan. It is about three feet in length, placed upon a pillar, and is an object of highest veneration. — *Seymour*, 445, 466. We will here say, it suited the author's purpose to group all these relics as he has in the text. They all exist, but not in the crypt of St. Peter's.

§ The original serpent was destroyed by King Hezekiah. See 2 Kings, chap. 18.

‖ At St. Croce. ¶ Idem.

presented to that eminent son of the church, the young Emperor of Austria, of which here is a pattern wrought in gold made in miniature," pointing to a casket, of which the true one was destined to bear, as its apex, the tooth of St. Peter.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Oliver. "I would have sworn that this is only an imitation of the casket which bears the tooth of Boodh."*

"Boodh," said Father Felix, with the utmost *naïveté*, "must have copied from our artist, for this is the exact model of the one now being made, and which will bear upon its apex the veritable tooth of St. Peter."

"How many teeth had St. Peter?" asked Frank.

"Indeed, sir, I do not know," replied Felix; and, turning from Frank somewhat abruptly, with an emotion natural to him, as to all devout men of Italy, who never cease to be men, he continued: "Here, ladies, is something that will interest you. This gauzy texture," rubbing the crystal case from the dust, "is a part of the chemise of the Holy Virgin. Next it we have the swaddling-clothes of our Lord; and next, three of the thorns of his crown; and here are four very considerable pieces of the true cross.† Now, let us go on;" and he led them into a dark alcove. "Ladies," said Father Felix, "we have here most notable relics; *this* is the head of St. Peter, and this of St. Paul, and here is the head of St. John."

"Pardon me, venerable father," said Mrs. May, with greatest

* Both these relics and their costly adornments were copied and published in *London News* for 1853. The magnificence of Boodh's was greater than St. Peter's, but they were wonderfully like each other.

† All these are to be found in the Church of St. Praxede.

earnestness, "there must be some mistake in all this; for I saw, with my own eyes, the heads of St. John and St. Peter at the Church of St. John, in Verona. How is this?"*

"My dear lady," replied Father Felix, "your difficulty has been solved, perfectly solved, by His Eminence the Cardinal Valerio. It is *a pia estensione*.†

Upon a severe scrutiny of the thorns, Oliver was surprised to find they were, to all appearance, made of iron.‡ He showed this to Mrs. May, but she could see nothing but the true thorns there; but when Father Felix showed them in a vial the very finger with which St. Thomas § touched the side of his Lord, by some odd freak her faith broke down, and she spoke in English to Oliver: "This last feather in the way of relics my back-bone will not bear. How have you managed to keep your countenance so well and so long?"

"O, we have seen relics before," said Oliver, "and Frank has quite a taste for joints enclosed in crystal and gold."

"Do you want to stay any longer in this modern Golgotha?" asked Oliver of Mrs. May.

"O, yes! let us walk through it. It is useless to question faith or taste in matters of this sort, and I will not pain Father Felix."

* Seymour.

† Not only is this shown by the distinguished author and cardinal, but Father Filippo Ferraris, as cited by Walter Savage Landor, tells us expressly that these bodies may exist contemporaneously in separate places. — *Popery, British and Foreign*, p. 47.

‡ So says Seymour, in his "Pilgrimage to Rome," p. 454. A most admirable book it is.

§ At St. Croce.

"I mean to ask the cardinal what he has to say about some of these relics," said Annie, in English.

"It may do for you, my sweet friend," replied Mrs. May; "but I assure you those that have eyes may see, and those that have ears may hear, but let them beware of asking questions. You, dear madam, are, to be sure, a privileged person; but to you I say, *prenez-garde*. Relics are not matters of faith, that I know of. Certainly they are not with us at home."

"My dear madam, let me ask you," said Annie, "if *here*, why not at home? Does truth change with climate? Does it vary from city to city — pray tell us?"

"Truth, my dear lady, is one," replied Mrs. May; "but it was never a safe procedure to scourge the money-changers in their own temple; nor do I believe you will find it either safe or pleasant to call to account those whose revenues are replenished by selling, not white-feathered doves, but dirty bones and old rags. So much in English; but, as these walls may, perchance, understand even our own language, we will say no more of this." So saying, Mrs. May bowed to Father Felix, who had been waiting for them to close their colloquy, and he led the way through long alleys filled with the spoils of all ages — the store-house of unappreciable treasures, with which Rome will one day command the wealth of the world, when the crisis shall come foretold by inspiration. This thought in the mind of Frank gave importance to this charnel-house of the Church of St. Peter's.

They were about to turn back, when Father Felix showed them into an alcove containing the instruments of torture and laceration used by the ancient Romans upon the Christian martyrs. How innocent they were, in comparison of like instruments used

by the fathers of the Inquisition! These were gloves, claws, hooks, combs, and whips. The claws resembled the talons of a bird of prey, and there were double claws used as pincers.*

They were about to take leave of Father Felix, having thanked him for his kind courtesy, when the venerable man put himself into a position to make a speech. His memory did not serve him at the moment, and he pressed his forehead to recover himself. When he had done so, to use the language of Holy Writ, "He took up his parable and said:"

"You have, my friends, witnessed the precious relics of the Holy Catholic Church. It is thus we honor the memory of that virtue that shall never die; thus we honor those ashes which the confession of faith has consecrated. We honor in them the seeds of eternity; we honor that body which has taught us to love the Lord, and not to fear death for his sake. And why should not the faithful honor the body which even devils venerate, — which they tormented, indeed, in death, but to which they show respect in the sepulchre. We honor, then, the body which Christ himself honored in the sword, and which with him will remain in heaven.† I bid you an affectionate farewell!" And, bowing, he withdrew.‡

* The instruments are found among the relics in St. Peter's and the Church of St. Cecilia, in Trastavere; also in the Convent of St. Mary Magdalene, on the Quirinal Hill, belonging to the Dominican nuns. — *Rock's Hierurgia*, p. 263.

† Sermon 55, in Natali. S. S. Martyr. Nazarii et Celsi, tome ii. In Appendix, p. 467. Cited by Dr. Rock in his Hierurgia.

‡ Rome is the emporium of relics. This celebrated city gives them sanctity. There is either an office or congregation where the virtue and value of such things are assigned; but in most cases they come from the Holy

CHAPTER XXIX.

THEY VISIT ST. MARIA MAGGIORE: MEET THE BISHOP OF INPINETARIS.

"Come," said Mrs. May, "as we are all now sight-seeing, let us go and see the wonderful things concentred in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore. There I am at home, and you will need no better cicerone than myself."

"We could not have one more to our mind," said Annie.

"Indeed! not even the Prince Cardinal?" said Mrs. May.

"No! nor the Bishop of Cajetan!" said Gertrude.

"I thank you for these pleasant assurances," said Mrs. May, "and I will try and believe them sincere. Let me now take you to this famous church, which I regard as most of all to be admired for the grandeur of its architecture."

And they all rode to this beautiful edifice, which has stood the test of ages, and which contains some of the rarest of relics, and is endowed with very special dignities and powers, as we shall see.*

Father himself. To Catholic princes they are the choicest presents; and prelates or priests, visiting the capital, are sure to bring away with them a case containing some canonized bones. They are well paid for, and perhaps it is the only traffic which is carried on with real activity within the walls. * * * Once that they come from the genuine channel, sealed and certified by infallibility, they are never afterwards questioned. — *Notes of a Residence at Rome in* 1846, *by Rev. M. Vicary, B.A.* London, 1847, p. 170.

* The relics here grouped, for convenience, as in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, are not all there; but such as are not will be stated, and the places given where they are to be seen.

When they had, for a twentieth time, spent an hour in studying the general effect of this glorious expression of genius, Mrs. May was called upon to redeem her promise.

"Let us, then, begin with this picture. Ladies and gentlemen," — assuming a professional air, — "this is the famous Madonna of St. Luke; of all pictures the most honored and the most potential. Read that inscription: Say your prayers here on the last Sunday in January, and you have a plenary indulgence and remission of all your sins. Is n't it so, gentlemen? You that read Latin can please assure your wives of the fact, if they need any such endorsement."

"We do not," replied Annie; "it is as plain as print." And so it read thus: "PLENARIUM OMNIUM PECCATORUM INDULGENTIUM ET REMISSIONEM APOSTOLICA AUCTORITATE PERPETUO IN DOMINO CONCESSIT."

"Do you believe any such thing?" asked Oliver.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. May. "I always say my prayers here in January. Ladies and gentlemen," — resuming her air of cicerone, — "this is called a miraculous picture, because once in a while it works a miracle, and most opportune miracles, too; for example, this put an end to the cholera in the days of the pious father — uncle, I should say — of the Prince Cardinal, Gregory XVI."

"Dear Mrs. May," said Gertrude, "lay aside your character as cicerone, and tell us what is the real history of the case, — not the lying wonders."

"Don't be so unguarded, my dear friend, or I shall be compromised by being in your society! The story, as published under the sanction of the then Pope, and all the cardinals

who witnessed the miracle, says, — I now quote the words of the pamphlet, — 'When nothing remained except the invocation of the Mother of God, and recourse to her compassion,' this picture was taken to the Church of St. Peter. — 'The procession arrested the progress of the pestilence;' and 'an angel sheathing a bloody sword was seen upon the Castle of St. Angelo.'* But this is not the only painting by St. Luke. There's one at Bologna I have seen; and hundreds more are dispersed over the world, — *all by St. Luke!*"

"And all miraculous?" asked Annie.

"Undoubtedly!" replied Mrs. May. "Now, look at the picture of the Virgin; would you believe it, she walked out of that picture and converted a young Jew, who is living, and has become a Jesuit priest! Now, this happened only a few years since."†

"A Jew become a Jesuit!" cried Annie.

"Is that possible?" asked Gertrude.

"Cicerones never stop to settle such questions," replied Mrs. May. "Now, then, let us look at this picture. There you see

* The words quoted are taken from the account of this miracle, printed by authority in Rome, 1835. Cited by Seymour, p. 579. This picture was returned to its place, and it is said "Litanies were sung to it, and the Pope offered incense to it." These are the high ceremonies of the church.

The origin of these pictures is unknown. The universal belief of the people, and the universal profession of the priests, is, that they were painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. — *Seymour*, p. 566.

† An account of this miracle was published by authority in Rome, and translated and printed in New York. It went the rounds of all the journals, as a famous miracle.

St. Francis, that most famous saint, between whom and Christ many learned works have been printed, showing the parallelism of their lives and miracles. He is here represented making his voyage from the island of Majorca, when his only bark was his pilgrim's cloak and staff; and so he sailed hundreds of miles in two hours — by his own reckoning. Now, if you question what I have said, there it is; read it for yourselves. See! it is all a part of the inscription." And it was so.*

"And there, too," continued the cicerone, "is a noble picture of St. Anthony † preaching to the fishes. Look at it! It is a work of art and genius. See those fishes! How they frisk their tails and splash the water! Do they not stick up their noses in the most knowing manner possible?"

"How many *soles* were converted by his ministry?" asked Oliver.

"O you heretic!" exclaimed Mrs. May. "Come this way; look at that sweet little picture of the Blessed Virgin! ‡ Now, it is a truth that that picture actually shed tears when the French invaded Italy! Come; let us go into the grotto, as it is called, and see a still more famous picture."

Oliver read aloud the inscription: "This picture of the most Holy Virgin,§ which stood between the pillars of the porch of this ancient Basilica, having been struck by an impious hand, poured forth blood on the stone, which is now protected by a grating." And near it was the grating, containing three stones on which the blood of this picture is said to have fallen.

* In the Vatican. — *Seymour*, 544. † In the Vatican. — *Seymour*, 545.
‡ In the Church of St. Giovanni e Paulo, near Rome. — *Seymour*, 563.
§ In the Vatican.

"And these are the most honored pictures in Rome!" exclaimed Gertrude, as she stood looking up, admiringly.

"Not so!" said Mrs. May. "Why, my dear lady, there 's a fashion about these things, just as there is in our bonnets.* At this time the madonna of the Augustines is the reigning favorite; and all the pretty presents and all the votive gifts are presented her, to the great grief of the monks of the Pantheon, whose madonna was all the rage a little while since.† — Upon my word,

* Seymour says, page 588: "The use of images is not so general as the use of pictures at Rome. There are four principal statues. The first and chiefest of all is the statue or image of St. Peter, in the Church of St. Peter, . . . believed by many to be the Jupiter Tonans of Pagan Rome. . . . Popes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, friars, and all classes, bow and worship, and kiss its foot." . . . "The Pope bowed lowly before it (Peter's image) till his head was lower than the projecting foot of the image. He then raised his head very gently, till it touched the sole of the foot. In this position, with the foot of the image on his head, he made his reverence, moving his lips as if in prayer, and remained for a short time thus humbled, under a semblance of prayer. He concluded by changing his position, kissing the great toe of the image: then, touching it with his forehead, he passed to kneel before the high altar. All the cardinals followed, bowing to the image and kissing its foot," etc. etc. — p. 589.

If this is not idolatry, what, then, is idol-worship?

Sir Humphrey Davy, in speaking of this statue of Jupiter, now baptized St. Peter, "Consolations in Travel," p. 217, London edition, says: "The statue of Jupiter, which at present receives the kiss of the devotee as the image of St. Peter," etc.

† So says Seymour. "Pilgrimage to Rome," pp. 565—566.

The Madonna of the Augustineans. — Seymour says this image is next in importance. "As a work of art it is truly execrable, and looks like the figure-head of a collier or coasting-vessel. It is a sitting figure, large

here comes the cardinal!" So saying, Mrs. May ran towards him with a greeting of joy, and led him up to our ladies, who received him with every expression of pleasure, as also their gentlemen; for the cardinal was a favorite of all, if such a term can be applied to so eminent a personage.

"I am pleased to see you here," he said, having gone through with the courtesies of meeting. "Seeing your carriage, I ordered my servant to inform me how you were occupied; and his report was so satisfactory that I thought I would join you. And now tell me what you have seen."

"O, everything that's wonderful!" replied Annie, who spoke by impulse, because she knew the cardinal expected her to answer.

"Not everything, your Eminence," replied Mrs. May. "We have not yet seen the phial of the Blessed Virgin."

Two priests and a gentleman in semi-clerical dress came out at a side door by the altar, and, seeing the cardinal, approached him with that polite haste which marked his high dignity and their obsequiousness, and with many bows made their presence known.

as life, and has the image of a child in its arms. . . . But that which was lacking in the image itself was amply compensated in the finery in which it was vested. The gaudy display of white and blue and crimson silks and satins was no more than common on such occasions; but the display of diamonds upon black velvet far surpassed all belief. The waist, the stomacher, the arms, the neck, and the head, were one blaze of diamonds, relieved by amethysts, topaz, pearls, and rubies. The tiara, or head-dress of diamonds, would befit the brow of a sovereign." — p. 592.

There is a pamphlet, authorized and sold in Rome, styled, "Memoir of the Miraculous Cures and other Distinguished Graces wrought by God at the intercession of the most Holy Mary, whose sacred image is venerated in the Church of St. Augustine, at Rome. 1831." — *Seymour*, p. 594.

And what was the surprise of our pilgrims to discover in the semi-clerical dress a person no less distinguished than the Bishop of Inpinetaris, who was so absorbed in watching every movement of the cardinal that he never once looked at our pilgrims; while the Prince Cardinal showed no signs of recognition of so *low* a churchman as the renegade bishop. Indeed, nothing could be more graceful than the proud *hauteur* he wore when approached by such people. And what a sweet compliment it was to our pilgrims to be on terms of familiar friendship with one who treated with such distant reserve even priests, — men who only approached him with reverence! It was felt by all, and most of all by Annie and Gertrude.

"Bring me the sacred vial," said the cardinal; and away shuffled one of the priests, as fast as his long dress would allow, inside the railing, up the grand altar; and, taking down the vial full of fresh milk, brought it to the cardinal, and, kneeling, presented it. The vial was examined by Mrs. May and our pilgrims, each with that air of reverential courtesy due to a relic so sacred in the sight of others. The piety of the Bishop of Inpinetaris, when the cardinal was graciously pleased to put the vial into his hand, was particularly edifying. He received it on his knees, making the sign of the cross; and with other genuflexions, which a Chinese courtier could not have surpassed, he pressed it to his lips, his forehead, and his breast, and piously held it clasped over with both hands.

"Ah, your Eminence," said Mrs. May, with a sigh, "it is these relics which are the stumbling-blocks in the way of Protestants entering our holy church. Why should such uncalled-for tests of faith meet us here? Why not discard forever all such

things as these? — then your Eminence would see a new world welcoming the church as the last best gift of Heaven!"

"Madam," said the cardinal, "if this sacred phial should be lost, by neglect or design, this great church would be by popular tumult razed to the ground." *

"God forbid!" exclaimed the Bishop of Inpinetaris, with great horror, "that one relic should be lost, — and a relic so precious to the hearts of all true Catholics as this precious phial! May I be permitted to show your Eminence," continued the bishop, "a most humble votive offering, which his Holiness 'our Lord God the Pope' † has allowed me to hang up over one of the many shrines of this illustrious Basilica?"

The cardinal, discovering a look of anxious curiosity on the face of Annie, was pleased to bow his gracious acquiescence. The priests now led the way, followed by the bishop, and, with the pliancy of Greek slaves, sought to out-vie each other in servility. They went down into the *crypt* of the church, and, in a side chapel dedicated to the Virgin, the cardinal was shown by the bishop, with an air of triumph, the episcopal seal of the heretical Diocese of Inpinetaris, hung up under a picture of the Blessed Virgin, together with his pastoral staff of office, as her latest trophies over heresy and schism.

Now, had his Holiness the Pope been infallible, he would have

* This remark, here made by Mrs. May, was made in that church to a cardinal, who was showing this phial of fresh milk, renewed every day, to a distinguished personage of the Catholic Church of the United States; and the reply of the cardinal is here repeated. This phial constitutes the chief attraction to the Church of St. Maria Maggiore.

† This title was given to the Pope by the celebrated Council of Trent.

known that the reverend bishops of these northern barbarians have neither seals nor staffs of office, — nothing which is at all accordant to these symbols in his Papal States; nor would he have allowed so solemn a mockery and humbug to have been performed as was enacted by this "pervert." *

CHAPTER XXX.

ANGELIQUE IN HER NUNNERY.

THEIR distinguished friends the cardinal and bishop in various ways sought to find pleasant sources of study and improvement for our ladies; nor were they indifferent to their religious faith. Upon all proper occasions they sought to impress upon them the superior sanctity of the pietistic element in the only true church, and the happy seclusion of nuns was often spoken of. Annie had made several attempts to visit Angelique, but Father Geriot had baffled all their plans. One day the cardinal expressed a wish that they would perform a *novena* in a convent, the nuns and novitiates of which were all taken out of the first families of the city, and of which he was director *ex officio*. Annie and Gertrude at once agreed to a *novena*, if they might select the convent, and, too, see their husbands every day at th

* Peter the apostle acknowledged himself ignorant of the character of some of the converts of his day; for, in his first epistle, 5: 12, he says: "By Silvanus, a faithful brother unto you, *as I suppose*, have I written you briefly." 'T is not probable Pius IX. is wiser than Peter I.

grating; and last, and not least, they must not be placed under any restraint. Annie selected the Convent of St. Maria, near to the city. Frank and Oliver, on being consulted with, cheerfully consented; and the cardinal and bishop both agreed that the wishes of the ladies should be fully complied with. They told the cardinal and his brother that Angelique, whom they met with on their travels, was about to take the veil, and they took this means of seeing her as "a recluse;" and, besides, to perform a *novena* in a convent was something to speak of all the days of their life.

All preparations were made, and Blanco was duly advised of the plan. He called with Father Geriot, and all he could say was, "The ring itself tells the whole tale. It is a signal and a warning. Tell my sister to meet me speedily in heaven. It will be so! — it will be so!"

On the day designated, they set out, with the cardinal and bishop and their husbands, for the Convent of St. Maria, and at noon reached its beautiful site. The iron doors were opened, and the princes and ladies entered, and were received with the greatest respect by the lady abbess and her attendants, all of them beautiful girls, to whom these spiritual lords spoke with a condescending courtesy and affability beautiful to witness; and then the pleasure they bestowed by their smile upon these brides of the church! Indeed, the presence of the Sultan does not confer more joy when he returns to his palace in the Valley of Sweet Waters. The lady abbess was a lady of thirty, of noble presence and the highest grace of manner.

An elegant entertainment of fruits and flowers awaited their coming. When it was over, Angelique was sent for. She came

in, evidently unconscious whom she was to meet, and embarrassed by being called for; but, the moment Gertrude advanced to meet Angelique, she recognized her with a most charming, unaffected simplicity of manner, which disarmed suspicion. Indeed, her joy was complete when Annie and Gertrude told her they had come to perform a *novena* in the convent, that they might have the pleasure of seeing her, and of knowing something of the charms of a conventual life.

There were many observing eyes, scanning every movement and watching every look; but nothing was to be discovered, for every expression was free from guile. They told Angelique that, though they had formed pleasant friendships in Rome, — glancing at the princes, — yet they were not Romanists; and that Blanco had been to see them often, and had awakened in them a desire to see her once more. Now, this was all true, and was outspoken so frankly that the Argus-eyes upon them were satisfied.

Accompanying their friends to the gate, they took leave of their husbands, who promised to see them once in the week, perhaps; at which they affected to be very angry, and sought to shake the gates with their feeble hands, as though they would break out; but the gates were closed. The nuns were greatly amused at the little scene enacted extempore by husbands who affected to be delighted to have locked up their wives, and finding themselves at liberty for nine whole days. The auditors on the outside were the cardinal and bishop, and on the inside some twenty nuns. "It is as good as a play!" said the lady abbess. It was, indeed, an admirable scene, done to the life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GERTRUDE AND ANGELIQUE.

The kindness our ladies received from the nuns was boundless, and Annie and Gertrude joined in all their avocations in the gayest manner. In all conversations as to life in a convent, the nuns sought to show them how beautiful was the life of a recluse. And they had found the offices not at all wearisome, as they had supposed they must be. There was a way of getting over the breviary very fast, as when they said the few first words of a prayer, and then "etc., amen."* There was, too, a graceful frolic and an air of freedom in all that was done. A beautiful sky, spacious gardens, kept with greatest neatness, made the convent wear a smiling aspect to our lady pilgrims. Gertrude was permitted to sleep with Angelique; and, as had been determined, not a word was said to her during the week they remained there. The nuns saw, day by day, Angelique serene and happy, and came to believe that our ladies were holding places of very enviable distinction with these eminent prelates, and that they would, doubtless, be among the many triumphs wrought every year over Protestants in Villa di Roma; and this *novena* was looked upon as preparatory to their confirmation and first communion.

On the seventh-day morning Angelique was joining with

* A venerable priest of our acquaintance was wont to repeat, at funerals, the Lord's Prayer in this way: "Our Father, etc. Amen."

Gertrude in her oral prayers, when she became possessed of the fact that some fearful tidings were impending; and her tears began to flow. She asked Gertrude to tell her all that was in her heart. Gertrude did so, with all tenderness. Angelique listened without a tear; but, when the ring was produced, she kissed it with a passion of tears. Recovering herself with wonderful self-control, she washed her face, and then knelt and made a secret prayer. When she rose from her knees, her face shone like an angel's. It was as if a pencil of rays from the throne of God had irradiated her soul, and was there reflected. She stood looking up, as if a vision of glory was opening to her rapt eye. Slowly recovering, she kissed the ring, and said: "Take this ring; it is the signet of death! I have seen it, and it is enough! Now let me tell you, I have had a prescience of all you have told me. Not one word, not one suggestion, dreadful as they are, but has been written upon my soul. Yes, God has warned me; a brooding spirit has been upon my soul. I know it all! — and now I am ready to be offered up."

"Dear Angelique! is there no way of escape?"

"No, dearest Gertrude! I have gone too far. I must take the black veil, or die! I prefer death!"

As they were about to leave the cell, Angelique turned and whispered, "Never speak to me a word of this. I cannot bear it; but tell Blanco I will act, when the hour comes!"

"Take this, my sweet sister Angelique, and put it in your pocket. It is a diamond copy of Deodati's New Testament, with all those texts which I have loved to think upon marked with my pen. May Christ be precious to you!"

The nun took the book, saying, "He is precious! He is my

life, my hope, my all! See!"— and she put her hand in a secret pocket and drew out a diamond Testament, — "have you forgotten the present you made me at the Casino d'Italia, where we first met? I will gladly exchange copies now. Do you not understand, my most beloved sister, that I use the words of the holy Paul when I say, 'I am ready to be offered up'?"

It was with great joy Gertrude exchanged copies of Deodati; for this gift thus restored to her gave her the assurance that the faith of Angelique was the faith which had sustained martyred millions, and would now be illustrated in the sufferings, and it might be the death, of this beautiful girl. The ring, being kissed once more, was restored by Angelique, and replaced by Gertrude within the folds of the bosom of her dress.

This was their last conversation. There was seen in their faces something which awakened suspicion, and they never sought to be alone again. And so sweetly did they acquiesce in every little management which brought one or more of the nuns into their company, that, though it was evident all suspicion was allayed, the nuns continued to act in strict conformity with some order of surveillance, which they thus silently obeyed.

The husbands came to see them, and not a glance was exchanged. They delighted the nuns, who accompanied them to the grating, by the new farces they performed for their amusement; the wives seeking to excite their husbands' envy by representing the delights that attended them in the nunnery; and the husbands, on their side the grating, seeking to inspire their wives with jealousy. The presence of the marchese and countess with them, one day, helped out the scene greatly. Annie and Gertrude told their husbands they had nothing to boast of, for the princes

of the church visited them every day. This was the fact; but neither the husbands nor the marchese or countess believed them. Indeed, but for these visits of the prince and bishop, they would have felt themselves cooped up: but, as it was, they endured the *novena* very well; and they could say, with all sincerity, a life in a convent was, under some conditions, a very charming one.

"But, then," said Annie to the cardinal, as they sat together, in company with the nuns, whose presence was never dispensed with, at all such interviews, "how much are we indebted to your Eminence and my lord Bishop for the happiness of our convent life!"

The archness of her manner had a happy effect on all present. The lady abbess and her nuns were sure they had penetrated into some mysteries, which, to nuns, are most delightful to discover; and our ladies were glad to know they had fulfilled their mission without a suspicion being awakened.

And, as we live in a very wicked world, we wish to say a word or two about our friends, the nephews of the lamented Pope Gregory XVI. Perhaps the word lamented (for Popes are never lamented) may be read more truly, lamentable. We leave that to the taste of the reader.

These brothers had been educated, with the utmost care, in all that was graceful in art, literature, and criticism. They were yet in middle life, but somewhat wearied of life, and especially weary and tired of women, forever on the *qui vive* for a *dénouement*, in a play without any other plot than that known to themselves and their confidants, and in which they were supporting

the principal characters. Now, our lady pilgrims came to these sons of the Vatican like angels out of heaven, who charmed by their naturalness, their wit, and their piety. Their social intercourse with women, rich in all that was attractive, who moved in society without a wish to win a single expression beyond the amenities of life —

"The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,"

was a new and delightful enjoyment.

Indeed, to men who, all their lives long, stand associated by choice or necessity with meretricious women, of all things lovely is a gifted, pure-minded, single-hearted, loving wife.

The *novena* expired, and the husbands came for their wives, with Mr. and Mrs. May, the marchese, and countess, and princes; and while the principals, as the husbands may be called, were left outside, waiting at the gate, the ladies and princes went through the hateful iron-ribbed gates, and found Gertrude and Annie attired for their departure, surrounded in the great hall by nuns, all in the gayest frolic.

The entrance of these eminent visitors being over, and all manner of pleasantries exchanged, the leave-taking commenced. The lady abbess expressed her hopes to see them again, slightly emphasizing her words. Annie at once responded —

"O, yes! I mean to come out again, and see Angelique arrayed for her bridal. May I not come? and shall I not see her?"

The lady abbess was caught; she said,

"I presume any wish of yours will be responded to."

Angelique was not present; she had probably sought the seclusion of her cell. Annie, as if now for the first time conscious of the absence of Angelique, requested her own affectionate love, and Gertrude's, to be conveyed to her.

Gertrude spoke:

"May I ask permission to send her a bridal ring, lady abbess?" taking off a diamond from her finger. The lady abbess was pleased to take it, and gave it to a young nun to convey it to Angelique. And she shortly returned with a slip of paper, which she presented to the lady abbess, who, having read it, gave it, with a smile of approval, to Gertrude. It read thus:

"Angelique to her beloved friends, — thanks!"

Again the business of leave-taking was renewed. And, surrounded by a troop of nuns, they left the lady abbess, and came to the gate, which was opened, — not a little hole in the gate just large enough for one to squeeze through, as was usually the case, but the double-barred and many-bolted doors were thrown back, and the party came out. Gertrude, just before leaving, kissed the nun who brought the slip from Angelique, saying,

"Give this to Angelique, from me."

"And this," said Annie, kissing the nun, "from me."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. AGATHA.

The conversation between the cardinal and Annie turned, one evening, upon modern miracles.

"I have read a work by Cenyers Middleton," said Annie; "and it led me to believe that there has never been a miracle since the days of the apostles."

"Does not Gibbon* acknowledge the miracle of the balls of fire in the attempt of Julian the Apostate; and are you a greater infidel than Gibbon? and of those confessors whose tongues were cut out, spoken of by Socrates, the historian, and who were able to speak ever after without tongues? There are no facts in history better vouched for than these."

"But I meant *modern* miracles," said Annie. "As for those fire-balls, I believe they have never been explained; but as for the necessity of a tongue for talking, that has been explained by the case of a girl in Cumberland, England, reported in the Transactions of the Royal Society, whose tongue was extirpated, and she not only talked, but sang.

"Ah! she was a woman!" replied the cardinal.

"O, your Eminence!" cried Annie, "I did not think you would, even in *badinage*, use that argument to me!"

"Pardon me, lady, if I have offended. But what do you call a modern miracle? Will St. Augustine† be authority? He

* Decline and Fall: 2 vol., p. 439, chapter XXIII.

† HIERURGIA; by ROCK. London: 1851.

says he saw a woman, in his days, whose sight was restored at the translation of the relics of St. Stephen."

Annie shook her head.

"Then there's the story of the miraculous thorn at Port Royal; that must be accredited by you, for it is told by Jacqueline Pascal himself—"

"O!" said Annie, "all those are too far off. I want to *see* a miracle."

"You are a most unreasonable person, truly," the cardinal said, somewhat severely. "I think you would have remained faithless and unbelieving, had the Saviour asked you, instead of Thomas, to have tested the reality of his presence, even after thrusting your hand into his side."

This reproof sobered Annie, and she changed the conversation; and, before the evening closed, nothing could be more charming than the amiable relations subsisting between the cardinal and his friend Annie.

Poor Blanco came in on that evening alone; and Gertrude took him out on the balcony and told him all she had to communicate, and handed him the ring and the diamond edition of Diodati. He received both with emotion. The ring he begged Gertrude to wear as a memorial of those who were soon to pass away. The Testament he put in his bosom. They had just reseated themselves, when Diego whispered to Blanco that Father Geriot was waiting for him. The father had come to the palace, but was met by Ursula, who told him the cardinal was there, and, moreover, she wanted to speak with him. To this delay was poor Blanco indebted for the painful and yet most intensely interesting conversation now held with Gertrude.

"Come, my dear friends!" cried Mrs. May, as she came in, a few days after their return from the nunnery; "come and witness, with your own eyes, the miraculously restored body of St. Agatha, recently discovered under the high altar of the old church, near the Forum. Don't lose any time, for all St. Peter's is in an uproar of excitement."

"Ursula, bring down our bonnets and scarfs," said Annie. "And now sit down, Mrs. May, and tell us what it is we are to see, and where we are to go."

Mrs. May sat down, and recovered herself with some difficulty to relate soberly what she had been told. And it was, that in repairing the high altar in the Church of St. Martine,* the workmen accidentally removed a slate which opened to a chamber where lay the body of St. Agatha, — known to be St. Agatha because one of her breasts was cut off, — the same that is worshipped at Palermo; and that the body was just as she lived, only darkened by age, but that the features were flexible, as was the form; and, what was wonderful, she shed tears when she was taken up, as if it grieved her to be taken away from that ancient shrine. It had been kept a secret for months, until the conclave and his Holiness had become entirely satisfied by the severest scrutiny; and now it was to be installed in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore on that day, and the whole city was in motion to get in, and the Prince Bishop had sent her, by his con-

*It was in this way the body of St. Martine was found, with two other martyrs, — S. S. Concordius and Epiphanius, — in the year 1624, under the high altar of this old Roman church. So says *Boldetti*, cited by D. Rock, D.D., "Hierurgia," p. 275.

fessor, medals and directions at what door to be set down in order to secure admittance.

"Do you know in what this differs from other saints?' asked Frank.

"In this, Mr. Trueman," said Mrs. May, her zeal giving great earnestness to her manner of speaking. "We have heard of madonnas who winked, and sometimes at very wicked men, as Monsignori Bedini, the Austrian butcher of Bologna; and of others who have shed tears; but, then, their features retained their immobility. But I am told the entire face of St. Agatha changes from a sweet smile to a tender sorrow, and she bows her head with perfect naturalness."

"Come, let us all go!" cried Annie; and Ursula having already brought their bonnets and scarfs, gloves and fans, the ladies were ready in five minutes by the watch. We are particular to state this fact, because it was a most conspicuous trait in our ladies that they never were behind time, and never spent a half-hour in shawling and getting ready to go out. And away they all went; and, following the directions, were set down at a back entrance, where they found one of the bishop's priests waiting to convey them to chairs placed at the base of a pillar, in front of the altar, reserved for them. Here they were safe from the crowd, which already filled the vast edifice, the surging of whose movements became alarming. St. Agatha stood shrouded on a pedestal before them. Mass was said and sung. The choir was never so full, and every voice was strung to the utmost; while the great organ poured forth its thunders, volumed and vast, over the sea of heads which filled the pavement. The altar was filled with lights, and before the newly-recovered saint there was a triple

row of wax tapers burning. The cardinals were there in all their magnificence, and a great orator delivered an eulogy upon St. Agatha. All this being completed, the hour big with expectation came. Servitors of the church lifted off, by means of long gilt poles, the thick veil, and St. Agatha stood revealed. She appeared before them in the fulness of womanhood; her features were of classic beauty, and her teeth were just seen to be perfect. The hair, dark as night, in the long luxuriance of the tomb, reached her very feet, shining and glossy black. Her eyes were closed, and, though her skin was embrowned,* there was nothing shrunken — nothing like dryness or decay. The pedestal was of wood, on which sacred symbols were painted, about three feet high; and St. Agatha was arrayed with great magnificence. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and her robes were gathered up by one hand, while the other hung jewelled by her side. It seemed odd to our ladies to see a saint so long dead wearing the most fashionable attire, a diamond necklace, and bracelets; but it was their ignorance that made it so, for in all Catholic countries the saints wear the most splendid costumes, and even Kings of Spain tambour petticoats for images of the Virgin.

The presiding cardinal, now waving a golden censer handed him by a bishop, advanced to do the crowning honor to the saint; and kneeling first and praying before her, he incensed her,

* It may be deemed too great a stretch of credulity to represent St. Agatha black; but Seymour says, p. 566: "In some of the miraculous pictures of the Virgin Mary she is represented as a negress. * * * In the Spanish collection at the Louvre the Virgin is represented as a black, and our Lord, on her knee, as a white."

when St. Agatha bowed her head gracefully and smiled! Nor was this all; her left arm moved and placed her hand upon her beautiful breast, and, this done, the arm, with the ease of life, resumed its place as before.

The excited multitude could not now be restrained. Shrieks and shouts came up from all parts of the edifice. Many fainted, and some were crushed to death. Our pilgrim ladies shared in this affright, not only for the miracle, but in their anxiety for the lives of the mad multitude broke loose in the church. At this crisis a cross of peculiar sanctity was held up by the old cardinal, while others in the great altar beckoned furiously. By these means the audience were calmed to silence, and ordered to retire.

The enthusiasm waked up by this wonder stirred the depths of the public mind. It was considered as surpassing all other manifestations of God's approval of the Holy Apostolical Church. None were out of the reach of this movement. It was as impossible to find one person calm and dispassionate as it would be to find an iceberg undissolved in a sea of flame. For days after, all the bells were ringing; everywhere processions were going from one church to another, and the most sacred relics, which for long years had been concealed, were paraded, as it would seem, in honor of St. Agatha. But, when the Madonna of the Augustines, and the wonderful Bambino from his Convent of Ara cœli, were made to take an airing, it was to recall to the minds of a fickle people their long-worshipped idols, and, in reality, to diminish the revenues which now began to flow into St. Maria, at the cost of the Augustinians and the monks of the Capitol, and all lesser saints whose shrines were deserted for St. Maria Maggiore.

NOTE TO CHAPTER ON MODERN MIRACLES.

While Doctor Rock, as we have seen, is so chary about claiming modern miracles, the following letter from a distinguished member of the House of Commons will be read with interest. The Rev. Mr. Newman is one of the learned "perverts" from the Church of England.

"To the Editor of the London Times.

"Sir: In one of the last lectures which Mr. Newman has been delivering, with such applause, in Birmingham, this learned doctor of divinity says: 'I firmly believe that saints in their lifetime have, before now, raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and stopped the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh, for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained, by her prayers, a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens, and St. Frances saw her guardian angel. The store of relics is inexhaustible. They are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. The *agnus dei*, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of divine manifestation and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds; St. Januarius' blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders in an unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded; sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy.' The learned doctor, with the peculiar mode of reasoning which, as an old pupil, I am really shocked and grieved beyond measure to see him adopt, says: 'That all must believe all this, even as they believe in the divine incarnation, or the

blessed Trinity ;' forgetting that the latter doctrines are derived from the Word of God, whereas the former are the mere fables and the inventions, or, at best, the traditions, of man. I will make no further comment, but will ask any enlightened man, be he Catholic or Protestant, what is to be the limit of credulity or belief, if such fables are insisted upon, by a learned doctor of divinity, as a part and parcel of the Christian faith? I shall expect soon to see a treatise from Mr. Newman's pen, demonstrating the truth of the legend that St. Denys walked across the sea with his head under his arm, or that the donkey which carries His Holiness the Pope, in solemn pomp and procession, on Palm Sunday, at Rome, is the identical ass which bore our Saviour in triumph — a fact which an old devotee assured me, in the year 1844, when I visited the Eternal City, was undeniably true. After the exposure of the impostures of the winking Madonna, and the stigmata at St. Saturnin, near Apt, and elsewhere, I am really astonished how Mr. Newman can have the effrontery to tell us that he will vouch for their genuineness. He will next vouch for the existence of Gulliver, Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin and his Lamp, or Haggi Baba and the Forty Thieves, which, as traditionary tales of the East, have an equal amount of credibility attached to them as these enlightened fables of the Romish Church.

"I remain yours, truly,

"CHARLES VANSITTART.

"*White Waltham, Sept.* 10."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANGELIQUE AND THE BLACK VEIL.

Our ladies were advised, by a note from poor Blanco, of the day on which Angelique was to become a professed nun. He and Father Geriot had disappeared for some weeks.

The glorious old Church of St. Croce was to be the theatre of this scene, at the hour of vespers. Our ladies obtained from the cardinal a note to the abbess of the convent in the vicinage of the church to which Angelique was to be taken on the day of her profession; and his secretary called for them at five o'clock to take them to the nunnery; for the "nieces of the church militant," as Annie was wont to call the marchese and countess, had entrapped their husbands to call for them to go to St. Croce to see this grand ceremony. They had therefore accepted the offer of the cardinal's carriage.

On reaching the nunnery, they were graciously received by the abbess, who said Angelique could not be seen by them. The secretary then proposed to take them to Santa Croce; and accordingly escorted them to seats in the choir which had been reserved for them by the cardinal's direction, and, bowing, said he would call for them when the ceremonies were over. And now they sat thinking of poor Angelique, and regretting not having seen her. The great Basilica filled up silently, as it seemed to them, with a gloom hanging over all hearts, — so painful were their anticipations of seeing Angelique falling a victim to Father Geriot. The delay seemed prolonged to hours before the organ

began to sound; and Blanco, pale as death, in vestments rich with gold accompanied by four other priests, his seniors, made his appearance, and the service commenced. Blanco almost staggered about the altar; he required to be constantly prompted by the priests; and, when all was over, and the choir was singing *O Salutoris Hostis*, he was borne away fainting behind the screen. Then uprose Father Geriot in the pulpit, the incarnation of sensuality, his face bloated with drinking to excess, and preached a glowing oration on the glories of celibacy. It was entitled by him, in his exordium, as "The Amorous Triumph, Sacred Hymeneals, Festive Epithalamium, and Mirific Espousal between the Eucharistical Lamb and Sister Angelique." *

They found it all but unbearable to listen to him; but not a whisper, not a look, escaped them, for Father Geriot marked their presence, addressing his most offensive passages to them; and, in their eyes, he was a fiend, who was glorying over his prey. This ended, the priests all retired, and, as if by magic, Angelique was discovered over the altar. She had been hid by a picture suddenly let down, and there she knelt in the garb of a novice, with a white veil thrown back, revealing her beautiful pale face, her eyes beaming forth heavenly beauty, and a look of intense power and earnestness. There was a compression of the lips which showed her soul wrought up to an intense feeling of enthusiasm. The sight of such a vision of loveliness rivetted all eyes. A screen was removed at this instant from an oriel window, which let in a pencil of rays from the setting sun down upon the altar. The silver tissue, robe, and veil, worn by Angelique, seemed burning with

* Friar Gerund, vol. I.

light. Everything was as artistic as it could be made by those whose lives are exhausted in producing such effects.

Angelique knelt, holding a lighted candle in one hand, and a black crucifix, with the figure of Christ in white upon it, in the other. And, as she knelt from above, the altar covered over with golden vessels and plate, her veil, drapery, candle, crucifix, and the inner chapel behind her, with its groined roof, were all lit up by the rays of light from the oriel, and made Angelique the impersonation of an angel.

There were those around our ladies who said, "How charmingly everything has been got up! Ah! Abbe Halarion has such exquisite taste in all these matters!" "Poor girl! I really hate to see these sights, though they are so beautiful; but, then, this is a tragedy, — a real one." "Ah! here is the cardinal," interrupted the lady; and so it was.

The cardinal entered from behind the screen; he was a man of sixty. He took no notice of the novice kneeling over the altar, but seated himself upon a gilded seat, and, aided by his assistants, laid aside his cardinal's scarlet robe, and was robed by his assistants in his episcopal vestments. These put upon his head a bishop's mitre, which Annie was sure had been copied very exactly in Babylonia in the paper cap worn by dunces in the common schools; and then a golden crook, — such crooks as are seen nowhere outside these churches, and in the hands of such shepherds. His whole person was enveloped in silver tissues, set off with trimmings and fringes of gold.

After the cardinal had made his toilet in the presence of the congregation, the confessor of the monastery approached and kissed his hand, and, taking a chair, seated himself. The cardi-

nal, from his chair, now addressed Angelique, and told her she was about to be wedded to Christ; and, by so doing, she became like the angels in heaven.

Angelique's face in an instant changed to a look of agony; and, rising to her full height, to the amazement of the cardinal, who held up his hands, appalled at this most unexpected interruption of his address, and seeing in her look of fire and flame some desperate act, Angelique, with a clear, ringing voice, cried out, "I here abjure all vows of celibacy, and, in the sight of all present, I claim my liberty!"

Some one from behind jerked her dress, and she fell backward, screaming, out of sight.*

* A nun has the same right of renunciation that a bride has to refuse to take the vows of matrimony at the altar. This scene is copied from Seymour, p. 258, who saw a nun take the black veil. This absurd custom of robing the bishop in the presence of the people is universal all over the world. The witty Sydney Smith thus characterizes the Popish Ritual: "Posture and imposture, flexions and genuflexions, bowing to the right, curtseying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery."

The story of Blanco and Angelique is founded upon incidents in the life of the late eminent J. Blanco White, of Seville, and his sister.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCENES IN THE INQUISITION.

Our ladies, seeing Angelique fall, swooned. When they came to their senses, they found themselves in a large, naked room, attended by two nuns, whom they recognized as belonging to Angelique's convent. To these nuns the fainting of Annie and Gertrude was all owing to the terrible madness of Angelique, who they believed was at the moment a maniac. They soothed them, while bathing their heads and hands in cologne, by telling them it was only a momentary madness, and they said Angelique was already restored.

It was a matter of wonder to Annie and Gertrude how they came to be brought into a convent. But they had no power to speak; and, exhausted and soothed by the soft hands of the nuns, they sank away into a deep sleep. From this they were wakened by the abbess, who gave them some wine to drink, telling them they would now sleep sweetly, and be greatly refreshed in the morning. And they drank the draught of medicated wine, but were too exhausted to talk, and soon again fell asleep.

The sensitive nature of Gertrude, greatly excited and exalted by all she had seen, became conscious of the presence of others around her. It seemed as if there were persons present gazing upon her; but she could not rouse herself. Again she woke to semi-consciousness, and saw Annie and herself sleeping upon this hard mattress in a large room, naked of all furniture. And, as

she stood thus, a disembodied being, the spirit of Angelique, more beautiful than her imagination had ever pictured her, stood beside her. She felt no fear, and was free from all feeling of surprise. "I am free! — Gertrude, I am free!" And the face of Angelique was all light with joy and gladness, and seraphic loveliness.

"Tell me, Angelique, what has happened to you?"

"My sister, I have come to tell you, and to shield you. You saw me rise and claim my freedom; you saw me fall backward, shrieking, pulled down by Father Geriot. I fell headlong, stunned by the blow, upon the stone pavement. When I came to my consciousness, I was in a large vaulted room, where were convened fiends — inquisitors, whose efforts to restore me to the capacity of suffering were successful. I looked around, and my terror was roused at seeing Blanco broken on the wheel.

"'Confess!' cried Geriot, looking like a demon, 'confess!' but not one word did Blanco utter.

"'Take him from the wheel,' cried the inquisitor-general, 'and put him to the torture of fire.'

"And they took up the mangled body of my brother, and laid him on a couch, and rubbed his feet with grease, and then hung them over chafing-dishes filled with live coals. 'Confess!' cried Geriot. 'By whose agency have you betrayed the honor of the church? Say, was it by Trueman, or his wife, or both? Denounce them, or be damned!'

"'O, Christ! aid me! O, God! help me!' were the instant cries of poor Blanco. I felt the divine presence in my soul, and ran to Blanco, and knelt beside him, and kissed his forehead, and whispered 'Courage, my brother! Think of Christ on the cross!'

His look was one of triumph. Father Geriot struck me with his fist upon my head, and felled me to the floor. When I once more came back to life, poor Blanco had stood the ordeal of fire, and was being tortured by water poured drop by drop into his throat. 'Lift your hand,' cried Geriot, 'and say, was it Trueman or his wife?' but Blanco made no sign. Around my dying brother were crouched these demons. They watched for life to return, and used every restorative; some rubbing his temples, some his hands; and, as they were thus occupied, I became conscious of the angelic presence of Blanco, who, with his angel, stood near this horrid group. With joy unspeakable, I saw him free. He said to me, 'Sister! I wait for you!'

"When the inquisitors reluctantly acknowledged that the last agony had been inflicted, and that no art of theirs could recall the spirit of Blanco, they then turned their attention towards me; but the angel stood beside the inquisitor-general. Geriot claimed that I should be broken on the wheel, after that subjected to the torture of the pulley, then to the fire; but there was a strange terror upon the inquisitor, — he looked at me with mingled emotions of hatred and alarm, while I stood in joyful triumph before him. Rising from his seat, and shaking his fist at me, he cried out, 'Embrace the mother of God!' pointing to a figure of the Blessed Virgin standing upon a platform elevated by steps. Not knowing what would follow, yet anticipating agony, I placed my arms around the blessed Mary, whose face was full of love and tenderness, when I heard a rattling of wheels, and in an instant I was clasped in arms of iron to the figure, and sharp knives pierced my vitals. With one cry of agony, I, too, was free. Now I am come to save you. Upon my person, and upon

Blanco's, you will find your precious gifts. Come and get them, lest they betray your husbands and yourselves to the torture. Fear nothing, but follow me." And Gertrude followed the spirit of Angelique down a spiral staircase to the foundation of the building. "Here," said Angelique, "is a secret spring." And the spring was touched by Angelique, and the door opened. It was the hall of torture, and there lay the broken body of Blanco, and at the foot of a lovely-faced figure of the Madonna the body of Angelique, in her virgin-robes of silver tissue, all stained with blood. After gazing around, Angelique said: "My testament is hid in my bosom; Blanco's is inside his vest. Now I leave you; we meet in heaven!" and, embracing Gertrude, the vision ceased and Gertrude awoke. A taper was burning on a table; waking Annie, she arose and dressed herself. Annie rose up out of a sound sleep, and, without any questioning of what she was called to do, did as she was bid. When they were dressed, Gertrude picked up the wick and trimmed the lamp, before she opened the door which revealed the spiral stone staircase. The chill damp air fully woke up Annie, and she asked, "What does all this mean?" Gertrude, her eyes lambent with the energy with which she was possessed, put her finger to her lips. When the door to the vaulted chamber was reached, Gertrude pressed the spring, and the door opened. "Fear nothing! we come here to save the lives of our husbands," whispered Gertrude; and, to the terror of Annie, she saw lying before the virgin, in the beauty of death, a smile of joy upon her face, the body of Angelique, her costly vestments dyed red in her own blood. Gertrude never stopped to look — she had seen this before; putting her hand into the bosom, she found the Deodati Testament. Then she

sought for the copy hid inside the vest of poor Blanco, and found it. This done, they returned to Angelique, and, kneeling over her, and having kissed her dead body, hastened back, careful to close the door. On reaching their room, they sat down in one of the windows to watch the coming day. The twittering of birds waking to joy, light, life, and freedom, was heard. Distant bells struck the hour, and the day drew on apace. They watched the dawn in silence. Annie attempted to make inquiries of Gertrude how she knew where Blanco and his sister lay, but Gertrude put her finger upon her lips. As they thus sat within the embrasure of the window, the door of the chamber opened and a nun came in stealthily, and when she saw the mattress vacant she gazed around with surprise. Our ladies came forward and bade her good-morning; and when she remarked upon their early rising, they told her they had risen for matins. "May I ask you to tell us how we came to be here?" asked Gertrude.

"I have no authority to make any replies," said the nun.

"Are we to go with you to the chapel?" asked Annie.

"You will remain here till you are called for," replied the nun. "Do you need anything?"

"We need all the appliances of the toilet-table of a lady," replied Gertrude.

"These are not to be had here," said the nun. "I will bring you some water and towels, and a comb. These must meet your demands for this time."

The nun left them, and brought a large bowl, pitcher of water, a comb, and towels. "It is very strange! Where could they be?" And, with these inquiries unsolved, they did the best they could to make their toilet for such society as might await them. And, this done, they returned to the window.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRINCE CARDINAL HEARS OUR LADIES ARE SENT TO THE INQUISITION.

When Oliver and Frank called for the "nieces of the church militant," to take them to the Church of St. Croce, they found in the saloon a party of friends awaiting the coming of these ladies. Impatient of delay, these all left, and our gentlemen had these spacious rooms, filled with objects of taste and art, all to themselves. In examining these an hour passed before the nieces entered, splendidly attired. They expressed regrets for detaining them so long. Losing no more time, they entered their carriage, and drove to Santa Croce; but it was too late. Indeed, the multitudes were coming out, with the expression of terror in all faces which attracted their attention; but, as they could do no better, they ordered Alandresso to drive to the cardinal's villa, where they and their wives were to dine that evening.

The sun was sinking as they reached the cardinal's. The house was lighted up for a party, and when the servants came to receive them, they replied to their inquiries that his Eminence had not yet come out of the city.

They walked in the gardens, and found themselves very happily circumstanced for an hour, when they heard the wheels of carriages, and the Prince Cardinal and his brother alighted from the same carriage, for the bishop's was empty.

"Pray, where are our wives, your Eminence?" asked Oliver.

"Are they not here? I had supposed they would have been

here two hours since. I was told they had left Santa Croce, with my secretary, two hours ago."

"May I ask who told you so?" asked Frank.

"It was Father Geriot; who also told me of the refusal of the nun Angelique to take the veil, and delivered me a message which took me to the Vatican. With all despatch I came with Agostino here, hoping to find you all awaiting our coming."

The steward announced dinner as served, and the company walked into the saloon; and, though it was a delicious repast in all its appointments, the marchese and countess alone really enjoyed it. The cardinal ordered his secretary to be sent to him instantly on his arrival. Frank and Oliver, who sat near, heard the order given, as, indeed, it was designed they should. The dinner was despatched and dismissed with little ceremony, when the cardinal rose and left the table, and, walking away alone, left the marchese and countess and Agostino to entertain our pilgrims, who were already wondering what had become of their wives. It was evident his Eminence was disturbed. At length the noise of wheels was heard; the cardinal and Oliver and Frank hastened to the entrance of the grounds to meet the coming carriage. The driver reined up his horses, and there the secretary sat solitary and alone. The cardinal said: "Rodrigo, alone!" The secretary bowed, with a glance at the gentlemen, and remained silent.

"Alight, sir, and follow me!" said the cardinal, walking from the carriage, and leaving Oliver and Frank in no very pleasant state of inquietude.

"Where are the ladies?" asked the cardinal.

"In the Inquisition, your Eminence."

"By whose order, and for what?" asked the cardinal, in a tone which terrified his servitor.

"They are attainted by the inquisitor-general."

"And what agency had you in taking them there?"

"I acted under an oral order of the general, brought to me by Father Geriot. The ladies, your Eminence, had fainted in the choir; and, as they must be taken somewhere, I had them borne to the Inquisition, and placed under the care of nuns, who were there to receive them."

"You have compromised me, sir, and acted most unwisely. I cannot now express myself further; but take this signet-ring to the inquisitor-general, and tell him these ladies are protected by me. Say to him, I follow you. Go! get the fleetest horse in the stables, and lose not an instant of time — hasten, sir!" And the secretary put the ring upon his finger, and ran for the stables.

The cardinal ordered his carriage to come to the door; and, turning, said to Frank and Oliver,

"For reasons I will explain hereafter, we must go to the city."

He apologized to the ladies and his brother, and begged them to remain till he returned, or to return at such time as suited them; but he and his friends must go into the city.

When they were about entering the city, the cardinal pulled his check-string, and said to his coachman,

"To the Inquisition."

These were the only words spoken since their departure from the Casino, till they reached the portals of this the most dreaded prison-house in the world. The attendants of the cardinal, who had accompanied his secretary, were awaiting his coming, and the

portals were opened, and servitors with torches led the way across the court, from the door of entrance, to the apartments of the general, where the secretary met the cardinal, and delivered him a message in a whisper. The prince turned to Frank and Oliver, and, offering his hands, with a face expressive of joy, he said,

"They are safe!" And mountains of anxiety rolled off from the breasts of Frank and Oliver.

"You will wish to see them?" asked the cardinal.

"At once," replied Frank.

The secretary, who had disappeared, now came back, leading the lady abbess of Angelique's convent. She bowed coldly to the husbands; and, kneeling before the cardinal, kissed his hands, and, addressing him, said:

"These ladies, your Eminence, were brought here in a state of fainting, and were excessively exhausted by the intense interest they felt in the scenes witnessed this day at Santa Croce. By order of the general, a couch was carried into the great chamber, and one of the familiars, our acting physician for the day, administered an anodyne, by my hands. They are now asleep. I will lead the way to their room; but it is proper for me to say these ladies cannot be safely removed till to-morrow. These gentlemen must be content to see their wives safely sleeping in the walls of the Inquisition, where they are well cared for."

"I go to see the general," said the cardinal, "and will meet you here.— Lady abbess, you have my honor in your charge; and you, gentlemen, my pledge, that your ladies shall be restored to you to-morrow."

The abbess folded her hands across her breast, with that humility of manner conventional with such persons; but there

was a bright look of fierce anger as she glanced at Frank and Oliver, who followed her, through long galleries, to a distant part of the edifice, to a large room in which their wives lay sleeping, pale and exhausted. Oliver knelt down to feel the pulse of Annie, while Frank knelt and impressed a kiss on his wife's forehead. Having seen them for a few moments, they rose and returned to the vestibule of the building, where the abbess left them. The cardinal came, and, with a smile, said,

"We will now go home, and sleep soundly. To-morrow we will all meet again."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LADIES RELEASED.— FATE OF GERIOT.

THE next morning, while yet Oliver and Frank were asleep in their several chambers, they had their dreams dispelled by the entrance of Annie and Gertrude.

In the lowest whispers they told their husbands all that had happened; and, when they assembled for their family worship, having dismissed the servants, they again held a consultation; and Gertrude told them of her vision of Angelique, and the recovery of the testaments, more precious than diamonds, since they had been so gloriously dyed in the blood of martyrs. They had much to say to each other, and of the mercies bestowed — so signally bestowed — upon them, in being the agents of God's grace to the souls of dear Blanco and Angelique.

The cardinal came at noon. He was never so kind and winning before. Our ladies ran towards him, and seized his hands and kissed them. Their gratitude in saving them from the Inquisition amused him. He little guessed at all they knew, and saw in their emotion only a childish fear of the tribunal of all others most dreaded.

"You were in no danger, ladies," said the cardinal. "They took you to the Inquisition because there was the lady abbess and her nuns; and Angelique, too, was there. And then you needed their instant attentions."

"Your Eminence is very kind," said Frank. "But I know there was danger; and a weight was lifted from your heart, as well as ours, when you turned to us and said, 'They are safe!'"

"I *was* glad," said the cardinal. And, glancing around the room, and seeing the doors closed, — a precaution Frank took on the entrance of the cardinal, for they all had the dread of secret spies upon them, — the cardinal proceeded, speaking in a very low tone: "It is due to you all, and to myself, that I should tell you, Geriot, a base, bad man, had denounced you all to the Inquisition, and had arrested your ladies in the arms of my own secretary and his attendants. It was an offence to my dignity; and he will expiate it by a life-long banishment among those tribes nearest the North Pole. I have seen the orders which will take him from St. Peter's this day and forever. My signet-ring reached the general in good time, and the sleep of these ladies was undisturbed. Whatever suspicions Father Geriot had to utter will die in his own breast; and Geriot, and others around us, will learn it is no child's play to cross my path; nor think they can put their bloody hands upon the ermine of my robes with

impunity. Let this be regarded as concluded, and say nothing of this to any one." Having said this, the cardinal resumed his usual animated tones, and said to the ladies: "We did not have your company to dine, last evening; and I have called to ask it for this. Will you all come?"

"Gladly and gratefully," said Annie, on behalf of all.

"Let yesterday be blotted from your remembrance. It will pain me if it ever recurs to my memory; and more so if I have cause to believe it lives in yours."

Annie went to her room and posted up in her journal so many of the events of the previous day as she wished Father Roothaan and the inquisitor-general should possess. If they were not satisfied, it was no fault of hers; but it conveyed no censure, expressed no suspicion, while it recorded, in a lively manner, as the latest novelty, "a night spent in the Inquisition."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VISIT TO ST. AGATHA.

The events we have recorded made them think seriously of leaving St. Peter's City. They had not been idle. It was not a mere gazing at pictures and statues with them. The cardinal, in order to make their stay both pleasant and profitable, had

recommended to them a sculptor and a painter, well versed in their respective arts, who, for a compensation far beyond what they would have earned in their studios (for they belonged to the class of artists whose skill bears no proportion to their acquirements), devoted all their time, or rather so much of it as our pilgrims desired, to a critical study of works of art. And day after day they spent the hours not devoted to society with these artists, in careful examination of the great works of genius collected in this city. And, when night came, it was with an earnest and increasing enthusiasm they looked forward to the morning hour, when they should renew their studies. It was an appetite which grew day by day; for the glorious conceptions of Raphael are as perfect now as when the ideal became permanent upon the canvas, or as when Michael Angelo laid down the chisel on the pedestal of Moses, and said, "It is finished!" And to them these works were all new as the creations of yesterday, for these are beauties "age cannot wither, nor custom stale."

In all these studies they were aided at times and often by the presence of the cardinal and the bishop, before whose superior wisdom the teachers became pupils. And grateful were they all for the kindness which redeemed their residence in Peter's City from being, as it is to most visitors, a vague recollection of works of the imagination, unstudied, and imperfectly comprehended.

Mr. and Mrs. May called with mutual friends just from Vanty Fair, who begged their company the next day to go with them in their pilgrimage to the most celebrated of the churches; and of all other shrines they sought most for a sight of St. Agatha. But that lady, with a modesty worthy of a saint, had withdrawn

from public gaze into a niche made for her beneath the grand altar, from whence she would hereafter appear only on special occasions, unless by very particular request; so certain it is that even saints suffer from being too often before the public eye; an instructive fact, worthy of the consideration of those who are called angels, and are, indeed, the best realizations we have of their loveliness.

Mrs. May had enlisted the bishop by very artfully requesting him to call for Mrs. Trueman and her friends, who were anxious, of all things, to see St. Agatha. Now, at Santa Maria, Prince Bishop Agostino was supreme authority, and at his command even St. Agatha would reveal herself. Indeed, the presence of the bishop was only a proper mark of respect, and necessary to their reception; for, otherwise, St. Agatha might return to her visitors, when they called, a message "Not at home;" for this saint was no more dressed up for company every day, and at every hour, than are other fine ladies. Now, those priests who had the wardrobe of St. Agatha in charge had received a message from the bishop that he should honor her with a call, with some friends, and requested that she should be presentable; and we will anticipate our story so far as to say that St. Agatha was beautifully dressed in a sort of morning *negligée*, which, though not so imposing as her gala dress, was, in the judgment of Mrs. May and all our friends, in far better taste. And they complimented the bishop on his admirable appreciation of what they were all certain would be the wish of St. Agatha, or any other lady of good taste, under similar circumstances.

Before leaving the palace, Annie whispered to Gertrude her wishes. "I mean," she said, "to examine St. Agatha; and I shall

ask to go into the altar to sit down at St. Agatha's feet, which I will do fittingly. So you need not fear. Then do you get the bishop and the party off to the grotto to see the Virgin's picture which bled; and, when you are out of sight, I will make what the gifted lady at the Brunnens called the manufacture of lice, '*an experimentum crucis.*'"

"You are so daring, I am afraid!" said Gertrude; "and, then, it will be discourteous to the bishop."

"My dear cousin," said Annie, "have I ever, at any moment, sinned against courtesy? Have n't I looked with all the eyes in my head, and with the soberest face in the world, upon the supremest of stupidities, because they are objects of veneration to others? And yet, you are so afraid! Now that Father Geriot has gone on a mission to the North Pole, there 's nobody I fear in the city. If you were to read the last memoranda in my journal, written expressly for the conclave of cardinals, and Father Roothaan in particular, you would be greatly amused and edified, — as I hope they are ere this."

At the hour appointed, the party of sight-seers met the Prince Bishop at Santa Maria Maggiore, and stood before the high altar waiting for the coming of St. Agatha. There were inlaid brass rods, forming a sort of railroad track, upon which the wheels in the pedestal of St. Agatha moved. These came about ten feet from the altar in which the saint had her appropriate niche, and where she was now enshrouded under folds of heavy drapery. There they stood five minutes, in silent expectation. Of course nothing more was expected of St. Agatha than a simple reception,

— not so much as the shedding of a tear, or a single smile. These were reserved, of course, for great occasions.

Two priests now appeared before the altar; and, having made their genuflexions, came forward and made their reverence to Bishop Agostino, who requested them to hasten the movements of St. Agatha. And, having drawn aside the drapery, St. Agatha was rolled out upon the pavement of the altar, they all standing outside the railing. The bishop and Mrs. May, and the visitors, our pilgrims excepted, knelt and said a prayer of some sort. After they had gazed a while, Annie asked if she might be allowed to enter inside the railing and sit at the feet of St. Agatha. The bishop was amused rather than displeased at this request; but the priest who remained with them looked at Annie with surprise, wondering who she could be to make such a request. To him Annie represented some great personage, and all her party were her attendants. The bishop's attention was absorbed by questions put to him by the ladies, and he was made to tell, very gravely, some marvellous stories. All this while, Annie was leaning over the railing, looking St. Agatha very wistfully in the face. The priest was requested to show the party the grotto; and Gertrude led the bishop off with the company to see that famous picture of which we have already given the history.

When they disappeared in the grotto, Annie opened the brass gate, and went inside the railing. She lifted the long drapery which fell upon the pedestal, and saw that the lower limbs still bore the seams of the mould made in casting the image; so, with a sharp penknife, she was able to trim those seams, with positive advantage to the saint's appearance. In the pedestal

she saw a door, which pulled open by a brass knob. This door being opened, quite a number of wheels and catgut strings were revealed, leading up into the figure, which was hollow. Annie put in her hands and pulled down one of these strings, and the arm was lifted up. This was sufficient. She resumed her position outside the railing; and, when her friends reäppeared, she walked towards them. One of the ladies asked if St. Agatha had made a movement of any sort, when Annie replied, with an earnest enthusiasm, "I really do think her hand moved a little."

"And why did you not scream?" asked the bishop.

"O," replied Annie, "St. Agatha is a saint! I am not afraid of saints, but of fiends. And, then, why should I fear St. Agatha, who is so full of love and fondness? — witness the legend of that breast she was deprived of, and which is now at Palermo."

"How came you to know so much of St. Agatha?" asked the bishop.

"O, though we are 'outside barbarians' in our cold country, yet we read the lives of saints, and have more editions of them in our bookstores than you have here in St. Peter's Villa."

The shavings of the seams were duly turned over to Oliver, who declared St. Agatha to be nothing more than India-rubber, and the movements of the arm only an improvement upon former methods of making miraculous images.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THEY LEAVE ST. PETER'S CITY.

THE cardinal, accompanied by his brother, came at an earlier hour than usual, one morning, a fortnight subsequent to this visit to St. Agatha. He was serious, and his kind and gracious smile was wanting; and Agostino was as sedate as his brother was serious. The cardinal requested the doors to be closed; and Annie sat on an ottoman, with her eyes fixed upon the cardinal with an expression of painful anxiety, in which all her friends sympathized.

The cardinal endeavored to smile; but in this he signally failed in deceiving any one but himself. "My very dear friends," he said, "I regret to say you are objects of suspicion. Painful suspicions are entertained in certain quarters; and, though such persons are possessed of what we — Agostino and myself — deem the most convincing proofs of your innocency in all matters pertaining to that whereof you are accused, still it is certain you are objects of suspicion, and I am made to know it. There remains, therefore, for me but one course; and, as I am not willing you should live under the surveillance I know is kept over you, lest by any mischance you should become obnoxious to the censure of those around you, Agostino and myself have determined to tell you of this."

Annie, who was sitting near the cardinal, her eyes wide with anxiety lest some sad mischance had happened at St. Maria in connection with St. Agatha, — a feeling in which all around her

sympathized, — now spoke: "Your Eminence is very kind; but it is due to us to know of what we stand accused. What is the 'head and front of our offending'?"

The cardinal replied: "It is believed that Angelique, at your instance, refused to take the veil."

"And is that all?" said Annie, greatly relieved. "I am glad it is as it is. I confess nothing; I deny nothing. But, is it a crime in me to do that which is commended by you? We have hundreds of priests and nuns seeking to convert Protestant children in their schools, seminaries, and colleges; and this, too, after the most solemn pledges to the public that they will do no such thing. Parents — dupes as they are, traitors to God and to their offspring! — place their children where these teachers, acting for conscience' sake, strive thus to save the souls of those who are committed to their care. *They* are commended for the thousands annually converted from the faith of the Bible to the faith of the breviary."

"Dear lady," said Agostino, "*we know* you are innocent; but a great scandal has been inflicted, and the lady abbess wants to find a scape-goat for herself."

"I am willing to be the scape-goat!" said Annie; "and, being a scape-goat, we will take ourselves off into the wilderness."

Oliver now spoke: "It is the wisest and best course for us to pursue to leave the city, much as we shall grieve to leave you behind."

Mutual expressions of courtesy were reciprocated, and our pilgrims expressed their high appreciation of the distinguishing friendship and kind attentions they had received; in all which the cardinal and bishop assured them they had con-

sulted their own pleasure, and, with emotion which evinced their sincerity, told them that they hardly hoped to find the like pleasure in any new acquaintances they might chance to make.

"Early next week we leave," said Frank, as the cardinal rose to go.

"O no, not so soon; any time within a month," said the cardinal.

"No, your Eminence; as soon as we can we shall leave. W would not like to stay here separated from the society which has made this city attractive; nor would we willingly compromise our friends by a longer stay."

This reply of Frank was agreed to by his wife, Oliver, and Annie. With the kindest expressions of mutual regard, the cardinal and bishop withdrew.

Now, the "militant nieces of the church" were at once reconciled to the departure of our pilgrims; and both our gentlemen had their self-love not a little mortified to find how well content these ladies were to say "adieu." Indeed, they had made the discovery that our gentlemen were unimpressible; and the usages of good society slightly embarrassed them how to get rid of them; and the more so, as two ruddy young English noblemen had come to St. Peter's Villa, of whose susceptibility they had no doubt. When, therefore, Frank and Oliver came to say *adieu*, they were too glad perfectly to assume the air of sorrow they strove to wear.

They found it no easy matter to get ready to leave at the time appointed. They had accumulated quite a large cabinet of gems, medals, etc.; many exquisite engravings, of which they

had a choice port-folio, and cabinet-pictures, which, though not belonging to any of the "old masters," were the work of living *masters* of the pencil. All these were to be boxed up and placed under safe care to be sent after them to the City of Sterling, to which place they purposed to return. Mr. and Mrs. May wanted them to go into the desert and see the monks and recluses, as presenting a strange contrast with the lives of monks and nuns in the city. But, upon the whole, they thought they had seen enough of the apostolical church, and of its devotees; so they gave their orders to Alandresso accordingly, which he executed with his wonted energy.

On the day of their departure the cardinal and bishop called to take leave of our pilgrims. It is due to these eminent personages to say that their friendship had been as pure in its expression as it was in its inception. It was the inexhaustible charm only found in gifted souls, veiled in forms of beauty, whose every movement is a new expression of loveliness, intellect, and grace. They renewed every kind expression of friendship, and listened anew to the many thanks our pilgrims each had to offer; and, finally, as they were about to leave, Annie, by an impulse perfectly natural to her, and in a manner most gratifying to the cardinal, knelt before him, and begged for his apostolical benediction, which he most kindly accorded.

Diego and Ursula, with most dismal faces, sought to enact the part of bereaved servants. They received liberal gifts, and retired satisfied that they had never been discovered, to assume new duties and responsibilities as spies, as should be required of them by their confessors and superiors.

Mr. and Mrs. May came to see the travellers off. Their

horses were in good order, and their baggage was all duly placed on the coach. Alandresso was mounted on the box, and resumed his whip and reins with an air of dignity which was the admiration of all the beggars outside the reach of his lash; and woe to the poor wretch whose body chanced to come within its reach, and through whose tatters a piece of naked skin was discernible; for the skill of Alandresso brought blood by every crack of his whip.

The master of the hotel, in full uniform, was waiting in the hall, with all the servants whose duties had brought them into the suite of rooms occupied by our party. Their largesses were all in gold, and none were omitted. It would have puzzled the saints to have comprehended all the requests made by these servants at that happy moment.

Mrs. May went to the carriage-door, and, with many kisses, the ladies separated. The master of the hotel shut up the door with sharp jam and a low bow. This was the signal to Alandresso, who, with a rear and plunge of the most dramatic character on the part of his horses, and a famous cracking of his whip, set out with our pilgrims, who now made their last bows to those they left behind them, and to the Eternal City.

It was the wish of Alandresso to make the *grand tour*, as is usual with modern pilgrims; but it was a matter of necessity for them to hasten back, for home affairs needed attention. They had never been wanting in a liberal expenditure of money, fitting and required for the support of their position in society. That meanness which, while it is profuse for display, is niggardly in every expense which does not tell upon the parade of life, they never practised. The artisan, the servant, the milliner, all loved

to labor for those whose rewards were so certain. They were often cheated, and knew it. But they were too wise ever to reveal their knowledge of it; regarding these petty larcenies as a part of the cost of a life abroad; and if they lost their money, they never lost their temper. It is often the case that the tempers of travellers are exhausted in the vain effort to save their purses. We speak this for the benefit of those who are about to commence their foreign travels.

Alandresso had his orders imperatively given, and they were to be obeyed. The City of Sterling was determined upon as the next desirable place for their future residence; situated, as it is laid down on all modern maps, in near neighborhood to Babylon and the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CITY OF STERLING.

The reader and our pilgrims are, in the opening of this chapter, brought into sight of the City of Sterling; a city of steeples and church-going inhabitants, where, as in former days, merchandising and money-changing is carried on with untiring zeal, even to the vestibules of the sanctuary.

Alandresso reined up his carriage before a magnificent marble caravansary, and, having himself first alighted, permitted the servants to open the carriage. Alandresso was a true courier, whose manner towards his employers was that of an Arab with camels burdened with packages to be delivered at Cairo. His

air and mien commanded instant attention, and our travellers had learned it to be best never to trespass on his course of conduct; for they depended far more on their courier for consideration than on themselves. It was his high air, and not their own, which impressed the masters of hotels and their servants with the eminent claims of our pilgrims to the greatest consideration.

Nothing could exceed the splendor of the rooms into which they were ushered. The finery of the furniture, and its utter inappropriateness in a hotel, was a first remark made by Annie to Oliver; who replied: "However much amiss it might be in the parlor, they would be very sure not to find it missing in the bill." For which wretched pun he was compelled to pay the appropriate penalty of having his ear pulled by Annie.

They soon found themselves once more at home. Here was the same stir of business as at Babylon, the same sort of men, the same devotion to pleasure and piety. Indeed, it was a change of name and place, and these only.

They were glad to learn from Mr. Trustworthy, junior, that lands lying vacant around Babylon the Less, regarded as of little value, had wonderfully advanced in value; and that their long absence from the city had made them far richer than they likely would have been had they been at home, where they might have sold for hundreds what would now command thousands — and even a greater advance than this.

Under the circumstances of the case, it was deemed best, during their stay, to have a house of their own. And a fine mansion, in a fashionable square, and a private park in front, was soon found, which was up for sale. It was one of a block of

large and lofty residences. They purchased it at a bargain, and once more they were all occupied with the pleasant excitement of fitting up an establishment, selecting papers, buying carpets, mirrors, china, plate — all which contributed, having ample means at command, to make the commencement of life in the City of Sterling both attractive and absorbing. And, as the result of all their zeal, and all their taste, in a very short time they were installed in a splendid house, where everything bore the marks of wealth and refinement. And here, too, in due time, all their collections and cabinets brought from St. Peter's were duly placed in proper positions to be seen by their visitors. Nor was Alandresso unoccupied. To him was surrendered the duty of selecting a new span of horses, whose action was perfect; and a carriage of the newest style was bought to match the horses. Even Alandresso confessed himself for once satisfied. At the end of a couple of months they found themselves at home, in their own house, in Sterling, living in that seclusion so desirable and desired by those whose happiness is from sources under their own control, and at their own command.

This happy calm was destined to be suddenly destroyed; and in this way. Alandresso, who was proud of his horses and carriage, was directed to take our ladies to the Church of the Grandfathers, where a famous preacher was advertised to deliver a charity sermon. On reaching the church, they perceived quite a rush of carriages, and a contest was going on among the drivers who should get his carriage up to the step first. Now, Alderman Moreland's carriage had got up in advance of our ladies, and that eminent member of the corporation took more time than usual in getting out of his vehicle, especially as his lady was a

fair match for her husband in size; and then there were two dressy daughters to be deposited on the pavement, all of whom had no regard for the furious haste of Alandresso's horses to get up to the step. While they were getting ready to make a movement inside, Alandresso's horses becoming restive, he drove the pole of his carriage into the polished panels of the alderman's coach. The haste with which that eminent citizen and his lady now bustled out of their carriage, the screams of their lovely daughters, the astonishment of our ladies, and, too, the ill-suppressed rage of the father of the family, all rivetted the gaze of the by-standers; for this took place in the presence of a multitude of fashionable carriages and outsiders. Such hardihood created quite a sensation, not only among those who drove coaches, but among those who rode inside of them; and, then, the reckless, dare-devil manner in which the thing was done, and the stony imperturbability of Alandresso, who never so much as looked at the carriage he had staved in. The notoriety this act gave our pilgrims was equal to the most costly and splendid fancy-ball.

Nor must we pass over without a brief notice this scene upon the pavement. The alderman, who was a deacon, was on the point of renewing a desperately bad habit of his, laid aside "since he became pious;" and as for the young ladies—they had such a sense of fright; and, then, who were these people that had done this thing? And there stood our sweet ladies, meek and penitent, saying nothing, to be sure, but looking very sorry. It was no place for explanations, but Annie went up to the alderman and begged him to give her his name and address; which he did, with astonishment, for it told him that he and his

wife and his girls, and his carriage, horses, and driver, each and all, were alike unknown. It was a puzzler who these people could be who had such a turn-out; and, too, the air of extremely well-bred and well-dressed persons, who neither knew him nor his family. And, in this maze of mystery, they all walked into church.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CHARACTER OF SOCIETY IN STERLING.

A NOTE was addressed by Frank and Oliver to Alderman Moreland, offering to take his carriage at its cost, or to pay for the repairs; offering their own carriage until the alderman had made a purchase of a new one, or until the injury was repaired.

The alderman, his wife and daughters, who had been in a towering passion, as they all deemed they had good cause to be, on the receipt of this note, which greatly surprised them, asked, "Who can these people be?" and they at once saw that no reply must be made until this query was fully and satisfactorily answered; for it would make all the difference possible, and determine whether the note should be answered or not, and if answered, whether graciously or imperiously. All depended upon the result of such inquiries as they should institute. And this was the first business of the day. Happily for them, they lighted upon Mrs. Fitzallen, now Mrs. John Thompson, late of Vanity Fair, who now heard for the first time of our pilgrims being in Sterling. Her

reply was such that the young ladies declared it was worth the cost of the carriage to have laid these persons, so well born and bred, under an obligation; and they begged their mamma to write in such a manner as should necessarily lead to the formation of a personal acquaintance. And Mrs. Moreland, taking the same view as her daughters, wrote a note, saying she was gratified to receive the prompt note addressed to the alderman. She begged to say the damage done *her* carriage was too trifling to be a matter of compensation; and closed by saying that herself and daughters would, at an early day, call and pay their respects to Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Outright. And they did so, and were most kindly received. They were very worthy people, with *brusque*, vulgar-genteel manners. The tone of conversation, on the part of the young ladies, was one continual display of intellectual fire-works; while the old lady talked immensely "superfine," — to use a phrase not unknown to the family, whose fortune was made by subdividing superfine cloths into curve lines. Large contracts for clothing the army for a series of years had greatly enriched the pious and worthy alderman. His was an ancient and useful occupation, and as honorable as it is ancient. But the mistake made by the alderman's lady, in particular, was, her anxiety to be esteemed for something she never was, and never could be.

This opening incident of their city life thus happily over, cards flowed in upon them by the dozen. Superb carriages rolled up to their carriage-step, and in an instant the footman stood ready to take the card of the callers, which was brought up to the door and taken in by Alex., and away went the carriage to make more of these "morning calls." It was a matter of some labor for Alexander to classify all these cards by streets and squares,

especially when the visitor was too distinguished to put on the card the street and number, or, if the street or square was given, to have neither door-plate nor number on the door. Alandresso, who had wonderful skill in reading character at a glance, put down on the several cards signs which he interpreted by these words: "vulgar-genteel people;" "genteel;" and "noblesse."

A carriage with a spirited span of bay horses came to their door, and Mrs. John Thompson alighted, splendidly dressed, and ran up the door-steps. Our ladies met her in the entry; they were delighted to meet this lady, and to find her a resident here. She told Annie and Gertrude all the news from Vanity Fair. How that Lord Dielincœur and Col. Proudfit had long since forgotten them in their admiration of new comers. That rumors were rife of a breach between the Count du Rodolstadt and Consuelo. That Armida and Anzoleto, who had disappeared from the Phalanstery, had turned up as man and wife in Paris, and were both now engaged at the Opera *Francaise*. That Consuelo was living under restraint, and closely watched, so determined was she to return to the stage. Indeed, Col. Courtney had told her when Consuelo was last in Vanity Fair, she acknowledged to him that she was heartily sick of the Phalanstery. That the count was the most penitent of all lovers, and Consuelo the most obdurate of all women. Also, the colonel said, things were going on badly at the palace. That, if they could find any body of communists to take their stocks off their hands, they would sell out at a great sacrifice; but the Phalanx now were like men at sea in a sinking ship — they must keep the pumps going or founder! Mrs. Thompson also told them that the colonel and his lady were very happy, and possessed of three

fine, healthful children. That Miss Adelaide Stewart had made an excellent match, and had a splendid bridal; that her veil cost ten thousand francs; and a great many other such matters, interesting to our ladies to know. It may seem odd, but all this news was both to Annie and Gertrude alike enlivening. Like good Christians, they rejoiced with those that rejoiced; and, like all the rest of mankind, they found something to please them in the trials which had befallen their former friends.

They showed Mrs. Thompson their cards and Alandresso's arrangement, which she pronounced perfect, and said his intuitive knowledge not only covered all she knew, but all she guessed. She was delighted with the affair of the carriage, which was, in her opinion, the grandest way of setting up in the world of Sterling, especially by them, for they had the basis of land and stocks to go upon. "Ah! there 's nothing tells here like the dollar!" said Mrs. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson now entered the saloon, accompanied by Frank and Oliver, and was duly presented to their wives, who told him, with great sincerity, that they had already adopted him into the circle of their friendships, and gracefully alluded to the bowing acquaintance they had had with him while at Vanity Fair.

The ladies soon got back to their favorite topics, and left Mr. Thompson and our pilgrims to talk of stocks. Mr. Thompson told them he still kept up his business in Vanity Fair, but his wife preferred living in Sterling, and he had made investments here which were paying admirably. His wife was happy here, and he had determined, if matrimony was worth securing, it was worth enjoying. He said he had devoted his best days to making money; and he hoped, with his present lady, to make it available to him

in the way of enjoyment as it never before had been. Whereupon, Mrs. Thompson's attention was recalled by Frank, who repeated across the room what Mr. Thompson had been saying, and complimented her upon her admirable skill in the management of a husband.

"The truth is, my dear Mr. Trueman," said Mrs. Thompson, in her bright, airy manner, "we were married, as you know we preferred to be, the very next week after my return, in the Church of the Holy Martyrs; and nothing could be more proper than the way we conducted ourselves. But if we had, like Moses of old, broken all the commandments at once, we could not have been more thoroughly abused. It was said 'our conduct was scandalous — a wanton violation of the sensibilities of the relatives of poor dear Mrs. Thompson;' and, as for my dear husband, they called him a *brute* for being in such vulgar haste to be married. You never heard anything like it. I never will forgive those vipers as long as I live! But, to conclude, I could not live comfortably in the same city with these people, nor could I live without them; so I persuaded my husband to sell all his landed property and invest it here. This he has done; and, as I advised as to selection of open lots and squares, and to such advantage, he has come at last to the wise conclusion to take me in, hereafter, as an active partner in his affairs."

"Yes, it is all very true," said Mr. Thompson, who rose, saying to his wife, "My dear, with your consent, I propose to leave you here, and go with these gentlemen down town. I wish to make them at home on 'Change."

Mrs. Thompson gladly gave her consent, and the gentlemen left the ladies to have their talk out at their leisure.

The basket of cards was taken up for a careful consideration of its contents. "What do you mean to do?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"We mean to make return calls for every card in that basket," replied Annie, pointing to it as it lay on the table.

"But you can't know everybody, nor is it desirable you should; and, this being so, what is to be your principle of selection? Here," said she, taking up the noblesse pack, "here are the foundation-stones of our social life. These men are men of means and influence, solid as gold, and some of them as heavy. Some of these cards belong to those who affect fashion, and some who affect piety; and in these," holding up some of the cards, "both are, for the first time in the world, most happily united. Indeed, we have a ruling elder in our church, Deacon David Loveit, famous for his skill in rolling down ninepins; and you must know our vestry is within earshot of a bowling-saloon, so that of a summer's night, when the windows are open, every 'ten-strike' tells with distracting effect upon the deacon's nerves, and he often brings our prayer and conference meetings to an unexpected end. Rubbing his hands with the excitement he is in, he will say, 'Come, brethren, let us have a short prayer, and go home!' Now, everybody present knows this means, 'You go home, brethren, and I will go to the bowling-alley and take the conceit out of those fellows who are running up such strings on the black-board!'"

"O, Mrs. Thompson, you are very censorious to-day!" said Gertrude.

"Not within a mile of what might be said of this city of ours, dear ladies. Piety is now, to use the language of our hus-

bands, 'at an advance;' and everybody is pious or piously inclined. We are all going to the Celestial City at some time, — the next season, perhaps, but, at all events, at 'some more convenient season.' Although a great abhorrence is entertained here to all new ways of going to the Celestial City, yet I can tell you most of all these people will be 'expressed' to paradise. They never will budge an inch from their tables of money-changing till they are upset by one whom they dare not resist."

"Pray what are the prevailing opinions here?" asked Annie.

"Orthodoxy, mainly — though we have a sprinkling of other *doxies;* but, then, 'they don't rule the market,' as our gentlemen say, speaking of stocks."

"And are we to talk such a jargon as this?" asked Gertrude.

"O, no, no! only, dear ladies, I wanted to show you how soon I have caught the tone of society here. To reply to your inquiry: Nothing, my dear ladies, can be more delightful than the style of the pulpit in this city. In our 'Confessions of Faith,' we, with few exceptions, hold the form of sound words as contained in the 'Westminster Catechism;' but, then, this does n't in any degree clip the wings of fancy in our divines. Now, then, I will tell you of my early and happy experiences; and, though these are to be understood as specimens of rare beauty, yet where else but in the City of Sterling could you hear such preaching?"

"Your ministers are every way exemplary in their private life, I hope," said Gertrude, interrupting Mrs. Thompson.

"Most exemplary!" replied Mrs. Thompson. "It was not of

morals or manners I was about to tell you, but of their public ministrations. To go on: the great matter of the pulpit orator is to preach sermons which, while they please everybody, shall offend no one. He is the most popular preacher who is the most ingenious and skilful in his method. To give you an example: Doctor Busshel preached us a sermon from the text, 'And Jesus was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow.' He told us all about the pleasure of sleeping; and, with Sancho Panza, we were all so inspired with the subject, that with him it was on every lip to exclaim, 'Praise be to him who invented sleep!' The reverend doctor delighted us with an entirely new test of Christian character, to be derived from the hue of our dreams. Now, only think of it, my friends! What could be more consoling and comforting to a young girl of seventeen, than to 'read her title clear to mansions in the skies' from the roseate colors of her morning dreams! Again; the Rev. Dr. Wilmer, from the text, 'Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound,' etc., as his exegesis, told us this meant the light, cheerful tones of the bell calling us to church. Another eminent minister, from the text, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' explained to us the mechanism of vision, and the pleasure to be derived from sight-seeing, — a familiar topic to most of his hearers, who never before heard this treated of in so spiritual a manner. Another old gentleman, whose fondness of good living led his friends to make a great feast for him whenever they asked him to dine with them, reproved this excess by preaching a sermon from the text, 'One thing' — a roast pig, or turkey, or a saddle of mutton — 'One thing is needful.' The pathos with which he treated this subject was a matter of mirth in all the insurance offices and

club-houses of the city. And, to make an end of this, the last sermon of this sort I had the pleasure to hear was from the Rev. Mr. Soapemwell, from the text, 'And Judas went out, and it was night.' Now, then, guess how he treated this subject!"

"My dear lady," said Annie, "after what you have told us, it is hopeless for us to guess."

"Any incident connected with the last hours of our dying Saviour would seem to suggest only thoughts of love and tenderness," said Gertrude.

"Ah, well!" continued Mrs. Thompson, "the minister made a beautiful sermon on the splendor of night, and the uses of sleep. He quoted Shakspeare and Milton; and I assure you there was not one word in it about Jesus Christ as a Saviour, nor of our characters as lost sinners."

"And this is the sort of preaching we are to have as the pabulum of our spiritual nourishment!" said Annie, lifting up her hands in her astonishment.

"You may, if you please, listen to Dr. Commonplace contending earnestly for the faith; but I will tell you of one thing you won't hear even whispered in our circles, and it is this: the duty of making a pilgrimage to the Celestial City. No — no one ever leaves this city who is not compelled to do so."

"Compelled! pray how is this?" asked Gertrude.

"O, it is when their idols, like Dagon of old, are broken; when their riches take wings and fly away, then, with sad, desponding hearts, like Lot's wife, and steps

'Remote, unfriended, melancholy slow,'

they set out for the Celestial City; but all others rely on the 'Express line,' which is at everybody's service."

"Having 'done brown' the ministry, what of the ladies?" asked Annie, with a good-natured laugh.

"O, yes!" replied Mrs. Thompson, laughing; "I have a word or two to say concerning them. Then, you must know, the women in this city are like women everywhere; the insignificancy of their pursuits is the same here as in Vanity Fair. Diamonds are just now the rage. An unknown lady coming into a room is ranked by the diamonds she wears. *She* is regarded as pure if her diamonds are. By and by, mien, manners, wit, learning, and piety, find their bearings, and have an acknowledged value; but, as I said, for a first impression, nothing is so successful as a splendid set of diamonds, — excepting, always, that master-stroke of policy in that dare-devil coachman of yours, driving his pole into the back of Mr. Alderman Moreland's carriage. That, my dear friends, is 'snatching a grace beyond the reach of art.' There is not a lady or gentleman, in any sort of society here, who does not know your carriage as far as it can be seen; and all are alike ambitious of the honor of your acquaintance. Therefore, my friends, — to return to the shoulder of mutton, — don't think of returning those calls, not one in twenty, if you don't want to be wearied to death by stupid people you can't get rid of."

"You must forgive us, Mrs. Thompson," said Gertrude, "if we follow our own plan. We shall then be able to select the best of the best — at least, such as we like best."

"What a mistake! You must obey the behests of society. Not to do so, is to be forever out of place yourself, or to bring innocent persons into false relations. Don't make the effort, my dear friends. You can't mend matters. Let everything turn up as it happens, and make the best of it; that's my phi-

losophy. I pray you follow my example. I am no errant knight, fighting the world to make it either wiser or better; and, of all things else, to put a lance in rest to run a tilt with such windmills as the polite circles of Sterling City!"

"The laws of courtesy are ever the same," replied Annie; "and why not act upon your principles? It is our only hope of leaving the world the better for our having been in it."

"Nonsense, dear Mrs. Trueman! You are Don Quixote in petticoats! So good-day!" And the ladies parted, promising to see each other daily.

CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE LADIES' BENEFICENT SOCIETY IN STERLING.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the objections urged by Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman commenced their return calls; and, in the course of a month, they had gone through with their basket of cards. Usually they were received with distinguished courtesy. The golden key which they possessed opened doors "on golden hinges turning."

The impression made upon our ladies by these visits was decidedly favorable. Sterling was not Babylon the Less, nor was it Vanity Fair, nor the Villa di Roma; and of all the best, for in its circles there was a high range of literary taste, and a most orthodox piety,— in truth, it was, as Mrs. Thompson had said, a very pious city. Orthodoxy was the distinguishing style,

borne with honor by most of the inhabitants. Other religionists were "at a discount," to use the parlance of the place.

Nor were Frank and Oliver less pleased with the circles they found in Sterling. The men with whom their moneyed matters brought them in contact were eminently "safe men," — careful, prudent, money-making bankers and merchants. Not very much men of society, but not altogether wanting in the skill of making their dinners and parties endurable. Dinners, indeed, they rarely attempted to get up; for so restive were these men of Sterling under the restraints of society, so many were their engagements after dinner, that, except on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas, when family gatherings were in vogue, to be asked to dine was the last sacrifice a friend could be called upon to make. An evening party was a different matter. The later one went, the more of ton; and a long nap could be had between dinner and the labor of dressing; which labor, if a matter of moonshine to gentlemen, is the work of a day to the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters.

They found, of all gay parties, the most melancholy to be those where the *juste milieu* between a prayer-meeting and a fashionble party is attempted. It was a novelty to our pilgrims, and a few specimens were sufficient. It was wonderful to them that such parties should be tolerated among sensible people.

Sterling was a stirring city. It is not possible in a great city to be idle. Wealth must be busy. Occupation is fittingly and truly recognized as a duty. Those who are poor have no trouble on this score. Necessity has this in its favor, that it prevents all dubiety as to what shall next be done.

The men of Sterling were devoted to buying and selling;

making investments in stocks all over the land; railroads here, and canals there; manufactures in one state, and mines in another; lines of packets and steamers in all directions,—so that the world was laid under contribution by their various industry and speculations.

Mr. Trueman and Mr. Outright found occupation in their professional studies. Oliver walked the hospitals as a director, elected unanimously for his devotion to science; and Frank hired an office in Change Alley, where he kept his books, and spent much of his time between breakfast and dinner. What he did nobody knew, for no one ever found him at his office, not even Oliver, though he acknowledged he was there; but he never answered a tap, for he said he went there to be alone. Quite an air of mystery hung around his movements, which, after a while, became a subject of speculation with Oliver and wife, as to what Frank could be about; but he evaded their inquiry; and, when Annie sought to know from Gertrude, she too was silent; and it became one of the mysteries to be hereafter revealed.

Ladies in the fashionable and endowed circles of Sterling found it was their hard lot to fight day by day with *ennui*. This was a prevalent disease, in spite of all the various precautions adopted to keep it in abeyance. It was treated in different ways, though the most usual was by membership of beneficent societies, of which there was every variety meeting every day of the week, Sundays excepted. On Sunday everybody went to church, as is the duty and privilege of all who call themselves Christians. On this day, "the first day of the week," there was no conflict of opinions as to a first duty; but not so on all the other days; for

it was among the commonest of all perplexities, among ladies, how to discharge the responsible duties of First Directress of one society, and manager of another, in different sections of the city, at the same hour. And for a lady to be officer of some sort in twenty societies only marked her eminent rank in the best society of Sterling.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Thompson, our pilgrims were enabled to secure a vacant pew, placed at their disposal by the proprietor, who was about to remove to his seat in the country. It was a first-rate pew, at the head of the broad aisle in one of the patrician churches of the city. The church was attended by the richest families: the pious poor found seats in the gallery. Not that there were many of these to be seen up stairs, for those churches whose pews are most sought for below stairs are apt to be sparsely filled above; and of all things it struck our pilgrims as something odd to hear these pious poor speak as if it was a matter of pride to them that "their church was the richest in the city."

The minister was the Rev. Doctor Commonplace, whose great aim was to be "sound in the faith." He was forever in hot water with all the world because they did not hold to the "form of sound words." The slightest novelty of illustration, any new presentation of old truths, was a species of heresy. His prayer had become as formal as the prayer-book, though of all things else the book of common prayer was a subject of his animadversion. Never did the doctor fail to give the utmost prominence to this expression of his gratitude to God, in his "long prayer;" saying, "Thou wilt not see iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel."

And now we will introduce our readers to some of the friends of our pilgrims. Belonging to the same church were some leading men of the city: of these, Brethren Herringbone, Steel, and Sharp, were men of money and means. They were in office as deacons; and, as such, were very scrupulous as to the admission of any to fellowship but those who had forded the river. They were rather peculiar in their opinions as to some things, believing in the second advent as very near at hand: they saw no propriety in spending money upon missions of any sort, — consequently they declined any such investment of their charities; indeed, they held themselves aloof from all such societies, and discouraged all collections for any such objects. But they were, after all, prominent members of the church, and occupied three of the best pews in the broad aisle. Another gentleman, not less distinguished for wealth and influence, was Deacon John Gripem, whose devotional states of mind ebbed and flowed with his losses and gains. If one of his plans failed, if a bad debt was made, if fire burned up his houses, or a conflagration made worthless his insurance stocks, he walked his room during the livelong night, in a rage of madness or of agony, as the cause of his sorrow came by the rascality of men or by visitation of God. But when the tide bore to him the realization of his hopes, when a mortgage was happily foreclosed, and doubtful hopes became delightful certainties, then, indeed, his piety was at the fever point, and, clasping his hands, he would walk the room for hours in a sort of ecstasy, saying, "O, how I long to see Jesus! O! what a blessed Saviour I have found!" and the like. Now, nothing disenchanted this pious man so soon as being asked to make a liberal contribution to some charity.

This clipped the wings of his devotion, and brought him down to the very dust of earth.

And, beside these of their own church, there were Mrs. General Alltalk and Miss Hepzibah Purington, who were regarded as very eminent for their piety, not to speak of the Burrills, and Hardings, and Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, — all of them belonging to Orthodox churches, and holding high rank in their respective societies.

Among those of the city who were reputed of eminent piety, there were many who had been very far on their way to the Celestial City, and who could describe, with singular particularity, the cross shining like a beacon from the dome of the Temple, but who, with greatest reluctance (so they said), were compelled to come back to the city of Sterling to look after important matters most unexpectedly devolving upon them; as the receiving a large legacy, the settlement of an estate, or some such matter of money. Such persons were known at Sterling as experienced pilgrims. It was a fashion with them to talk a great deal of their past experiences, and the hardships by the way; and yet they all said, but for their cares and anxieties about matters of moment, they would willingly set out all anew; but they were never known to do so. The obligations which brought them back to the city never failed to keep them there.

There was a yet larger class who, though they were never known to have left the city for a single month or year, by a strange sort of insanity kept a diary of their pilgrimage. These were usually ladies of nervous sensibilities, who did little else than feel their pulse and take physic. They were confirmed dyspeptics, whose indigestion, arising from indulgence of appetite

and a neglect of all healthful pursuits, led to a depression of spirits and a nervous condition, the symptoms of which were as regularly recorded as a day's reckoning on shipboard. They had many tempests on their voyage of life, and as many calms. Sometimes they were at their wits' ends, and then came their surprising deliverances, all which were recorded with minutest particularity. And when Satan appeared, as he sometimes did in his proper person, St. Opportuna never beat and trampled upon him more tauntingly than these saints of modern times.*

Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman became subscribers to every society presented to them; and so liberal were their subscriptions, that they were at once elected into the corps of officers. Mrs. Trueman found herself Recording Secretary of a lying-in hospital, and Mrs. Outright Sixth Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society. These and the like associations were established for the relief of miseries created by society, the results of the differences in the conditions of the poor and the rich, — social evils, created in part by the wealthy class, whose doles of charity are reluctantly ministered to the wrongs and wretchedness they have created. The poor seamstress, whose health is impaired by long labor in ill-ventilated rooms, and insufficient food and exercise, when she can labor no longer for a miserable pittance, is nursed in a hospital established by public charity; and, dying, her orphans are placed in an asylum maintained at the cost of the city, while her remains are trundled away in an open cart to a pau-

* It is remarkable, in the legends of the Catholic Church, how badly Satan has come off in all his attacks upon lady saints. Indeed, not a single victory of his is on record.

per's grave. Such is too often the fate of labor in dark alleys overshadowed by modern palaces. And yet these ladies of Sterling, so lazily occupied in upholding these charities, never once asked, Can the fountain of all this wretchedness be reached? Can we not better labor to prevent misery, than to lessen its sufferings? These inquiries were somewhat beyond their range of speculation; and it is a vexed question, only to be solved when the teachings of Paul shall come to be realized and applied, by the Christian world, in every act of every-day life; when it shall become the rule of action to seek pleasure only in conferring happiness; when the wave of movement shall be from within, circling and embracing the world. Then will cupidity and selfishness and want be no more; then will the reign of God and the reign of love begin; then will commence the long-hoped-for millennium, the reign of Christ on earth.

But the world, as our pilgrims found it, was at a fearful remove from this golden age. Indeed, these very societies of mercy were so many centres of petty strifes and emulations. Mrs. General Alltalk had her clique, and Mrs. Herringbone hers; and both were, at the moment of making the acquaintance of our ladies, active in canvassing for the next election of First Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society. Both these ladies had determined the present First Directress should be left out, and their candidate elected in her place; but, then, all the ladies belonging to the Church of the Holy Trinity said "it was a burning shame to think of such an act; for of all persons the present First Directress was best fitted for the place. She it was who had got up the society; and it was her zeal, tact, and energy, that had made it so eminently successful; and now to displace her was equal to

giving up half the subscriptions; — and for whom? What had Mrs. Gen. Alltalk done but make a parade of her self-sufficiency and shallowness? — a lady who, when First Directress, had shown her want of capacity to every lady manager in the society. And what of Mrs. Herringbone? When did she ever do anything beyond paying her own subscription, and then, by the liberal disbursement of money paid by others, gain for herself the name of being a public benefactor? Cheap charity! And because the First Directress put a stop to her disbursements of all the funds of the society, many of them for her private advantage, then, forsooth, she must try and get the entire society under her control!" All this was true to the letter. The trouble was this: Mrs. Gen. Alltalk and Mrs. Herringbone were weary of the supremacy of a woman of sense. As for Mrs. Alltalk, she regarded the constitution and by-laws (for all these ladies' societies are careful to have both, and to have both printed and stitched in blue paper, and reprinted once a year, with the report of last year's labors) — we repeat, Mrs. Gen. Alltalk regarded all these as very proper for common people; but, inasmuch as she was Second Directress, she chose to follow the example of an illustrious general and statesman, who, with a directness of purpose all ladies admire, said the "constitution meant what he understood it to mean;" and, accordingly, the constitution and by-laws were by Mrs. Gen. Alltalk put *hors du combat*. "A very pretty quarrel" was got up soon after our ladies had reached Sterling, and gave them their first experience and insight into the many ingenious ways ladies resort to to keep life from stagnation.

Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman were both applied to by Mrs. Gen. Alltalk and Mrs. Herringbone to take sides with them;

but, as they were new-comers, they begged to be excused from any share in this controversy. Mrs. Outright was already, as before stated, a Sixth Directress, filling a vacancy occurring by resignation of a lady removing from the city. Her election was consequent on the eminent distinction gained by Alandresso's driving, the liberality of her subscriptions, and the reputation of wealth, which, with surprising suddenness, had gone over the surface of society. These ladies and others deemed it a matter of duty for her to take sides in this momentous matter; but nothing could induce Mrs. Outright to change her purpose. And so it was, when, on the day of the annual meeting, the First Directress made her report, she fully defended the action of the Board of Managers, and herself as its president, to the meeting of the subscribers; and, though there was no allusion to Mrs. Gen. Alltalk, yet that lady regarded every line as pointing to herself; and, as soon as the report was ended, rising from her seat, out of order, — but what cared she for order? — she addressed the company present, saying "she had, during her official relations, sought to do everything for the best, and she believed she had done so; that the society might get on now after their own fashion, for she resigned her office, and should henceforth be nothing but a subscriber." The lady president quickly remarked "that, by *the constitution*, all appointments were annual, and came to an end with the opening of this meeting. If Mrs. Gen. Alltalk declined a reëlection, it would be proper for her to do so when the election of officers for the year ensuing should be before the society; at this moment it was for the meeting to act upon the report which had just been read." This reproof was too much for Mrs. Gen. Alltalk, who thereupon rose and left the house. And Mrs. Outright, to her great surprise, found herself elected, unanimously,

Second Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society for the City of Sterling, — an honor of no mean rank.

Mrs. Gen. Alltalk came, the next day, to visit Mrs. Outright. She assured Mrs. Outright she never was so happy as when told that she was to fill her place. She regarded it fortunate for the society that it was so; but she assured Mrs. Outright that, if Mrs. Outright only knew all she knew then, Mrs. Outright would feel all she felt. Mrs. Outright replied, she regretted any difference existed between herself and the First Directress, and would gladly resign her office to be replaced by one so eminent in the church and city as Mrs. Gen. Alltalk. To which Mrs. Gen. Alltalk replied in these words: "I am sure of it, Mrs. Outright; but nothing in the world shall ever induce me to hold a place subordinate to that lady. Let me warn you, my dear friend, of that woman, whose cunning is only surpassed by her malice. She has the Beneficent Society completely under her thumb, and everybody must act as she bids them. For one, I never will be her menial!"

"Pardon me, madam," said Annie, in a severe, calm tone; "I am to be controlled only by my conscience."

"My dear Mrs. Outright! I pray you will pardon me. My words were ill chosen. But I have been so often snubbed and cut up by that lady, that I fear I fail in Christian charity when I speak of her and her friends."

We have been somewhat particular in this narrative, because of its extreme rarity. Ladies of the highest rank and fashion are sometimes made to feel they share a common lot, and that

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain
For promised joy."

CHAPTER XLII.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

The residence of our pilgrims was situated on one of the sides of a private square, enclosing within a high iron fence a small but highly ornamented park, opened by keys held by th proprietors or occupants of the houses around the square.

On one side of them lived the Hon. Mr. Flint and his lady; and on the other Mr. Jeduthan Watkins and family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, nice girls of twenty and twenty-two, and their only son Tommy, a bright boy of twelve years.

Mr. Flint was a remarkable man. He never so much as recognized their existence during the first season of their residence as his next-door neighbors. About eleven o'clock of a fine day they were wont to see a man of seventy, wrapped up in an old gray overcoat, however warm the weather, descending his steps as carefully as if his legs were made of glass. When at the iron railing in front of his steps, he would look up and down the pavement; and, if all was clear, he crossed over, opened the gate into the park, and carefully locked himself in. Here he would spend an hour walking in the sunshine; and if, on his return, a man came down the pavement, he stood in the gateway of the park, with a look of anxious suspicion. His shaggy brows covered eyes that glowed like coals of fire; and his teeth, white and large, firmly closed, were always revealed, by his lips being slightly drawn up at the corners of his mouth, as he thus stood in suspense, waiting the man to pass him; resembling

some ugly mastiff, whose fur is bristling from his ears to his tail, when approached by a fellow-mastiff with more of familiarity than is agreeable.

As Gertrude was one day looking out of her parlor window, she saw a poor, wretched woman, with a sick baby in her arms, unconscious of danger, approach him just as he had opened the park gate to come out, and beg his alms; when his fiery glance, the show of his great teeth, swimming in saliva, made her shrink; and, folding her poor babe to her bosom, she hastened away, as though glad to escape being bitten by this terrible old man.

Such were the outward aspects of the Honorable Mr. Flint. In youth and early manhood the highest hopes were entertained of his great intellect and lofty principles; but this nobleman of nature became a mere muck-rake. He lived childless and alone — married, indeed, without one sentiment of love. He held no intercourse with the men around him. They were pigmies in comparison with him in intellect, and he neither wanted their sympathy nor society. He stood among his fellows a living monument of the petrifying power of avarice. This old man, whose life was so hermit-like, lived the life of a spider, whose web stretched over the length and breadth of the land. With a sagacity never at fault, he made his investments without the knowledge of any but of those necessarily cognizant of his transactions. No tax-gatherer could, by any skill, begin to trace the property of Mr. Flint. His wife, a woman with whom he never could have had any sympathy, was allowed to spend whatever money in whatever way she saw fit; and, once a year, for a week or a month, she would show a commendable love of making her wealth a source of present enjoyment; but, either from

submission to a superior mind, or her own love of accumulation, these outbreaks were never repeated in the same year.

On the other side lived Mr. Watkins. This gentleman was about sixty years of age. In his dress he bore the marks of a neat, nice person, whose mien was that of a minister. His manners were very precise, and perfectly proper. His fortune had been greatly increased by marrying; but he was too timid to enter into any speculations where there was a distant danger of loss; even stock in a fire insurance company was far too hazardous for him. His carefulness led him to loans on mortgages, and especially to the utmost economy at home. His daughters were imperfectly educated, because "it cost so much money;" not that he avowed this to any one, his wife excepted, for he carefully covered up his parsimony in this respect by saying to his neighbors, "he thought the tendencies of boarding-schools implanted a love of worldly amusements inconsistent with a life of piety." So his poor girls were unfitted for society; and, though pretty and amiable, were kept out of all social life, because they would not go into company without a fitting allowance for their personal expenses; and, this being denied them, their hearts were hardened into hatred of all piety by the hypocrisy and meanness of their parents, who purposed marrying them to some rich widower, who would select these young ladies for the very reasons which made them unattractive to young men. These girls were forever hearing homilies on home-breeding There was no end to the wise reflections of their father and mother against the vanity and danger of youthful pursuits, and the follies of the present day. Indeed, so bare of money were these girls of a rich father, that they gladly accepted the aid

of a kind seamstress, who, in pity of their poverty, helped them by supplying them with work secretly; and so they were enabled, from time to time, to buy a pretty collar, or a handsome ribbon, and, at last, a nice silk dress. But their parents never noticed these novelties. They ignored these results of long nights of labor, though they found it in their hearts to complain of the consumption of oil; for it was the rule, in this pious family, to have prayers at nine o'clock, when the curfew bell of a neighboring steeple had rung, and then to retire.

All this was notorious in the circles in which these people moved; but, such was the state of isolation, so general was this feeling, that no one made it a matter of reproach. On the contrary, the Watkinses were regarded as pattern people: they were commended for the example they set to all the world in bringing up their children in such severe simplicity, and habits of such strict economy. O! how it pleased Mr. and Mrs. Watkins to find their cruel meanness baptized with such fine names as "godly simplicity" and "a holy prudence"!

No wonder these girls and Master Thomas Watkins gladly accepted the warm welcome which was extended to them at the home of our pilgrims, and that they soon became daily visitants. It was not strange that these girls loved to be in rooms bathed in light, where music, and conversation, and sportive playfulness of the mind, gave new joy to the happy circle; and there were especial charms in the conversation of the select few who gathered around the centre-table of Mrs. Outright and Mrs. Trueman. Indeed, the home of our pilgrims soon became eminently popular among their acquaintances — not for splendid parties, nor for costly dinners, but for the perpetual sunshine which invested their

home: and, as for Master Thomas, it was amusing, at first, to observe the ingenious excuses he made to find his way into the house; and, of all parts of it, the basement rooms were most attractive to him, for the hunger of the boy soon secured the sympathy of the servants, who regarded him as a half-starved child, as he was. An understanding was soon established, and Tommy was voted the freedom of the house, by unanimous consent of all above stairs, warmly seconded by all below.

Miss Lydia Watkins, the eldest daughter, was, at the commencement of her intimacy with our pilgrims, addressed by Henry Homes, a young dry-goods merchant. He was poor, but promising; and the lovers were compelled to adopt all stealthy ways of meeting each other. Mr. Watkins told his daughter if she married Homes he would disown her. This young gentleman was sought out by Frank, and introduced by him to Mr. Thompson, who took him into his employ. Frank supplied him with the means to fit up a house; and, when Lydia was got ready, in which labor of love our ladies took an active interest, the lover made a formal request for Lydia's hand, and was promptly refused. This done, the young lady disappeared, and reäppeared as the wedded wife of Henry Homes. This event was regarded by her father as a great scandal; and he made a parade of his holy indignation, as due to the cause of parental government. His will was made anew, and Lydia was disinherited. In this way he secured himself from being ever called upon by his son-in-law, should misfortune attend him and his child. Happily, his cunning only aroused the sympathy of Mr. Thompson and our pilgrims; and Mr. Watkins was soon surprised to find his son-in-law the partner of one of the most pros-

perous and wealthy firms in the city. Then it was that his meanness and sycophancy became conspicuous, and were harder to be borne by Mr. and Mrs. Homes than his previous neglect and enmity.

It was odd that these neighbors, so alike, should entertain a strong repugnance to each other. This was discovered by the wives, who found it in their hearts to tell our ladies the most surprising particulars concerning each other; but, if any third person present made any remark upon the penuriousness of the other, they became at once their warm partisans. On closely examining into this strange conduct, our ladies saw, in the workings of these neighbors' minds, when defending the other from the charge of avarice, that they spoke as if they were themselves on trial, and the defence they made was nothing less than defence of themselves.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW TO TEACH A CHILD THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.

One day, our ladies were out in the carriage in search of a poor woman living in a section of the city assigned to Mrs. Outright as Second Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society. It was a duty devolving upon Mrs. Outright, before she adopted a beneficiary of their society, to make a personal examination of the wants of the applicant, that the supplies should never become a bounty to idleness, improvidence, or vice. This duty was rigidly enforced by the First Directress; and it was the constant

breach of this rule by Mrs. General Alltalk that led to all the difficulty we have already spoken of.

Leaving their carriage at the entrance of an alley, and taking a basket containing some cakes as gifts to children, they threaded their way up one of the dirtiest places conceivable. The poor children were sailing paper boats in the puddles of dirty water standing in the holes of the alley; and when asked, "Where does Old Murphy live?" they stared at our ladies, but made no reply.

Opening her basket, Annie offered cakes to any one who would show her Mrs. Murphy's door. In an instant the ships on their tiny ocean were forgotten, and twenty voices cried, "I 'll show you! — I 'll show you!" holding out their dirty hands for the cakes.

"No," said Annie, "first show me the door where Murphy and his wife live."

Then they all came to a stand-still. There were at least a dozen Murphys in the alley. The children asked, "What does he do? Does he beg for a living? Has he got a wooden leg? and is he all bent up with the *rhumatis?*"

Annie thought that that answered the description given by Mrs. Murphy of her husband. Then every one knew; and, with a troop of children around them, they were led on into a court of some sort, consisting of one story buildings, miserable shed-like homes of the poor. Bursting open the door for Annie to enter, two of the boys shouted out, "Here lives Old Murphy!" Annie entered. Old Murphy and wife, and two ragged girls of twelve and fifteen years, sat feeding out of an old basket of cold victuals, the product of his morning labors; and Tommy Watkins, with a bone in his hands, seated on a stool, with his back to

the door, as much at home as any one of the group. The opening of the door, and the presence of our ladies, suspended their repast. And when Master Watkins saw Mrs. Outright in the doorway, he uttered a cry of agony, and, in an instant, hid himself beneath the wretched bed in the corner, where his uncontrollable sobs and deep-drawn sighs were heard with equal sympathy and sorrow by Annie, who alone had entered the hovel; Gertrude being occupied distributing cakes, on the outside, to the children.

Annie instantly retreated, and requested Murphy and wife to come out to her; which they were glad to do, for the hut was in a horrible condition, and no way creditable to Mrs. Murphy as a housewife.

"What is the meaning of Tommy Watkins' being here? We have missed him for a month past. Is he playing truant here?" asked Annie.

"Not a bit of it, my leddy," said Old Murphy. "Poor boy! I pity him, from my heart I pity him! But I'll tell ye how it is. Ye see Mr. Watkins is a rich man, and he wants his boy to know how the poor live, *so that he may come to know the worth of a dollar*. Them's his very words, my leddy; and so he gives me a dollar a week for his board and lodging. Poor boy! I'm sorry enough for him. But, then, me'm, I thought, if a rich man had no objection to his son living with me and my gals, I had n't. Then it is a dollar a week; and that is a great deal to a poor man, like me."

And the children outside all said they knew Tommy was a boarder, and had been for a month past, at Old Murphy's. Tommy was requested to come out to the ladies, by Mrs. Murphy. But he said "he would n't come."

Annie and Gertrude both went in the hut alone, and begged Tommy to come out of his hiding-place; but their loving entreaties increased his grief to suffocating cries of agony, so terribly painful that they were compelled to leave him.

It was the last time they ever saw poor Tommy! What became of him they never knew. His sisters said, "Father had sent him to school in the country," and they evidently believed it to be so. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, when they met our pilgrims, instead of their accustomed placid, pious smile of complacency, wore the aspect of guilt; and all acquaintance here ceased. The visits of Sophia, their daughter, were uninterrupted; but all other intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins came to an end. For months they never met them on the pavement, even; and when they did a polite bow only was exchanged. The sisters sought to penetrate the mystery which surrounded their parents; but nothing was revealed. Old Murphy was sent for, the next week. He said, in reply to their inquiries, that when they were gone Tommy came out, and said "he would drown himself; never would he go home again;" and that he left them as soon as it was dark, and they supposed he had changed his mind and had gone home. But, when, the next day, he went to get his dollar for the last week's board, and asked for Tommy, and was told he was not at home, then the thought of his drowning himself first came to his mind. He at once told his father all that had happened, who requested Murphy to say nothing about his fears to any one; nor would he consent to believe it possible Tommy was drowned. Nor was this all. The women-servants told our ladies that Mrs. Watkins' only servant had told them "something dreadful had happened, she was sure; for Mrs. Watkins

wept every day, and sighed, and said, 'Poor Tommy! he's gone, and we shall see him no more!' Now, if he was gone to school, when did he go, and where was he gone?" Such were questions the servants asked their mistresses, for all loved Tommy Watkins. The conclusion of all speculations of our pilgrims was, that Tommy was drowned; that, in agony of soul, degraded as he was by his parents, he had put an end to his life.

These most worthy, these pattern members of society, lived, as before, in full communion with their church; for, in Sterling, it was impossible to lose *caste* while wealth remained. So long as the avarice which could immolate the self-respect of an only son, and sacrifice the love of loving daughters, wore the semblance of prudence, of a feeling which sought to live above the world and worldly vanities, it was sure of the commendation of the pious and godly of Sterling City. To such hardness can avarice petrify the soul.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OUR LADIES' VISIT TO MRS. GENERAL ALLTALK.

It was a sleet, cold, rainy day in December, when a poor girl came to the basement-door, miserably and thinly clad, yet wearing the appearance of honest poverty. There was not a hole in her dress, though there were many patches. It was very mean, but not soiled; and the hood she wore was made out of patches, quilted with care and taste, to appear decent.

The servants, interested in her story, had taken off her wet

cloak, if it could be called a cloak, and were attiring the girl in a shawl of their own, when Thomas, the footman, came to our ladies, who were seated at a centre-table covered with ladies' work, in the delightful certainty of freedom from all callers, and intending to do "such a day's work!" Thomas asked leave to bring up a poor girl, who wanted to see Mrs. Outright. It was with a feeling almost of petulance that Annie rose from her seat and was about to say "let her come to-morrow," but a shrill blast of wind and the driving rain restrained her; and, instead of a refusal, Thomas was told to bring her up. And the poor girl entered, not ungracefully, but with such timidity and bashfulness as made her pale, wan face beautiful. At once Annie went forward, and, taking her hand, led her towards the hearth, and seated her upon a stool. "Now, my dear girl, tell me what has brought you out in this dreadful weather."

The tears suddenly and uncontrollably burst forth from the girl, and, for a time, prevented her from speaking. Annie said to her, soothingly, "Weep, my dear child, — it will relieve you; and, when you can do so, tell us all." And, to save her from further disquietude, she and Gertrude talked of their work as if she was not present. With difficulty the girl regained her self-control, and was wiping her tears away with the sleeve of her wet dress, when Gertrude gave her her own handkerchief — a little act of womanly courtesy which reöpened the fountain of tears. Poor child! how well did this tell her appreciation of this kindness, and also the desolation of her heart, which sent such gentleness as a thrill of pain to her soul.

"Ladies!" said the girl, in a tone of refinement, — how does a single word spoken define the position and character of a

stranger! — "Ladies, my mother is extremely ill, and I have come here for help. I was told if I came here I should meet with aid and sympathy. We need both!" and, her suppressed tears breaking out afresh, she was silent.

Her tale was at last told. It was a sad one. Her mother had known better days, and she was her only child — her only tie to life. They lived by sewing, but consumption came, and all the memorials of a happy past had been sold, one by one, till now nothing remained. Her mother had applied for aid to the Ladies' Beneficent Society, through Mrs. Gen. Alltalk; who, because her mother declined answering her questions respecting her family and early life, had declined all aid, saying she must apply to the Magdalen Society; a reply which had caused a world of grief to her mother, who had resented it as a cruel insult to her poverty; and, in doing so, had gained the resolute ill-will of Mrs. Gen. Alltalk. She had been told by a poor Irish woman that Mrs. Outright was now in the place of Mrs. Gen. Alltalk; and so sure was this poor woman, who had been very kind to her mother, that if an application was made to Mrs. Outright she would get aid and comfort, that, in life's extremity, her mother had consented for her to come. She came, and during her absence Mrs. Donoghue was watching beside her poor, sick mother. And when asked what they needed most, the poor girl, after pausing for a moment, replied, "Food, medicine — everything."

To meet the call thus made upon their hearts was the decision of the instant; and the carriage was ordered. Thomas was directed to make up a basket of food, and wine, and medicine; and Annie's maid Martha, who was of the girl's figure, was told to

dress her in her own clothing, and she should have everything replaced; and so sure was Martha that she should be the gainer by the exchanges made, that the girl not only had her best winter dress, but a bag full of clothing, which Martha said she wanted and must have.

It was a happy moment when the poor girl reäppeared sweetly clad in the best clothing Martha had at command. It was a new creation, and the timid girl's face wore the hue of beauty from the excitement of the moment.

While the ladies dressed, Martha was ordered to take Lucy, for that was the girl's name, to the basement for a warm breakfast.

Mrs. Outright found Frank and Oliver sitting together in the library-room, into which their chambers opened. They were in their slippers and robes, cosily looking over the morning papers. Seeing her enter with her cloak and hood upon her arm, Oliver laid down his paper with a look of surprise, and asked what all this meant. The tale of woe was told, but Oliver and Frank thought the weather too inclement for them to go out; but Annie was resolute. Then Frank said he had heard that that section of the city was exceedingly unhealthy, and was not very reputable.

"Go with us, then," said Annie; but no, that they would not do. Gertrude now came in all cloaked and shawled, and the husbands, as a last resort, so as to feel that they had gained something, insisted they should call and take Mrs. Gen. Alltalk with them; and, under her guidance and protection, they consented to their going out on this most infelicitous visit of charity. They said they would change their residence — their wives had become notorious; and they growled away that they would hire a colporteur and city missionary for their own especial use, and

then they hoped to keep their wives at home. But when these pretty ladies were all ready to go, and came and kissed these growlers "good-by," they relented, and fondly took leave of them, saying, "God bless you! come back as soon as you can." And the whole household, Alandresso excepted, were proud of such ministering angels. But Alec. was a perfect bear. He was angry to have his horses exposed to such weather, and as for taking out his close carriage, he would not; and it was in a vehicle used in summer weather, all open in front, with the winds and sleet coming into their faces, they set out, Lucy between them on the back seat; the front seat filled with baskets, covered by a buffalo-robe. In this outfit they drove to the elegant residence of Mrs. Gen. Alltalk.

Leaving the girl in the carriage, they entered the house; and, finding Mrs. Gen. A. was not ready to receive them, they directed Mrs. Gen. A.'s footman to bring Lucy into the entry. After ten minutes' delay the servant-maid of Mrs. Gen. A. requested them to walk up stairs. On being ushered into the cabinet of this lady, they found her sitting at a splendid inlaid rose-wood writing-table, engaged in writing in an octavo blank-book, beautifully bound in blue morocco.

Mrs. Gen. Alltalk laid down her pen and rose gracefully, and begged to be told to what most surprising event she was indebted for a call on this fearfully chill, cold, sleety, rainy morning.

"We have come to take you with us," said Annie, "to see a poor woman living near the Seven Dials. Her name is Mowbray, and you know her. She is said to be very sick."

Mrs. Gen. Alltalk lifted up her hands in astonishment. "I go to the Seven Dials! and to see a woman, on such a day as

this! No, indeed! I must be excused. I do not know the woman. I have no knowledge of her of any sort, and she has no claim whatever upon me."

"Do you not remember she applied to you for aid," said Annie, "and you referred her to the Magdalen Society? Now you certainly recollect her, and you must have known something of her history to have done so."

It turned out that Mrs. Gen. Alltalk did recollect being applied to by a very lady-like person who lived near the Seven Dials, and who would give no account of herself, only that she was in poverty, and sick, and needed aid, and resented the insinuation that she had lived a loose life. Some words passed between them, which induced Mrs. Gen. Alltalk to say to her, "You must look to the Magdalen Society;" for she believed she was no better than she should be, or she would not have been so very resentful of her inquiries as to what had been her past history.

"This poor woman may have been proud and poor," said Gertrude. "However that may be, she is now sick, very sick."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Gen. Alltalk, "and what can I do for her? If she is dying, she is doubtless past all consciousness of suffering; but, living or dying, I must be excused. I never go out in bad weather. It is a duty I owe to my family; and, besides, I have set apart this day to bring up my Diary. I have not been able to write a line for a week past, and you know how hard it is to bring up arrears of this sort."

"I never kept a diary," replied Gertrude, to whom Mrs. A. had addressed her last remark.

"And do you not keep a diary?" asked Mrs. A., addressing Annie.

Mrs. Outright replied, smiling, "I tried once, madam, and wrote in it for a few months; but I found it very jejune, a mere repetition of the same states of mind, and I gave it up."

"Ah, madam, you found it too severe a curb upon your love of worldly vanities!"

"No; but it was so stupidly dull I grew weary of it," replied Annie.

"Mrs. Outright, is it not as wise to record the same conditions of the mind as to pray the same prayer?"

"But, Mrs. Alltalk, would you put on paper all the thoughts and petitions you address to God? What would you say if your diary should be stolen? Or if you die, what may happen to it?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Outright; but listen. I believe I can tell you the real reasons for the discontinuance of your diary. You did not like to write down, in black and white, the honest truth. You did not like to commence and continue a week of some such memoranda as this:

"'*Monday.* — Met Miss Jones on my way to our ladies' prayer-meeting. She told me Madam Coteau was to open her winter bonnets at eleven precisely, and invited me to go with her. I went, and purchased the prettiest bonnet she had, for thirty-five dollars.

"'*Tuesday evening.* — Meeting in the vestry; but I wanted to go to Jullien's grand concert, and I went.

"'*Wednesday evening.*— Lecture. Some friends called in, and I thought their conversation far more instructive than anything Doctor Commonplace could say; and I did not apologize to them, and go to lecture; but I staid at home, and we had a musical evening of it.

"'*Thursday.* — Our Mite Society meeting. Felt very unlike praying myself, and no wish to join in the prayers of others. So I remained at home.

"'*Friday night.* — I have just returned from hearing Barilla. What a sweet voice! What an escape for me! — the Reverend Doctor Snowembrown preached in our church this evening. Gertrude came home, and went to bed immediately, — so weary she could not sit up till Oliver and I returned from the opera.

"'*Saturday.* — We had a dinner-party of twelve to-day. Did n't rise from the table till half-past seven, — too late for the teachers' meeting.

"'*Sunday.* — The Rev. Doctor Commonplace in the morning; Rev. Doctor Snowembrown in the evening. Attended both services; but, either these are the dullest of all preachers, or I am the poorest of all hearers, for I slept from the text to the close; and, when asked by my husband, could tell him neither head nor tail of either sermon.'

"Now, Mrs. Outright, there 's the sort of diary that you are not willing to keep, though *that* is the sort of life you like to live!"

"You are very felicitous, madam, in writing up my diary for me," said Annie, smiling. "I could not have been more successful had I tried, — especially so as to the sermons of the reverend doctors. They are as certain to put me asleep as I am to go to church. Pray, how did you find it out?"

"Ah, madam! when a lady pulls her veil over her face, and disposes herself for a nap in church, she may be ever so clever, but she can't conceal the fact from those who are her near neighbors; and Mrs. Herringbone chances to be one of yours."

Annie laughed heartily, and said, "I confess to my omissions of duty, but nothing more."

"I cannot permit you, Annie, to plead guilty to such a series of charges," said Gertrude, with unusual feeling. "We live, Mrs. Alltalk, to contribute to the happiness of our husbands and their friends. Our religious life does not depend on all the various religious meetings which others find both useful and necessary. We have other means of instruction than the mouth of our minister. It is not, therefore, a necessity with us, as with others, to attend this round of religious meetings; nor can we allow others to prescribe what is either our privilege or our duty. We seek to do good as we have opportunity, and in the way most accordant to our abilities and our consciences."

"My dear Mrs. Trueman, you are entirely too serious. I beg you will permit me to call your attention from Mrs. Outright's diary to my own. Here you see it,"— and Mrs. A. opened a magnificent rosewood library, whose plate-glass and gilded brass mounting made it a splendid article of furniture in her elegant and most luxuriously furnished room. "Now," said that lady, "if I was a high church lady, this would be called my *oratory;* but, as it is, I call it my cabinet. And here are my diaries,— one volume to each year, ever since my marriage."

"I am sure I should be greatly edified by examining these volumes," said Annie, passing her gloved finger over the long rows of thirty volumes. "But just now let me remind you of the object of our visit. Our husbands laid their commands upon us to call for you, who, they were certain, of all persons, was best fitted to go on such a mission of mercy as this."

The lady, greatly pleased with this compliment, replied, "Ah,

those husbands of yours! — they are, indeed, such charming gentlemen! They have such admirable manners, and their bearing is so fine! I am never approached by them at an evening party but I am sure of being not only interested, but every way gratified, by their conversation. But, my dear ladies, I really can't go out in such weather as this! — and, as to going to the Seven Dials, I could not be induced to go into that slough of pollution in the supniest day of June; and, on such a day as this, I deem it a first duty to stay at home."

"I don't know how we can go without you. Our husbands were very stringent that we should take you along with us," said Annie.

"Indeed, Mrs. Outright, I am greatly obliged to them; but I never go out in damp weather. I am apt to take cold; and I have n't got over the exposure incident to Mrs. Thompson's party. But, why do you go to-day? Why not wait till it clears up?"

"O, yes, indeed!" said Annie, impatiently; "but the poor woman may be dying."

"My dear Mrs. Outright! let me tell you, you never need expend all this warm sympathy upon these creatures!"

"Indeed! And why not?" cried Annie, surprised at hearing this from a lady who had held the offices of First and Second Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society; and in this feeling Gertrude fully participated, as was expressed in her face.

"Don't be astonished, ladies; but sit down and listen to me." So saying, Mrs. Alltalk threw herself into a velvety-downy chair, standing before the grate filled with bright burning coals. Our ladies, however, could not be seduced to follow her example, but remained standing. "Don't think me hard-hearted if I say we

make great mistakes in these matters. We see the misery of these beggars through our spectacles: this is the deception we practise upon ourselves. What is destitution to us, is not so to them; and, ladies, the point of vision we should take is this: the wretchedness they suffer is the just punishment of improvidence, neglect of duty, moral and physical, or, it may be, actual sin; and all your charity is only so much of conflict with the just judgment of God, all which is contravened by your ill-advised sympathy; and, lastly, this great gulf of wretchedness and sin can never be bridged by our charity. No; let us pray, my friends, for the coming of the millennium. With the Second Advent the miseries of the world will come to an end, and never before. You may spend your time and money in this way, and in doing so defeat, as far as you can, God's moral government of this world."

"Indeed, madam!" said Annie; "and were you not my predecessor in office?"

"And what has that to do with my judgment in these matters?" replied the lady, tartly. "Society has its false opinions of charity, as in other matters. As a Second Directress of the Ladies' Beneficent Society, I sought to do all the good, and to save the society from doing all the harm, I could. I endeavored to prevent its charities from becoming, as they often are, premiums upon intemperance and idleness. Not that I believe in relieving improvidence by gifts of fuel. No, ladies; every bushel of coals we send in winter from our coal-yard makes way for the demand of a chaldron; and you will find it so."

"Ah! well, we can't stop now to debate this question," said Annie. "Our Saviour teaches us our duty in the parable of the

good Samaritan; and I prefer the teachings of Christ to those of Lord Brougham. This poor woman is sick, — how sick I can't guess; and we shall see her, at all hazards."

"You must act your pleasure, ladies; but I warn you not to lay the flattering unction to your souls that any zeal in active duties will make up for the neglect of the far more difficult duties of the closet and the vestry."

Gertrude spoke: "We shall never, madam, plead any extenuation of any neglect of duty; nor can we neglect a present duty by any longer stay. Good-day, madam;" and, with formal curtseys, they parted.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SICK SEAMSTRESS IN HOG ALLEY.

Leaving Mrs. General Alltalk fresh materials for several pages in her diary, our ladies drove to the Seven Dials, and were compelled to leave their carriage at the corner of a miserable alley, and wade through mud and snow to the home of Lucy. The girl flew up the stairs, story above story, to the topmost, cheering our ladies, saying, "One flight more," "one story more," until the landing was reached, and they entered a room which served as the kitchen, the place of coals, the room of all work. The room next was the chamber of the sick woman. Opening the door ajar, they saw Mrs. Mowbray. She lay asleep. Her face

was white as the pillow on which she slept, the long fringes of her eyelids lay upon her cheeks, and it was hard to tell that she breathed. Her beauty, even in its decay, was wonderful.

An Irish woman of the poorest sort sat at the foot of the bed, whose kind nature was shown in every line of her face. They had opened the door with all stealthiness, and, as the latch lifted, the woman turned her head and put her finger to her lips, and softly opened the door. She would not allow them more than to look in. Closing the door softly as she came out, Mrs. Donoghue told Lucy her poor mother had moaned a while for her, and then fell asleep from very weariness, praying for God's blessing upon her child. "Indade! indade! I 'm thinking she may be dying, for her feet are cold as ice!"

Poor Lucy fainted on hearing these dreadful tidings; and Mrs. Donoghue was sent for the baskets and bundles from the carriage, for restoratives for the child as well as for the mother. When she was recovered, and was told by Gertrude that she must forget herself and think only of her mother, and save her poor mother from every uncalled-for pang of suffering, Lucy became at once calm and self-possessed. It was the triumph of love. Aided by the Irish woman, the fire was replenished, and wine-whey made for Mrs. Mowbray as soon as she should wake.

Our ladies had laid aside their cloaks and bonnets; and Lucy sat on the bedside of her mother, with a look of intense expectancy. Mrs. Mowbray moved her head restlessly, and Lucy said: "Mother! mother! I am here."

Mrs. Mowbray opened her eyes languidly, and when she saw her child in a new dress, a look of surprise came over her feat-

ures, and at once those eyes beamed forth the splendors of a setting sun. Lucy met the question of that glance. "Mother, these ladies dressed me. They have come to see you." And now Mrs. Mowbray turned her gaze upon Annie and Gertrude. It was an eagle's glance — it looked her alarm, distrust, and terror. At once Gertrude knelt at the bedside and informed her for what purpose they had come. Her tones of voice changed the glance of those bright eyes, so eloquent in silence; and a smile of beauty and confidence cleared away the shadows of doubt and fear, before so painfully expressed.

Annie presented the whey, and she was persuaded to take some of it. They asked her if she was aware of her disease and the nearness of her last hour; and was she prepared to meet her last change.

She listened with the look of one in whose mind a double process is going on. And when Gertrude asked if she should sing to her, she smiled, and whispered, "Sing, O yes! sing!" Annie and Gertrude sang a sweet hymn, full of hope and piety. Mrs. Mowbray closed her eyes, and big tears swelling up from her heaving bosom stole down her faded and beautiful cheek. When they ceased, she was silent for a time, and then whispered, "I was dreaming of heaven, this morning. I was with the angels. O, how fair and bright they were! And I heard them sing; and, waking, angels are at my bedside, . . . and my vision is true." Closing her eyes, she sunk away into a swoon.

It was long before she was recovered. And in terror Lucy rose to her feet and stood like a statue, rivetted in one long look of dread and expectation of death. The poor woman

came back once more to life, and Annie asked, "Shall I have the charge of your child? Will you trust Lucy to my care?"

These words seemed to reach the very soul of the dying mother. She drew her child to her, and whispered. The girl rose, and, taking Mrs. Donoghue, who had just renewed the bottles of hot water to the feet of Mrs. M., said, "Mother wants to speak to these ladies alone, aunty."

Our ladies knelt at the bedside; and Mrs. Mowbray, in husky whispers, showing her lungs were gone, said: "When I am dead my child will go to her father. Take care of her till he comes. Send for him, and deliver into his hands a letter I will give you. Only to him, and into his hands. May God reward you! I can say no more. Call Lucy!"

Lucy came. The mother told her to give her the package. Lucy at once comprehended her mother, and went to a calico bag, in which was a letter sewed up in a silk cover. Mrs. Mowbray looked at it with intense feeling flashing from her eye, and which even brought a color to her face. She looked to Gertrude and said, "Take it, and Lucy." "I will," said Gertrude, as she took the package and put it in her bosom, and drew Lucy to her. The mother smiled as she looked upon them. It was a gaze of tenderest love.

She indicated now that Lucy must come to her; and the child placed her arms around her mother, and asked, "Dearest mother, what is it you want to say?"

It was a last effort, and it required her to summon all her strength. "Lucy, my love, I have had a proud heart! I have been cruel to you, . . . to your father, . . . to myself. May God bless you, my sweet child! Kiss me!" and the mother

folded the child in her arms, returned the kisses of her daughter, and fell asleep!

When Lucy came to the terrible consciousness that her mother slept to wake no more, she rose and stood beside the corpse, calm and tearless. It was the gaze of amazement and incredulity. But when Gertrude put her arms around the child to lead her away, she flung herself upon the corpse, and begged to stay beside it till it must be taken forever from her.

They remained some time with Lucy, who now began to vent her grief in tears and fearful cries. When all was done that could be done, and Lucy promised to be quiet and calm if they would but let her remain under the care of Mrs. Donoghue, our ladies returned, promising to be at the funeral; sorrowful for the poor child they had left behind them, but thanking God for the high privilege of not only ministering to the mother, but of providing a home to her innocent and lovely daughter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LUCY AND HER FATHER.

By order of Frank, the undertaker of their church made all preparations for the burial of Mrs. Mowbray; and the next day at noon, our pilgrims, attended by the rector of Holy Trinity, who was their personal and loved friend, assembled in the upper

room in which lay the beautiful form of Mrs. Mowbray enshrouded and coffined with all costliness; for there was no limit to the discretion given to the undertaker, nor were they displeased to see that all care had been bestowed by him.

It was a strange sight to the people in the street and alley to see a plumed hearse with its black horses, and two carriages waiting for the coffin of a tenant of Hog Alley; and of the ragged group there assembled no one knew whose coffin it was, or ever after missed the occupant of those attic rooms.

The coffin was placed in the vault of the cemetery for subsequent disposition, and the service was read at the tomb; poor Lucy the sole relative, though not the only mourner, present.

When this was over, nothing had been left unattended to but to deliver the letter, which, on opening the silk bag, was found addressed to "Frederick Grant, Esquire, Montague-square, Babylon." He was at once written to and informed that a letter from his deceased wife was held by them to be delivered to him in person; and that her child Lucy would remain under their care till she should be placed under his own protection. And this being done, all was done. Lucy alone remained, — a lovely girl, whose education, to their surprise and pleasure, they found had been carried on with care and success. She knew all she had been taught thoroughly. Her pencil sketches would have passed for an artist's. She had never seen a box of colors.

There were four books only which remained to her as keepsakes of her mother. These were beautiful English editions, in single volumes, of the Bible, "Watts' Psalms and Hymns," "Milton," and "Wordsworth." These only, of all that once were

her mother's which would have commanded a single shilling at a pawnbroker's shop, remained unsold. And all that did remain of bedding and furniture was turned over to Mrs. Donoghue, with a liberal reward, for her kindness and sympathy.

Lucy had lived the secluded life of a Casper Hauser. She never went out but with her mother, and Mrs. Mowbray never left her house till long after dark. Lucy's highly sensitive and active mind had made these four books familiar as household words; nor do we regard such a child, at the age of fourteen, whose mind was furnished with all the great thoughts found in these pure fountains of piety and poetry, as unfitted for the highest circles of society.

On being questioned by the ladies as to her early life, she said she remembered living in a great house, and her father was a tall man; but her recollections were those of a child of two years old, till she came to live in Hog Alley. That she sometimes asked her mother about her father, but she had replied, "You shall know all when I am no more." The tenor of this thought had kept her silent, nor could she tell any more of her earliest years.

A month passed away, and no answer came to Frank's note, and it ceased to be a daily expectation to hear from Mr. Grant; and so winning was Lucy that they hoped never to see him, having made up their minds to adopt Lucy into their family. Then grew a restless fear of loving her too well; and, when a third month was passed, it became a matter of playful debate whose name Lucy should bear, which, unconsciously to themselves, was kept up with more and more seriousness; when, one day, a letter was brought in with a black seal, addressed to

Frank Trueman, Esq. When Gertrude caught sight of the seal, she cried out, "Lucy is lost to us!" It was from Mr. Grant, who said he had just returned from abroad, and had lost no time in coming to Sterling, and requested Mr. Trueman to inform him of the hour when it would suit his convenience to see him. It was dated from one of the most fashionable hotels in the city, and the African in livery who brought it said "he would take an answer to his master, whose 'body-servant' he was;" emphasizing the words *body-servant*, as indicating his own importance, and the dignity of his master. Frank was about to send a verbal reply that Mr. Grant would be received whenever he should call; but the ladies insisted on his writing a note in due form, saying he would be received at his residence at noon the next day — even one day was a respite they eagerly sought.

It was a sad overthrow of their hopes. With great grief Lucy was told she had a father living, who would come to see her the next day. It was painful to witness her sorrow and perplexity. "Her father! She did n't want to see anybody who would take her away from her dear, dear Mrs. Trueman, and her dear, dear Mrs. Outright!" and they all wept together, in the prospect of impending separation. Frank and Oliver had their own cogitations, and had come to the determination to keep Lucy, unless her happiness was likely to be secured by her new relations. As for Lucy, poor girl! she could not see, if they would keep her, and she wanted to stay, how it could be that they must give her up.

The morning came, and at breakfast not one word was spoken about the one event which absorbed every one's thoughts. This over, Gertrude dressed Lucy with all the beauty full mourning is

susceptible of; and this done, there was nothing else to be done but to await the coming of the hour of noon. A weary waiting in silence and restless sadness it was to all, for it was utterly impossible to do anything else than to await Mr. Grant's coming.

At twelve o'clock a carriage came up to the door-step, and a gentleman of forty-five descended. He was a tall, slender man, having the air and bearing of a man of fashion and society. On entering he made his bows with dignity, and glanced his eagle eye around the room. Frank came forward and offered his hand. "I am Mr. Trueman; this is my lady. This is my cousin, Mr. Outright, and this is Mrs. Outright." These presentations being over, Mr. Grant sat silent, evidently waiting to be addressed. Frank, seeing this, in a tone as quiet as he could command, told him of the story of the death and burial of Mrs. Adelaide Mowbray.

"Adelaide Mowbray!" exclaimed Mr. Grant; "I know no such a person; pray give me the letter."

The letter was handed to Mr. Grant in the silk envelope in which they had received it. As he opened the letter a diamond ring fell upon the carpet. He picked it up, and examined it carefully. "Yes!" he said, in a low tone, as if unconscious of giving sound to his thoughts. "My wife's engagement ring." He read on with earnestness, till he had got half through the letter, when he looked up and asked, "Where is my daughter? May I not see her?"

Frank said she would be brought in as soon as it was his wish to receive her. The ladies rose with Oliver and left the room. "Lucy is lost to us!" cried Gertrude.

When they were gone Mr. Grant completed reading the letter;

he then examined certain passages, and seemed to have lost all consciousness of Frank's presence. "My child!" he said, as he concluded his reading, and looked up at Frank, as one coming out of a painful dream. "Let me see my child, sir, and at a future time I will explain to you all this mystery."

Frank came out of the parlor to lead Lucy in. The sweet child stood with Annie and Gertrude at the head of the stairs, trembling and waiting for her fate to be decided. She came down with a heart sinking, hardly able to walk, aided as she was by Gertrude's arm around her waist. When brought within the parlor, Mr. Grant stood scanning the form and face of Lucy, as she advanced supported by Frank and Gertrude. He came forward when she was within a few steps, and, holding her at arm's length for a moment, he said, "Lucy, my child, have I found you?" and, kissing her, led her to the sofa on which he had sat, and folded her in his arms with a kind courtesy, rather than the ardent, impulsive love of a father.

Frank and Gertrude retired. "Ah, well!" said Gertrude, as they entered the library where Oliver and Annie sat, "Lucy's father will never give her up. He ought not, and he will not; but, Frank, what a mystery there is in all this!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE STORY OF MR. AND MRS. GRANT.

For a week Mr. Grant called daily to see his child, and spent an hour or two with her. He rode out with her, and sought to make the transition easy for her to love him. Her nerves were so much affected by recent events, that Oliver and Dr. Hall, the most eminent physician of the city, and Oliver's personal friend, united in the opinion that she was not able to bear a removal from Sterling to Babylon. A separation from her new-found home seemed so painful that Mr. Grant was induced to entertain the wish expressed by our ladies for Lucy to remain until the autumn; and this was powerfully aided by the necessity Mr. Grant felt to return home, on account of his extensive business engagements. He had been a year absent from Babylon, yet now that he was in the country he felt as if there was an imperious necessity for him to be once again at his banking-house.

Lucy had retired for the night, having taken leave of her father, on the night before his return to Babylon, and Mr. Grant paced the room a while, when he seated himself, and addressed our pilgrims as follows:

"I have often wished to tell you of my past history. I feel I ought to do so; but pride has kept me silent. I thank you all for your patient courtesy in waiting for an explanation of what must be mysterious to you, and discreditable to me. My tale is soon told, and I will speak it in as few words as

I can, and I hope you will aid me to forget it. I cannot maintain my own self-respect, and do justice to my wife's memory, while I hold back from you any of its hateful realities.

"I was born the son of a wealthy merchant, and my mother was ambitious of being at the head of society in our city. In my childhood I was taught in every way the dignity of wealth; for everything said and done in my father's house was burdened with the blessedness of the rich and the misery of the poor. When a little boy, my companions acknowledged my superiority. The weighty influence of wealth I felt even when a boy, playing marbles. And, too, I was warned by my mother never to play with any boys whose fathers were not rich. At college my father's fame as a rich man lent its importance to me, his only son; and I was not wanting in asserting my claims to all that homage which men give to gold.

"So it was, even in love, I was proud. There resided in the town in which our college is situated a widow, whose only daughter was the ideal of beauty to half the young men of the senior class, who were, or affected to be, in love with her. Some admired her loveliness, some her wit and attainments, others her grace and bearing. In everything she was beautiful, and noble as she was lovely. Her mother knew, by sad experience, that poverty was the greatest of miseries; and no one of the many poor, talented seniors had any hope of her. There was a man of eminent talent who followed her as a shadow; and it was rivalry with him that led me to try my chance. I was young and gifted (so it was said), nor was I wanting in earnestness and a devotedness gratifying to the heart of this lovely girl, and which

I persuaded myself and her was prompted by love. Her mother countenanced my claims, and I won the daughter.

"I gloried in my success, for I saw I was envied by men my superiors in everything but expectations of wealth. For a few months I was happy in the consciousness of having obtained the plighted love of one of the most gifted and beautiful of womankind.

"The vacation came, and I went home and told my parents and my circle of city friends of my engagement. I soon saw that out of the atmosphere of my college I was regarded with painful amazement.

"'Engaged!' exclaimed my mother. 'And what dowry will your wife bring you?'

"I replied, in a proud tone, 'Nothing, mother, but herself; and that is all I ask.'

"I said it, but I lied, for I felt in my inmost heart I had disappointed the expectations of my parents. My mother exclaimed, 'She could not believe it possible; for,' she went on to say, 'there was not an heiress in the city I could not have aspired to."

"Then it was, my friends, that the horrible thought that I had made a mistake, and the greatest a young man can make, took firm hold upon me. As for my father, he made no remark of any sort, though it was clearly seen by me that he meditated in some way to punish me for my folly. Had he asked me to give up the engagement, I would have done so; and I waited for him to ask me, and he knew it from my mother; but he would not, and I was too proud to retract without having the

apology of his commands. I should, under any circumstances, have been an object of scorn to all my college friends.

"To go on, — I returned to college to graduate, with a heavy heart; and, under a weight of undefined regret, I married, according to my plans formed at the time of my engagement, the most gifted and beautiful woman I have ever seen.

"On my return home I was made to feel the severity of my father's displeasure; and my wife saw at a glance that she was an object of dislike, and sought in all ways to win the love of my parents; but there was an icy barrier around their hearts, that no warmth of affection could thaw. Nor was she alone in feeling this silent and long-continued manifestation of displeasure. I believe it became the delight of my father to make me suffer for the want of money. He would neither aid me to cut loose from him and put forth my own energies, nor would he make suitable provision for my family expenses. He gave me one of his large houses, handsomely furnished, for this was necessary for his reputation; but having done this, which was apparent to all the city, he did no more. My dependence was a long-continued and daily-renewed source of suffering. And, in my turn, I carried the war into the heart of my wife, and she became a woman of all work; for I delighted to degrade her, and thus make her share my own misery. Indeed, I came to look upon her as the source of all my misfortunes.

"My wife's superiority in everything that was noble and womanly was a fair subject for my mother's satire. She sneered at her love of nature and literature, until my wife never opened a book in my house but by stealth. My father's gray eye showed his intense enjoyment of my wretchedness. 'Marry in haste

and repent at leisure,' was a favorite proverb of my mother's, that I was made to hear every time I entered my parents' residence for a supply of money to meet my expenses.

"A child was born, and another, and another; but maternity brought my wife no sympathy from me. I neither loved my wife nor her children, for I felt every child was a curse sinking me lower and lower into the mire of dependence and degradation. And when I sought for sympathy from my mother, she tauntingly repeated her proverb in my ears.

"Death came suddenly, but not a day too soon, to both my parents. They were killed by the explosion of a steam-boiler, on a summer excursion; and their hoarded wealth was all mine, for I was an only child. There was a will drafted, most cunningly contrived to keep me poor all the days of my life, but it had never been executed.

"With this wealth in my possession, you will believe the trials of my wife were at an end. Not so. I kept up appearances to the world, but my wife was more wretched than before. While there was an apology for the unceasing labor she was called upon to perform, she bore it all cheerfully; but when this apology no longer existed, and she saw it was not necessity, but a stony-hearted indifference to her wants as a mother and her claims as a wife, then it was she rebelled with passionate tears. But passion and tears gained nothing for her, for I was never passionate. I never refused her requests, but I never granted them, no matter how necessary to her comfort, so my reputation did not suffer. And I knew too well her pride would keep her silent. She had no mother now, and no relatives to whom she

could go; and it was thus I took my revenge for the miseries I had suffered because she had accepted me for a husband.

"It was when her children sickened, one after another, and died, that her mind began to waver. She prayed to die; but death would not come. I overheard her midnight prayers; but they did not prevail. God did not answer, and I was deaf.

"She often said the condition of a milk-maid was superior to that of being my wife, and that she would leave me. But I knew her children were ties to me never to be broken. I was mistaken. When only Lucy remained, the youngest of all, she and her child disappeared.

"I waited quietly for her return; but she came not. I was enraged at her conduct, for soon it came to be whispered my wife had fled from me with her child; and I could not answer the questions asked me. I sat meditating my revenge when she should return, till I found myself changing places with her. It was my wife revenging herself on me; and it was a fiery ordeal for me, with my proud nature, to meet. The whole of my conduct became patent to all the circle of my friends. I withdrew from society; nor did any one dare to ask me a question, or in my presence to name my wife. But the spectres of my wife and child sat with me, day by day, at my table. They would not down at my bidding.

"I became immersed in business, and my success was all I could ask; and, when I had heaped up wealth beyond my hopes, I then needed the wife I had driven from me to make this wealth a source of personal gratification. The society that I had repelled with sternness repelled me in turn; and I lived a hermit's life, in a great city, in silence and alone.

"Years passed away, when a letter came from my wife, telling me she was living in Sterling City; that she had adopted the course she had taken to save herself from self-destruction, to which she was constantly and sorely tempted, until she could no longer trust herself under my roof. I came to Sterling to seek her. I was at that time humbled and penitent; for there was a depth of sorrow and tenderness for her child expressed in this letter, that made me certain she was in deep poverty; and God had let loose his terrors upon me, and I was willing to make penitent acknowledgments of my past conduct. I wanted her presence to restore me to the world around me, to make my wealth minister to my pride, and to place my child in the circles to which she was born. But no wife and child could be found.

"Once a year, from the date of her letter, she wrote me, telling me of Lucy's progress in her studies, — nothing more. She said 'when she was dead Lucy would be restored to me; till then, Lucy was hers.'

"Of late years I have been much abroad, and in this way avoided the discomforts of my social position. My wife's letters, when received at my banking-house, have been forwarded to me; and I have lived in hopes that she would relent. But she is now no more, and I have a child whose love I despair ever to win; for I am not lovable, — I know it, — and I shall never be an object of tenderness to Lucy. She will grow up into a stronger consciousness of the wretchedness of her mother, and of the poverty she has suffered in all the sunny years of childhood. There is between my child and myself a wide gulf, deepening and widening, that I can never bridge; and, for her sake, I wish I had lived unknown to her, and that in hearts so loving as yours

she might have lived as a foundling, happier than I can ever make her."

Mr. Grant ceased. Not a word was spoken by any one of the pilgrims. They had listened to all this in a silence of horror. Mr. Grant rose suddenly, and, bowing, without speaking, left the house.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF FIRST-BORN BABIES.

It was with many tears Lucy bade adieu to our pilgrims, on a bright day in November, when her father came to take her to his mansion-house on Montague-square. Her heart was full of dread of the desolation of the home she was henceforth to call her own; and then her girlish sympathies were all awake to the most important of all expected events in a young family, impending at this time. Her father was most kind; for he staid a fortnight for Lucy to be perfectly ready to return with him. And, when the day came, it was only with promises of daily notes, and a visit in the spring, Lucy could consent to the separation.

A month after Lucy left, events transpired which placed in he arms of both of our fair friends the most precious of all God's gifts — two boy-babies, whose births were within the same week. And such babies! Other people have had babies before, but never such babies as these. The way they rolled their heads

about, and sucked their thumbs, was a wonder to behold. And, when the young mothers saw a lurking smile in the faces of more mature matrons, they appealed to Oliver, who, after a world of thinking, came to the most confident conclusion that there never were two such babies born before. As for Frank, by way of a climax, he held up his boy in his hands, in proud triumph, and, quoting the famous line of Alfieri, exclaimed,

"When Nature cast him, she the die destroyed!"

"I hope not!" cried Annie, with a most amusing emphasis.

If these children were the idols of their parents, they were the most terrible of plagues to their parents' friends. Before these had made their appearance, sundry homeless gentlemen, of no certain age, had found out all the amenities of their home circle; for, as they themselves rarely went out of an evening, so these gentlemen were often in. Their residence was most unlike those of their neighbors, and, indeed, most grand residences up town. Mr. Flint's house, all the year round, looked as desolate and dark as a prison. Mr. Watkins had a solitary burner lit in his entry until nine o'clock; but no other light could be seen. What is more dismal, more forbidding, than a great house, on a winter's night, dark from basement to roof, save a single gas-burner in the entry-lamp? The home of our friends was brilliant every night, and the glad sunshine of their parlors was even felt by the passers-by. But all was changed now; not in the outside show, but the home comfort of these homeless gentlemen, for when these babies came, they were all but ruined. Babies now became the chief topic of conversation. Their diseases were now matters of momentous importance. A remedy for the croup, a method of easing the process

of teething, and such like, would rivet the attention of our ladies, when the raciest and best-related anecdotes were often lost upon them. Indeed, Mr. Newport, an artist friend, having failed to fix the attention of Annie, one evening, turned to Gertrude, and found himself equally at fault; for a matron on the other side of the room was telling another lady a new and infallible cure for worms, and even Gertrude forgot her guest. So he exploded with a wish "that these children had tarried at Jericho till their beards were grown."

Nor was this all. Nothing was more common than, when in conversation of an evening, some slight jar was heard of a carriage or cart along the pavement, for Annie or Gertrude to rise, and, with a playfulness pretty beyond expression, only it was so annoying, to say, "Excuse me one moment; I think I heard my baby!" The most preposterous idea in the world; as if a baby nine months old could shake a house! And, when out of the room, the lady would not come back for half an hour. Those most favored were most of all annoyed, for there was no help for them; as, when these babies were brought in to be shown, and as babies will, they set up a cry, and kicked with a world of passion, for reasons known only to themselves. Then husbands, wives, and nurses, all were absorbed, and visitors felt themselves intruders upon the privacies of home.

"I do believe there's a pin sticking in that child!" Frank would say, in a passion, at the thought of such carelessness. "Girl! come and see how you have dressed that boy!" Then the girl and mother would undress the baby to his skin, he all the while in a grand rage, and no pin to be found; — sheer passion, which richly deserved and demanded being whipped out of

him. Then the visitor saw the child re-dressed; and, as the nurse took the squalling baby out of the parlor, his patience was tasked to the last point of endurance by hearing Frank say to Gertrude, with a smile, "What a fine pair of lungs your boy has got!" But we spare our readers the detail of all such hateful annoyances of first-born babies.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

FRANK congratulated himself that he had completed the composition of a work in two volumes before the birth of his boy. Now that Gertrude was safe through her troubles, this book became a matter of deep concernment with him. He had many fears for the birth of the child of his brains, and was especially averse to being known as the author of an unsuccessful book. Now, there were many book-making men and women in the City of Sterling, all members of that ancient nondescript republic known to the world as the "Republic of Letters,"— a nation of Ishmaelites, who live by plundering other people, and do not scruple to steal from each other. There were several of these Red republicans in the circle of their friendships; but no one to whom Frank thought he could confide his great secret.

As dear Gertrude was now happy, she became urgent with Frank to bring out his book; but how to get it out without being known, that was the question. A source of perplexity,

soon after to be resolved, bringing home to Frank and Gertrude the most undesirable certainty, and on this wise:

Frank was walking up Printing-house Alley, when he saw a pale-faced, ill-dressed man, with two bundles of manuscripts under his arms, come down the steps of the great printing establishment of PIPERS BROTHERS, with that hurry and amazement peculiar to men turned out of doors. The man gathered up his bundles, adjusted his hat, and walked up street slowly, and soon fell into a brown study. Frank followed him closely. "I wish I was dead!" exclaimed the man; "for then I should be at rest."

Frank overheard him; and, as they entered the city park, he touched the man's elbow, and, with all courtesy and kindness, asked him, "Do you not want aid of some sort?"

The author looked up with an air of painful surprise into Frank's face. The look reässured him, and his face lost its resentment, and put on the expression of sorrow and suffering.

"Friend! Yes, I need a friend! If ever a man needed one, I do."

"Will you walk with me to my office, and there we will consult together. Permit me to relieve you of one of your bundles?"

"O, no, sir! They do not weigh much; they are of no value. Nothing but soiled paper, sir; of use to no one."

When locked up snugly and safely with Frank in his office, seated in a leathern chair, beside a bright fire, the poor author of "Fashionable Life in Babylon; or, Manners Living as they Rise," was easily persuaded to make Frank his friend. His tale would make a book of itself, but we must let it slip. He was

the very man that Frank wanted, and the man that greatly needed Frank. His own manuscript was bought at his own price; but the other manuscript, entitled "The Mysteries of Babylon, after the manner of Eugene Sue," which had been placed in his hands to complete by the Pipers Brothers, he could only show Frank as a matter of confidence. It was a singular work; and we wonder, considering the success of the original work, of which it was a very close imitation, and considering the money which that work, and similar French literature, had made for that eminent house, it has not yet been published.

Frank, having made a friend of this poor man, told him his secret, and asked him to present his manuscript to certain leading houses, beginning with the most eminent. It was Gertrude's belief that, whoever was the medium, by whatever vehicle Frank's work was presented to the world, it would lead to world-wide success. And it must be said here that Frank thought his wife was never more sagacious, nor ever uttered sentiments so perfectly just, as when she said this, and similar expressions of her confidence that his work would have "a run."

The poor author was in raptures with it. He read several chapters through on the instant, and would have read more, but that he was faint for want of food; so he asked to come the next day; and did so, day by day, till the manuscript was completed — delighted with every chapter; and, when he put down the last *livraison* upon the table, he exclaimed, "That will make a most decided hit!"

"How many copies do you think will sell?" asked Frank.

"At least twenty thousand; that is, if the Pipers put it through. There's nothing like having a good publisher. The

title is taking, and I pronounce the book only second to Gil Blas."

The poor man was, doubtless, honest. How could he but see through the eyes of one so kind and generous to him as was Frank? And, with warm hopes of success, Frank saw his bundle of manuscript under the arm of the author, taking its way to Printing-house Alley. Weeks rolled on, and even months, when the Pipers gave at last their answer. "It would n't suit them. Their reader had reported it a sweeping satire upon the High Church party; and, as they were now printers of the Standard Prayer-book, and Pictorial Bible, and as their reader did n't think it would go ten thousand copies, they, therefore, did n't care to touch it off." Then it went to another house; from which it came back with the reply, "They had dipped into it, and found it too full of sky-blue Presbyterianism for them;" and, before the fall, the poor author was reluctantly compelled to bring back to Frank his MS.; all the enthusiasm of the vendor, and all the hopes of the author, gradually declining to zero; and, in utter despair, the manuscript was taken home and locked up in a drawer in Gertrude's wardrobe.

At dinner, on the day when this burial of Frank's intellect took place, his looks were downcast; and Oliver and Annie both observed it, and both referred it to the secret so long existing between Frank and his wife.

After dinner, they all went up into the library, and the fathers and mothers and babies had a grand romp, which, when suspended for a while, the fathers sat down with their babies, and the mothers on ottomans beside them, talking all

manner of stupidities to the poor innocents; a habit alike stultifying to babies and parents.

"Frank," said Oliver, "may I ask what has annoyed you to-day?"

"Certainly," said Frank, rousing himself, and giving up the boy to Gertrude. "I have for the last two years been elaborately making a fool of myself; and to-day I have made the discovery of that fact."

"Indeed! Frank, what have you been doing?"

"I have written a work in two volumes, which nobody will print."

"And is that all?" cried Annie. "O, what a relief it is to hear it! I thought it was something serious."

"You may make as light of it as you see fit," cried Gertrude, with a great show of passion for her. "And you, and these publishers of worthless books, and worse than worthless, many of them, may say what you please of Frank's manuscript. I know that it does not lack for talent; but it is all because these men who print books have not the sense to read them!"

"I should pity them," said Oliver, "if they were compelled to do so. Is a wine-merchant expected to tap and taste of every pipe he sells? O, no! that's more than human nature is capable of!"

"That's just what I feared," said Gertrude, with tears in her eyes; "you and Annie can find food for mirth in Frank's failure. No matter, Frank! we are a world wide enough for ourselves; we neither seek nor ask the sympathy of others."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Oliver, astounded at the feeling

manifested. "I am sure your world-wide hearts cannot but take us in too."

So little did Oliver understand the pains of authorship, the long hours spent in research, in cogitations, in writing and re-writing, in blotting, in reading up most miserably dull books for facts; and, when the work is done, to have it, unread, declared unfit for press! It would have been easy for Frank to print his book at his own cost, with illustrations; and to do for the book everything that paper, letter-press, and pictures, can do (and their value cannot be too highly estimated, for they rank next to the highest talent of authorship); but Frank was perverse, and would do nothing more. Nor would he for a long time let even Oliver and Annie read it. And, when he did, he affected utter indifference to their opinions; but finally gave in, and was glad and gratified when they, too, expressed themselves confident of the worth of his work, and, whatever publishers or their readers had said of it, they were sure the MS. would yet see the light, and win for itself a name and place in the literature of the day. They suggested to Frank and Gertrude the probability that it was written in such a hand that it had never been read by any one of the readers who had had it under examination. Annie was sure this must be the explanation of his bad luck. To Frank's soul the very thought was like a pencil of light streaming into a dark dungeon.

CHAPTER L.

THE DEATH-BED OF A RICH MAN.

We have before said there was no city where the worth of a dollar was so well understood as it was in the City of Sterling: nowhere was wealth so respected and sought for. It pervaded all relations of society, and the richest church was for that reason regarded as the most respectable. If a deacon was to be elected, he was selected for his wealth, rather than for his virtue. We have already described Deacon Gripem as one of the specimens of this order of deacons. On the opposite side of the square lived Deacon Gideon Graball, who was known as the leading elder of the church in Jersey Court. He was a rude, rough old man, who had climbed to the top of the ladder by putting his heels upon the shoulders of all below him, remorselessly and recklessly. He understood the character of the people with whom he lived. He well knew that, if success was sure, nothing would be set down against him. Indeed, it was a proverb with him and others of the City of Sterling—"Success is everything." For example:

Did an eminent merchant die who had made his fortune by voyages to Sumatra, whose fifty-sixes and scale-beams were found, on examination at the sale of his effects at auction, after his decease, to be hollow, for the convenience and advantage of being filled with lead shot, after they had been tested by the poor natives when empty; yet for all that this great swindler was

always spoken of as having been a great merchant, who had enriched his family and the city.

Deacon Gideon Graball was, as we have said, a ruling elder, and so very pugnacious that he was known in the church to which he belonged as "the *over-ruling* elder." He was sure to be sent to all the synods and general assemblies. The Presbytery the deacon let the pious brethren attend, but at a General Assembly his presence was never missed. His flushed face and full figure were so commanding, that he might well be styled one of the pillars of the church. And yet the deacon was a mean man, and made use of mean methods to cover up his appetites; for, though a member of the Total Abstinence Society, his neck and face, wherever he went, told of his secret libations.

Both Deacon Gripem and Deacon Graball were regarded as eminent members of their respective churches. Deacon Gripem was esteemed a more spiritually-minded man than Deacon Graball, — for it is just to Deacon Gideon to say, his piety was put on with his Sunday coat, and hung up with it on Sunday night, not to be taken down till the next Sunday, unless some especial call was made for it.

Frank and Oliver were sitting up together at a late hour, when the bell rang; and, as the servants were all abed, Oliver went to the door, and, to his surprise, these deacons entered the hall. They were invited into the saloon, and took their seats. Deacon Graball, drawing out a paper from his breast pocket, in a large envelope, which he held in his hand, with a solemn tone spoke as follows:

"You will forgive us, gentlemen, for calling upon you at this hour; but Major Hardiman is dying, and we need your presence

as witnesses to his last will and testament. The Rev. Doctor Silky has been with him all this afternoon and evening; and, we are happy to say, he is now in a very comfortable frame of mind. As you are a lawyer, Mr. Trueman, will you be pleased to look over that will, and see if it is perfect in its legal forms. It was prepared, as you see, some year or two since, but has never yet been executed. And now the hour has come." So saying, he handed the will to Frank.

Frank became absorbed in the perusal of the important paper. It was a wonder of legal talent; and, with all skill possible, it transmitted all his property into the hands of his friends John Gripem and Gideon Graball, as his trustees, as well as his executors, for and on behalf of his wife, children, and grandchildren, making provision for his wife, during her life, of five thousand dollars a year, and in like manner to his children; his estate to increase until his youngest grandchild now living was of age, and then to be equally divided among such of his children as should be living. The said trustees to have a liberal percentage on all moneys collected and invested. While this will was reading, Deacon Graball was sitting on tenter-hooks, so impatient was he of delay.

When Frank had finished, Deacon Gripem asked his special attention to the authentication of the signature. Frank replied:

"This is perfect; I can say of it, as a specimen of legal writing, I have never seen it surpassed. To me, as a lawyer, it surpasses in interest any chapter in a Waverley novel."

"Ah! well," said Deacon Graball, "I 'm glad to hear you say so. There 's a great deal depending on its accuracy. But let us be in haste; the poor major may die while we are here."

Frank and Oliver drew on their boots, and, wrapping their cloaks about them, hastened to the house of the dying man, who lived next-door neighbor to Deacon Graball. The servant stood at the door to open it. They entered the saloon, dimly lit, in which the sons and daughters and their children were sitting in silence, or sleeping on sofas.

The eldest son, a man of thirty, was sent to notify his mother that they were in waiting. A moment or two elapsed, when the Rev. Doctor Silky appeared, and beckoned them to come to him. They were led to the sick man's chamber, a large and lofty room, where the major lay upon a canopied bed, propped up by pillows. They all came to the bedside, and the dying man rolled his eyes upon them, looking heavy and dull, as if they were fast closing in by the shadows of the grave.

"Do you know these gentlemen? — If so, call their names," said Deacon Graball.

"Trueman — Outright," said the major.

Frank then read the will aloud to him, Deacon Gideon holding two candles, which made the face of the dying man perfectly plain to all beholders. From time to time, as important clauses were read, Deacon John asked, "Do you hear that?" And, in every instance, he replied, "Yes, I will it so."

Of all the listeners there were none so attentive as the mother and son. It was all new to them; and there lay the man who willed to leave his property from the control of the son whose life had been devoted to its accumulation. When the will was read through, the son and mother retired while it was being duly signed and witnessed.

His wife and children and grandchildren were all called up

and brought to his bedside. He looked dimly at his grandchildren, who kissed their grandfather for the last time, and retired, the sons and daughters and wife remaining in the chamber. The Rev. Doctor Silky, kneeling at the bedside, made an appropriate prayer, praying that an abundant entrance might be ministered to the soul of this dying father, now about to wing its flight upward, to the bosom of Abraham, — thanking God for the good hope, through grace, they all entertained for the departing friend, father, and husband. And, when all was most piously concluded, and the deacons, having thus far completed "a fair business transaction," with as much sympathy as they could command, took their leave of the dying testator —

"Do you think my husband really going to die?"

The deacons paused as they were about to leave, astonished at such a speech from the wife.

"My dear madam," said Oliver, "it is already solved. He is now *in articulo mortis*."

"And what does that mean?" asked the wife, who was no scholar.

"It means, madam, that he is dying — dying now."

"Do you think, doctor," addressing Oliver, "that he is within hearing distance of what I say?"

"Probably, but I can't say certainly," said Oliver.

The wife leaned over the foot of the bed, and spoke very loud:

"Major Hardiman! — husband!" He sighed and opened his eyes, and looked at his wife. "Now, husband, hear what I say! You have made your will, and I have made mine; and my will is

to break your will. And I say to you, and all here, I can do it, and I will do it. I 'll have my thirds!"

The sounds reached the soul of the dying man on the very brink of the grave; and, with many struggles and a great conflict, he commanded his soul to stay, and it came back at the bidding of the mighty energy of his will, which waked up the body from the sleep of death. The deacons were dismayed, and stood aghast, alike terrified by the agonies of the dying, and the fierce resolution of the living.

"Can — she — do — it?" gasped forth the ghost-like man, looking to Oliver for a reply.

"She can!" replied Oliver.

With a doleful groan, and a look of hate at his wife, he uttered a fearful imprecation, and, rolling up his eyes, was dead.

It was a horrid sight, and not only resulted in breaking up the will of the deceased, but it put a stop to a sermon the Rev. Dr. Silky had already commenced, to be preached as a funeral discourse on the decease of his parishioner, on the next Sunday morning.

CHAPTER LI.

"THE RICH MAN DIED, AND WAS BURIED."

INASMUCH as Major Hardiman was "one of the oldest inhabitants," and a man of large wealth, it was fitting his funeral should be well attended. When such men died it mattered not whether there were any intimate relations subsisting or not; it was an act of courtesy for the wealthy in the vicinity to send their carriages. Oliver and Frank not only sent their carriage, but, what was unusual, they went in it; and, though, of all wretched displays of vanity, that in which the undertaker acts as marshal is the most wearisome, they endured it to the end.*

As they were on their way to their carriage they passed a venerable old man standing on the pavement, holding himself up by the iron railing of the mansion of Major Hardiman. Oliver politely invited him to a seat with them, which, with some little show of reluctance, the old gentleman accepted.

The distance to the cemetery was some six miles; and the conversation, which commenced concerning Major Hardiman, went off to other topics. They were gratified to find their companion a gentleman of various learning, and before they reached the grave a variety of subjects had been touched upon with pleasure and profit to our pilgrims.

* The "very *rechurcha*" Mr. John Brown was once complained of by a gentleman who told him his *up-town* parties were very dull that season. Mr. Brown replied: "Yes, it is so; but, then, I make the funerals as agreeable as possible."

At the grave the clergy did their best. It was not often they buried a *millionnaire*, and the solemnity of the occasion was improved accordingly. Deacons Gripem and Graball acted as pall-bearers, and they might be said to act as chief mourners; for, though the widow and daughters wore very deep veils of crape, and the sons and grandsons held up their white handkerchiefs to their eyes in a very affecting manner, it was to conceal their satisfaction rather than to hide their tears.

After our party were seated in their carriage and fairly on the way home, the old gentleman asked, "Do you hear anything of the major's will, and what disposition he has made of his property?"

Frank, in reply, told the story of the will. The old man was greatly gratified. "Hah!" he said; "I am glad of it. His wife does but justice to herself and children. He has had his way all his life long; and, in this life, he had one instant of conviction that his god was torn out of his grasp. It was just, and I am glad of it."

"Have you known him and his children?" asked Frank.

"O, yes! we were boys together. He commenced his life with a fixed purpose, from childhood, to die a rich man. He used to say he never should be happy till he had made his hundred thousand. I told him then, when we were school-boys, I never could wait to be happy, and I would n't; nor have I. He has died a rich man. I have lived all the days of my life, and I shall die, in his judgment, certainly, a poor man."

After a silence of some time, as they rode on at a rapid rate, the old man continued: "The major was a very able man. He commenced life under very happy auspices, and his great sagacity

gave him the advantage over most men. He held it right to use his faculties for his own good; that to make a good bargain was all fair, provided he acted in strict accordance with law and commercial usages. I denied it. I denied that he had the right to use his superior wisdom to overreach the unwary and unskilful. He had the world on his side, and I stood alone. His plans prospered; but the leaven worked its way into his own soul. His wife and children very soon became the subjects of that unsparing will, which would have its way, at whatever sacrifice of home happiness, and repression of every gushing forth of youthful loves and desires. They have never been the happier for his wealth; but, dwarfed of their fair proportions, they live to curse his memory as often as they are made to feel their inferiority to others, no better born, but better bred, than themselves. And so he has lived to an old age, wise only to one end; and he died, as all such men die, still climbing, and never attaining to the top of the hill."

There was another pause; for both Frank and Oliver hoped the old man would go on, and he did.

"Where is such a soul to go? To what sphere in God's universe is it fitted? For heaven? *He* go to a heaven of love! A man, who, if the theory of Swedenborg be true, would ceaselessly strive, with enlarged powers of soul, to be farmer-general of the fields of Paradise, and sole proprietor of the river of life, which he would, if it were in his power, bottle up and sell by the box or dozen!"

"My dear sir," said Oliver, "you have put this in a very odd light. Money is one of the elements of power, and may be sought for as such. Indeed, I have heard of a professor of

theology who taught his pupils the value of money as a means of usefulness; and, in selecting their wives, urged upon them the necessity of regarding money as one of the chief requisites to be cared for."

"And, besides," said Frank; "see how honored is wealth! Look at this great parade to-day! See how universally parsimony is baptized prudence; and what fine names are given to it by ministers, and elders, and deacons, and all those men who sit in the broad aisles of our churches, and are called pillars in the temple of God."

"Ah!" replied the old man, "this world will never be renewed till this baleful sin shall be scourged as with a whip of scorpions. And the church must do this. It is the church of Christ that can alone do it; and with Christians rests the responsibility. If they will not do it in this age, it must be postponed to the next. If it cannot be done in our country, then God will transfer the influences of his Holy Spirit to the mountains and valleys of Burmah, or elsewhere. It may be Christianity is dying out among us. It is possible. But, if this land of ours is to be renovated, it must be done by Christians, and not Communists."

"For my own part," said Oliver, "I despair of the world ever realising the visions of ancient prophecy predicting the reign of God on earth."

"It will be, and must be," said the old man. "Just so far as there is any Christianity in the world, it is renovated. The church of Christ will one day wake up to the vastness of the question put by Christ to every man, and which every man must answer for himself, '*What shall it profit a man to gain the*

whole world, and lose his own soul?' When the exercise of charity, of love, of sympathy, shall come to be considered better than money, then Christ's reign on earth will begin to be a reality. Men will be educated for usefulness, as they are now educated for gain; and he will be most honored whose beneficence is the wisest and the widest, and accomplishes the greatest good to the greatest number."

"How can you hope for this, venerable sir," said Frank, "when all the world are bowing down, with bareheaded debasement, before this great golden idol — money? It is as real a divinity as ever was raised high in air for the worship of men on the plains of Dura. Who now believes that 'life consisteth not in the abundance of the things possessed'? I hope it is not impiety in me, but I have thought the words used in the Gospel very infelicitous, to say the least, that our Saviour's saying should read thus: 'It is easier for a camel to go through *the eye of a needle* than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

"I am at a loss to comprehend you, sir. Will you please explain?" said the old gentleman.

"Certainly, sir," said Frank; "I make the suggestion with great diffidence, but it seems to me a man, in becoming rich, wires his way through so many exceedingly small holes that to such an one it may not seem so very hard *for him* to get his *soul* through the eye of a needle."

The old man with some severity replied: "It is nothing new, sir, for men to think themselves wiser than God himself, and that his holy word can be amended by their new readings, and 'improved versions of the New Testament.' Indeed, these seem in

our day to find favor with those who, in times past, were well content with our good old English Bible, in which their fathers found a faith which their children are unable to defend with the Bible as it is. Sir, I have no sympathy with those who would add to or take from the Word of God as it stands, whether in Greek or English. I am no doctor of divinity," continued the old man, — "and we will, if you please, let that pass. Permit me to continue my remarks."

"With great pleasure," said both our gentlemen.

"In the history of the past, we see that all moral reforms begin with the poor. We never heat water from the surface. It is with the working classes to raise the world. Let them seek for happiness in love; content with such things as God provides as the reward of healthful and patient industry. Let them no longer 'call the vile man liberal, nor the churlish man bountiful,' nor 'the proud man happy,' and the beginning of the end will have come. These are the words of inspiration and prophecy."

"They may be the Bible teachings, sir," said Frank, "but the world has reached a higher stand-point. Systems of political economy have been brought out, and various theories have been proposed, which find general acceptance, not only with bankers and merchants, but in colleges and divinity schools. Indeed, sir, this is the enigma of the age we live in, and it is one, I fear, never to be solved to the entire satisfaction of society."

"O, yes!" replied the old man, in tones of contempt. "We have catechisms now for children, all teaching the rights of property. The greatest intellect of the age has told us the end and

aim of our constitution is not liberty, *but to secure the rights of property*, for the rich to grow richer; but, somehow, the poor become poorer; though, in a transition state, such as exists among us, the growth of wealth is advantageous to those by whose industry it is created; but the pit-fall must come, and will come.

"But, to end this colloquy, for I am now near my home — if money-making is what all the world, and many of our city churches, claim it to be (thank God! the country is as yet comparatively pure), — the foundation of all prosperity, the vehicle of civilization and Christianity, — then the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, and his lion-hearted Apostle Paul, have made a miserable mistake. Please draw your check-string and let me out, for I am at home here."

This was done, and, with a bow of courtesy, the old man left the carriage, and Alandresso received orders to drive home.

CHAPTER LII.

LUCY RETURNS TO OUR PILGRIMS.

Lucy's letters were at first received daily, then weekly, and were replied to with all tenderness by our ladies; and sometimes Frank or Oliver would write her a long letter, when the exigency seemed to demand their interposition. Indeed, the sympathies

of all were kept alive by this frequent correspondence, for dear Lucy was not happy.

The great house she lived in was as gloomy as a prison. Her father would not let her go to school, for reasons he never explained to her; but had the best professors, who taught her in the library-room, which was henceforth styled Lucy's school-room; and here, looking into a large garden filled with shade-trees, she spent all her waking hours, those only excepted when, accompanied by a man-servant, she rode on horseback once a day. Lucy wrote she felt so lonely, and her studies were so wearisome, that she had begged her father to let her go to a school, with other young ladies; but he had said, "No!" so sternly, that she had relinquished all hope now. And, as for society, her father had somehow put so many obstacles in the way of all intercourse with those young ladies who had called upon her, that she was no longer visited by any one but her teachers, and saw only the gentlemen who chanced to dine with her father, usually foreign merchants; and at such times her father was on the alert for every word she uttered, expressing in his manner a fear lest she should in some way betray the secret of her deficiency in the conventionalisms of society. And, though she had a fine carriage to ride in, she was not allowed to invite any one to go with her, and she had no one to love, and she was dying to be loved. "O, I shall die soon!" she wrote; "I feel it will be so. And I do so long to see the babies, and to die pillowed on your bosoms, my beloved and dearest of all on earth!" Such were the premonitions of coming events. And Oliver, at the end of six months, was despatched to bring Lucy on a visit, at least, to Sterling City.

Mr. Grant received Oliver with distinguished consideration; and as for Lucy, poor girl! she was wild with delight. Oliver looked at her in painful surprise. She had grown taller in the months which had elapsed, but was so slender and so pale! Her beautiful blue eyes seemed larger than ever, but every dimple was gone from her cheeks. Her smile was sweeter than before, but it told of languor and sickness at heart. He was greatly shocked at the change, and Mr. Grant saw it.

So soon as Lucy had left them for the night, Mr. Grant addressed Oliver: "You see, my friend, Lucy is sinking rapidly in her health. I feel assured she will die of the desolation of this house. I have made attempts to make her happy with me, but I have failed. My house, in spite of all I have done, is to Lucy a dungeon. I have no capacity to bring young society about me, and I have desired Lucy should be first fitted to grace the circles into which she shall be hereafter introduced. To be frank with you, Mr. Outright, I have feared, from the truthfulness of Lucy, that she would, in all the frankness of her nature, tell the story of her sufferings, and of her mother's poverty and death. I have not dared to trust Lucy to the ordeal, for there is so great curiosity manifested in this city concerning her that I have feared for her and for myself. Her life has been, of necessity, therefore, one of solitude, with me only for a companion. Do you wonder the poor child has faded away under such a discipline as this? I have hoped she would reach the age when she would be brought out into society, and then I purposed all that wealth could command for her enjoyment should be hers. But I am satisfied I must consent to a temporary separation, and I am glad, most grateful to you, sir, for coming with the earnest

invitation of your lady, and her dear cousins, to take Lucy home with you. It is the surest method left for the restoration of her health."

"We will do all we can, my dear sir," said Oliver, "and I have no doubt that she will soon become herself again."

"I thank you, sir, for this assurance. It is my warmest hope that it is soon to be realized. Nothing lies so near my heart as Lucy's happiness. It is all I live for. All I now labor for is to secure the highest happiness to my sweet child."

It was a pet foible with Mr. Grant to make a free use of fine phrases. They cost him nothing, and he made the mistake to believe that they were "current as old gold." Such men are read like an open book, even by the most simple, — by children, even. They deceive no one but themselves.

Lucy's trunks were soon packed, and, with many kisses and endearments on the part of her father, and promises to write her daily, Lucy and Oliver took their seats in the carriage. The only tears shed on the occasion were by a young Irish girl who had attended upon Lucy, who with difficulty could be induced to part with her young mistress. Oliver, seeing the scene, told the girl to run in for her bonnet and shawl, and she should go with them. The girl, delighted, sprang up the steps into the house, and came shawled, with her bonnet in her hand, and was seated on the front seat before Mr. Grant had time to reflect on the expediency of such an increase of Lucy's expenses. Nor did Oliver allow any time for second thoughts; but, bowing, ordered the coachman to drive on to the station-house.

On reaching Sterling, they found Alandresso and his close carriage waiting for them. Giving the tickets for the baggage to a

coachman, Oliver, and Lucy, and Malvina, the Irish girl, were soon on their way up-town to their happy home. Here, on the steps, Lucy was met by Annie and Gertrude, who almost suffocated her with kisses. And Frank, seeing her so feeble, took her up in his arms, and ran up stairs with her into the nursery; for the first question asked by Lucy, on entering the hall, was, "Where are the babies?"

Lucy's delight in being once more with our pilgrims was beautiful to witness. And such babies! "O, it was too sweet," she said, "to kiss them, and tend them!" and she did this for hours together. Nothing was needed now but a renewal of strength, and her happiness would be as complete as her nature was capable of.

It was pleasant to see Lucy's appetite improve, the hue of her cheeks becoming more and more healthful, less of pallor and hectic; but, then, she was soon weary, and it was evident that all Oliver's skill and the attentions of our pilgrims would be required for her restoration.

Mr. Grant came up, the next fortnight, to spend a day with them, and to share Lucy's society. He spoke of his desolate home, now more desolate than ever before. But, somehow, our ladies thought he was better pleased to be alone than to live in the presence of his child. They were very watchful observers, and they came to the belief that Mr. Grant was waking up to the certainty that he had lived for years under a mistake concerning himself.

When deprived of his wife's presence, and made miserable by his ostracism from society, he thought that all his annoyances were owing to her estrangement. When Lucy was restored to

him he was still unsatisfied; but it was because she was a child, unfitted for her position at his table. An idea all his own; for Lucy was eminently graceful. He chose to believe that all his infelicity was from without. He did not care to scrutinize very closely, or he would have seen in his present isolation that he was reaping the harvest he had sown in his youth; that the selfishness of his nature was bringing forth its necessary fruits.

As for Lucy, she now began a new life; and the only periods of depression were those when her father came. His presence seemed to sit heavy on her soul. He was apt to ask questions as to her studies, which, poor girl, it was utterly out of her power to answer satisfactorily to him; for Oliver had forbade her prosecuting any studies whatever.

Now, Mr. Grant knew this from Oliver; he knew it, too, from Doctor Hall, the most eminent physician in Sterling, whose services had been called in by Oliver the very week Lucy had reached her home. At the request of Gertrude, that there might be no misunderstanding, he had written to Mr. Grant, and stated that all mental application would be best suspended until Lucy should show a renewal of her strength and vigor. Till then, Lucy was best occupied in anything her fancy suggested, which, while it was employment, was not study. In spite of all this, Mr. Grant never failed to ask, or allude, apparently without design, or by inadvertence, to her progress in her studies. In some way or other he always distressed Lucy by showing himself dissatisfied with what she did or said; and she was always gayer and happier when he left than when he came.

But there was not much to complain of; for, as winter drew on, her father never came, and his letters were brief, and ex-

tremely commonplace, though full of tender expressions of love for "dear Lucy," and grateful assurances of his thanks to his dear friends, the Truemans and Outrights.

At last, our pilgrims, with one consent, banished all recollections of the existence of Mr. Grant, who was never mentioned but when absolutely necessary. Lucy's monthly remittances had been ample at first; but these, too, ceased. She never knew of this; for, as they had been made to Frank on the first day of the month, her purse was replenished to its utmost capacity; and the young girl was happy in the ability she was possessed of to contribute to the relief of the poor, and make gifts to her attendants.

CHAPTER LIII

THE DECLINE OF LUCY.

Lucy's health was, for a few weeks, greatly improved; and during the beautiful days of autumn she seemed to have taken a new lease of life. Oliver was especially delighted, inasmuch as she was, in some sort, under his medical treatment, he always concurring with the views of his personal friend, Doctor Hall, which wisely looked to Hygeia, rather than Therapeutics, for success. If Oliver was physician in ordinary, Annie assumed the responsible position of apothecary-general, while she shared the duties of nurse with Gertrude; neither of whom, though they had great confidence in Doctor Hall's skill as a doctor, had much faith in doctors' stuff.

As for Lucy, she would not acknowledge herself an invalid though, like a sweet child, she consented to be so treated, if her friends thought it best. Her delight was the nursery. She wanted no society but the home circle below stairs, and the babies above. To hold these boys, and watch them in every movement, — to rock them to sleep, and play with them when awake, — was the charm of life to Lucy. Nor did the young mothers ever complain of her intrusiveness; for she never was intrusive — only glad to do what she was asked to do, and to be a happy looker-on when the important business of washing the boys in cold water, and putting on a clean dress, absorbed the attention of mothers and nurses.

But, when December came, with its chill, cold, wintry blasts, Lucy began to decline. Nor could all the most approved methods of heat and ventilation save her from feeling the effect of atmospheric changes upon her lungs. One day she had a chill followed by a hot fever. This was a dark, dismal day outside the house, and a very sad and sorrowful day within, to our pilgrims; and by and by another chill and fever, until, poor child! it was chill and fever every day.

"Dear Gertrude," said Lucy, one night, as she was being put to bed at an earlier hour than usual, to break the force of the chill, "do you think I shall hear the birds sing again? Will I live to see the violets once more?"

It was the first time Lucy had shown any want of confidence in her recovery. Gertrude was hardly able to reply, "O, yes; Oliver says you will get over this, and will live a year or more, certainly."

And Oliver believed this would be so. He had studied the

disease; and, in his belief, there were stages of progress and of rest, and apparent recovery, until the disease, gaining power, made a blow upon the citadel of life.

Lucy made no reply; there were tears unshed under her lids, as she sank away to sleep. A sorrowful expression rested upon her fair face, which soon passed away; and her dreams seemed happy, for she smiled, and her lips moved, as if speaking to the bright angels ministering around her.

One day, when Lucy and Gertrude were seated in the front chamber, now Lucy's, with the babies, — Lucy in her easy-chair, one of the most luxurious of all the creations of modern upholstery, and Master Oliver Outright in her lap, where he loved to be, and where she loved to have him, — Lucy sighed, and the little baby looked up into her face, as if to ask, Why do you sigh? They all saw the look; and Gertrude addressed her, playfully, "A penny for your thoughts, Lucy!"

"I sometimes sigh, and sometimes I weep, when I think of leaving you. I try and believe it will be easy to die; for I say this to my heart: 'What makes me so happy now?' It is your love, the innocency and beauty of these sweet babes. Now, if I am so happy here with the good, the pure, and the innocent, shall I not be forever happy where all is purity, all is love?"

"Dearest Lucy! do you often think of leaving us?" asked Gertrude.

"O, yes; it is always present to my mind. It comes to me from all sides. Do I look out upon the trees and shrubs in the square, and think of spring with its soft, balmy airs, and the budding of trees, the verdure of the lawn, the singing of birds, and the fresh flowers, — then something whispers to my soul, 'They

will never more bloom and bud for you! You, Lucy, will then be lying in the mould of earth, returning to dust—dust—dust!'" —and tears came gushing up, and she could say no more. Gertrude wept in sympathy. "All this," said Lucy, as she recovered herself, "seems to me mere selfishness: it is of the earth, earthy. It is wicked; but my heart clings to you all, and I don't want to die!"

As soon as Gertrude could speak, she said, "Dear Lucy! heaven is our only home. Here we are tempted by sin; we are subject to many sorrows. Our mercies are blessings loaned us, and may be recalled, who can tell how soon? Here, change is our only certainty; but there, all we shall call ours will be ours forever. Above all else, 'the loved and the lost will be there!'"

"O, yes! so I believe! I do believe my mother is there; and, if she was in Montague-square, I would pant now to go to her. But, do you know why I do not pant to meet her in heaven? Can you tell?"

"It is because of our sinful hearts we do not fully confide in God's promises of mercy, or that we doubt whether we have any true faith," said Gertrude.

"It may be so," said Lucy; "in part it is so, no doubt; but only in part. I believe God's love infinite, and more ready to save me than I am to be saved; and I hope I do long to be holy, as God is holy. But, dearest Gertrude, I am thinking more of myself, perhaps, and have no power to grasp at such thoughts as should fill my heart. I want to love and be loved hereafter, as I love and am loved here. Now, then, it is because all will be changed, that I dread to die. Do you comprehend me?"

"I do not know that I do," said Gertrude.

"Ah! well, I do not know that I have a perfect image of my own thought as yet." Lucy roused herself, and Gertrude changed her cushions for her. "Do you not see, dear Gertrude, if I could go to heaven and meet my mother just as she left me, and have you all there, and the babies, and live in a great palace, and be no more sick, I should be glad to die. But it can't be so. We enter the unseen world at different times, with different degrees of development, and our released souls soar away. In far-off ages we may meet in some distant orb which now we see sparkling on the brow of night, and we shall meet as members of the same family meet here, — one having spent his life at a foreign court, another at a desk in a counting-house. No relationship avails them; they are brothers, and have slept in the same bed; but are brothers in feeling no more. See how it is with me," she continued. "I am my father's only child. Before he found me, he thought if I were but restored to him he could be happy. I strove to fulfil his hopes. I have never said it before, dearest Gertrude, but I have thought it a thousand times, crying all night because it was so, — *he* was none the happier because I sat at his table. Our separation is a barrier never to be surmounted. My father knows it, he feels it; and I know it!"

"Dear Lucy, you are talking too much. Let me take away these pillows, and get asleep before Oliver returns."

"No, sweetest Gertrude; listen to me! It relieves me to tell you all these pent-up thoughts. It does, indeed!"

"I am always happy, Lucy, to share every thought of your heart; but you have talked a long time just now."

"O, no! I feel like talking on. I won't say a word more of my father. I was speaking of dying; and I *am* dying, little by little, day by day; and it has distressed me to think I shall never love you all after I leave you as I do now; and that it is that makes me so sad to die."

"Do not be sad, dear Lucy! Death, to the Christian, is the crown of life."

"'T is so hard to say, 'I can wait!' But I ought; yes, I do strive with patience to

'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'"

Oliver and Annie, who had been out taking a ride, now came up into the chamber, rosy-red with exercise in the fine, healthy atmosphere of the day and hour. Oliver felt the pulse of Lucy, and looked into her face and eyes, and asked, "What have you been doing to raise your pulse at this rate? What has happened, Gertrude?"

Gertrude told Oliver of the conversation. "This will never do!" answered the doctor.

"My dear doctor, it must do!" replied Lucy, with a sweet smile. "It gives me great relief to unburden my heart. I know it excites me; but I want to tell dear Gertrude and Annie, and all of you, my heart's hopes and fears; and you must not tell me to be still. If I die a week or two earlier, what then? I shall have left more of myself behind me; and, indeed, I am the better for it. Indeed, I am!"

Oliver kissed her pale forehead, and said, "O, yes, dear Lucy! but, then, there 's reason in all things; and I insist now on talking to you a little, and of something that cannot fail to be pleas-

ing to you to hear. Now, then, who do you think is to marry the great banker in Babylon the Less? You know 'he is a great catch,' as the young ladies all say; not so young as he once was, and, inside, a man of lead; but, then, so heavily coated with gold!" And in this way Oliver rattled on for five minutes, changing the current of Lucy's thoughts; and it would have been hard to find a merrier group than those gathered around Lucy's chair.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE LAST DAYS OF LUCY.

NOTHING could be more tender than the care of our pilgrims of Lucy; nor was there ever a more grateful and affectionate invalid. Her chamber had become the centre of all attractions; and, even when company was below stairs, the largest half of the household, the babies being counted in, were to be found in Lucy's room.

It was sometimes so gay and happy there, that each wondered it could be so when in all hearts was the certainty that dear Lucy was fading, still fading out of sight. Lucy, with a deeper consciousness, was the first to enlist in the cheerfulness of the hour. And the hours grew more and more precious. The family circle were as constantly together with Lucy as the condition of her health would permit; and that was a disappointment, indeed,

which broke them up, either entirely, or at an earlier hour than was usual, in order that Lucy might have the quiet absolutely necessary for her present comfort.

Does this description of a sick room seem strange to any of our readers? To such we say,

> "Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven
> Are cheerful as the rising sun in May."

And we would ask, if the sadness of sickness, and the seclusion of sick chambers, would not be relieved by an imitation of the example of our pilgrims.

There had been a series of stormy days, the wind and rain pelting against the windows; and poor Lucy was kept in bed all the while the storm lasted. About noon of the fourth day the wind changed and the sun shone out. About four o'clock Lucy was up, dressed with more than usual care and beauty, for it was one of the little arts of love and tenderness never to give up this feminine source of satisfaction. Her spirits were buoyant and happy, and her eyes shone with the splendors of departing life.

Frank and Oliver sat on ottomans at the side of her chair, holding their boys, while the young mothers were working upon some tiny caps of lace.

"Is not this glorious!" cried Lucy, holding up her arms with joyful enthusiasm, as she pointed to the azure depths, over which fleecy clouds, bathed in light, went sweeping before a brisk breeze from the north-west. "See there! see how those clouds

assume new forms, and put on new tints of living light! O! how grand is this scene! and O, how glorious He

'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns!'"

"Dear Lucy, don't fly out of the window!" cried Oliver.

"I am not often so happy as now," continued Lucy. "My soul at this moment is volant; and I feel as if it would, indeed, be easy for me to fly. O, for wings!" added Lucy, with a smile.

Oliver put Oliver junior into her lap. "There, Lucy, take the boy as ballast, or else you will certainly fly out of the window."

Lucy took the favorite baby, and hugged him to her bosom. For a while he kept her busy, but when Oliver took him from her arms she once more became absorbed with the beauty of the sunset and of the clouds.

"Dear doctor, look! do we not see God's thoughts, his pencillings of beauty, or, more strictly, his modellings, in the very act of elimination, in every change in the clouds above us, now flying before our eyes? Yes, it must be so!"

"Now, let us hear how you make that out," said Oliver. "By what process of ratiocination do you stretch out your soul to such a height?"

"I did not know it was far-reaching to think so; but, now you ask me to tell you of the sequences of my reasonings, I am sure to fail: I won't attempt it. I know this,—my intuitions are very strong, and I feel I must be right."

"Don't puzzle that brain of yours now, Lucy," said Frank, "but talk of something else."

"Is it not strange my father does not write me?" asked Lucy.

This was indeed falling from the zenith to the nadir. She could not have hit upon a more painful topic to her friends, who had been surprised at the time which had elapsed since her father had written to Lucy. They had never remarked upon it to Lucy, and were wondering if she was aware of it. And it was apparent to them, now that it had come to mind, that it was presented to Lucy with a painful surprise. She said:

"I have thought of this before, but now I wake up to wonder what can have happened. I will write my father to-morrow."

Lucy mused a while, and was busy with her thoughts; and her friends, seeing it, sat in silence. Looking up, she addressed Oliver.

"I think, doctor, my views of life to come have taken their hues from the gloom of my father's house. I have no sad emotions when I remember living with my mother in Hog Alley. We were poor, but very happy — *I* certainly was. Mother was usually serene, and her beautiful smile was always mine; but not so my father. He seemed to be forever thinking of my defective bringing up, and I felt forever *distrait* in his presence. I should have been dead long ago but for your love and sympathy."

Lucy wrote a few lines with a pencil to her father, expressing a wish to see him if he could conveniently come; and, if that could not be, to hear from him. Her letter was promptly replied to, in a business-like tone, beginning — "Dear Lucy, your favor of the 16th is duly received, &c." It stated that, in consequence of some heavy failures in the city, he felt

himself compelled to remain, for the time being, at his banking-house; and, at the bottom of the half-page on which this was written, were the cabalistic characters, "Exch. Lon. 9 %."

Frank brought the letter in, and Lucy, having read it over twice, handed it to Frank, whose eye ran over it, and fixed itself on this remarkable postscript of a letter from a father to his sick child. His face flushed, and, if he had seen it some years before, he might have said something eminently brief concerning it; as it was, he rose, and, handing the letter to Lucy, retired. Lucy read the letter and re-read it. She saw the "P. S.," but could not decipher it. She gave the letter to Annie to read, and then to Gertrude, and asked them what that postscript meant. But it was all unknown to them, and she never knew that her father had deemed it a matter of interest to her to know that "Exchange on London was nine per cent." on the day he wrote her.

The decline of Lucy was gentle, but certain. She had no symptom of disease but loss of appetite and consequent debility, with a constant sense of wearisomeness. There were days when she ate with appetite, and then hope revived again. She was usually cheerful, but there were times when big tears would steal down, without any change of her features, or the expression of pain upon her beautiful face.

"Why do you weep, my dear Lucy?" asked Gertrude, as she came into the chamber and found big tears resting upon her cheeks.

She replied: "I weep oftentimes from excess of feeling, but nothing of pain: not because I repine — not because I suffer. No; my soul seems released from the body, and I wander far away to distant worlds in a dreamy state, and the most delightful

visions of beauty are present to me. At other times I indulge in states of delicious melancholy; and, as you entered, I was repeating to myself Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey.' Such strains of poesy sound to me like distant music; they steal over my senses like the deep tones of a far-off organ, played by a master's hand, in the solemn stillness of midnight. Wordsworth, Milton, and Watts, are the only poets I know. They were my mother's, and she taught me to love them, and to appreciate their several beauties; and these keepsakes of hers, as my most precious gifts, I have left to those I best love."

"You distress me, Lucy," said Gertrude. "Tell me of your poets, not of your gifts."

"Yes, I will do anything to please you, my precious! Those lines by Wordsworth are beautiful, but too cold. It is the light of the evening star, of which Byron sings:

> 'Distinct, but distant; clear, but O, how cold!'

Beauty is not enough for me now; I want the sunlight. It is not nature now, but the God of nature, — 'Christ, by whom all things were made, and in whom all things subsist.' As Wordsworth has himself said, so say I —

> 'I will not praise a cloud, however bright.
> Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
> Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
> Find in the heart no natural home;
> The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
> These cleave to it.'

O, dearest Gertrude! if I only had the same gushings forth of love to God and Christ I have for you, I should not be so bound

to life; but now even my dreams of heaven take their forms from the beautiful of earth."

"Dear Lucy, you are writing bitter things against yourself. God is the author and source of all that is beautiful, and in loving beauty you are loving what he has created as an object of love."

Lucy looked up lovingly into the face of Gertrude, but did not reply.

"Shall we put you to bed now, dearest?"

Lucy nodded her assent, and Gertrude rang the bell, which brought up instantly Oliver, and Frank, and Annie; and the nurses, with the babies in their arms, all came in at the call. Lucy smiled as she saw them all around her. The little boys were held to her and she kissed them, and then they were taken away by their nurses. The ladies having made ready for Lucy's transfer from her chair to the bed, their husbands claimed the right to lay her, without an effort on her part, upon her pillow. This was their share of attendance, and it was a right which had long been conceded to them.

The good-night kiss had been bestowed upon all, and the husbands retired into the library-room, where they usually spent the evening, late into the night, while their wives watched near Lucy, whose days were now felt to be few.

Lucy sought to speak, but could not. "Oliver!" said Annie, and in an instant, Oliver, followed by Frank, was at the bedside. He felt of Lucy's pulse; it was fluttering. "My dear Lucy," said Oliver, "you have sat up too long to-night;" and he brought the cologne, and his wife bathed her face, while Gertrude, with her arm under the pillow, held up her head. She

revived, sighing and panting: "I am weary — so weary!" The ladies laid down her head upon the pillow, and Gertrude whispered to her, "To you that believe he is precious . . ."

"O, yes, precious! . . . 'It is a faithful saying,' . . . you know the rest."

Annie repeated the text: "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

She repeated the words, "'Of whom I am chief!' 'Thanks .... be unto God .... for his .... unspeakable gift!'"

She now asked to have herself raised; and Gertrude, putting her arms around her once more, raised her head, while Annie reädjusted her pillows. Lucy thanked them with one of her sweetest smiles of love, as she lay down again upon the pillow, so tenderly smoothed for her repose, and said:

"And so . . . he giveth .... his beloved ..... sleep!"

The smile was upon her face as she sunk away to sleep. It was the sleep of death.

CHAPTER LV.

THE BURIAL OF LUCY. — MR. CONSCIENCE REAPPEARS.

THE death of Lucy, though an expected event, was at last unexpected. Not to Lucy, for she had always told them she should never hear the birds sing again. "I shall be happy, the conflict will be over, when my will is lost in the will of God." And it was so. The last day of winter saw Lucy shrouded as a corpse.

Mr. Grant was written to, and told of Lucy's departure, and that her burial would await his coming; requesting him, if possible, to be in town on Wednesday following, three days after, the burial having been appointed for Thursday, at noon.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Grant's card was received from the hotel where he was accustomed to stay while at Sterling. Frank ordered his carriage, and went to see him. He found Mr. Grant in his private parlor, seated at a table writing letters. There were ten or more already written, sealed, and ready for the mail, and quite a package of ship-letters addressed to him as yet unopened. Mr. Grant received Frank with his usual amenity, and inquired after the health of the family, the hour of the funeral, and said, "Dear Lucy has left us!" Frank bowed; he could not have spoken. "I regretted extremely my absence, but, since Lucy's last note, I have been entangled in a great failure, and it would have been impossible for any one to do for me what I have happily been able to do for myself. At one time matters looked very squally for me, but I have weathered the

reef successfully, and now I have got into smooth water once more." Frank bowed again. "My letters by the steamer reached me as I was leaving the city; I have brought them with me to look over, and some are so important that they must be answered by the next steamer. I really greatly regret it." As he said this his eye fell upon the letter he was writing, and it was riveted for an instant. "Sit down, Mr. Trueman; I will be at liberty in a moment." Frank took a seat. Mr. Grant made the correction he had seen needed; and this was no sooner done, than another idea of absorbing interest took full possession of him, and Frank was left to observe the workings of his soul. His eye became severe in its glance, the lips compressed; then again the lips were drawn aside, and the teeth shut close together were discovered.

Frank knew nothing of what was written, but to him Mr. Grant wore the look of an assassin dooming to death a victim whom he was approaching with a stealthy step, concealing the dagger which was to be plunged into his vitals. Of course it was not so at all. Mr. Grant at the instant was only so wording his letter as that he might, to use the favorite phrase of the late Mr. Astor, "get the pest of the pargain."

As soon as the letter was completed and signed, Frank rose to leave. Mr. Grant, with some embarrassment, apologized for his engagedness. He promised to be at the house at eleven, an hour in advance of the hour for the funeral.

On Frank's return, he found his wife and Annie occupied in examining the bureau of Lucy. Her drawers were all in the nicest order. Her Bible was given to Frank, her Prayer-book to Oliver; Wordsworth was given to Gertrude, Milton to Annie,

and her Watts' Psalms and Hymns to her father. In each of these was a sweet note of love and tenderness. Her diamond breast-pin and ring and bracelets, the gifts of her father, she presented to Annie and Gertrude. There was a letter and a lock of hair for her father. Her best dresses she gave to Sophy Watkins, who had been very kind and attentive during her residence in Sterling. These were accompanied by a letter full of grateful acknowledgments. Her other dresses were given to Malvina and the women servants of the house. She directed that a gold watch should be bought for each of the boy-babies, and left mottoes to be engraved on them, to be worn in memory of one whose love for them was only surpassed by that of their parents. Her nurse she made the residuary legatee of her wardrobe of woollen dresses, and old Mrs. Donoghue of the money in her purse; nor could she have made a better or more graceful disposition of the little it was hers to bestow.

At twelve o'clock the parlors and hall were filled by friends of our pilgrims who had been specially invited to Lucy's funeral, no public announcement having been made. The corpse lay in an open coffin; her sweet face, never more lovely than now, was garlanded with flowers. Her hair was left dishevelled, and it was so lovely a sight, that Lucy looked like an angel sleeping.

It was near one o'clock, and there was the minister in his robes; but where was the family? "Why this delay?" whispered one to another. Mr. Grant had not come!

On his arrival, our pilgrims came down from their apartments bathed in tears. Mr. Grant entered the parlors with Gertrude and Frank, followed by Oliver and Annie, and the household servants, all in deep mourning dresses. They stood a while in a

circle around the coffin, so soon to be closed on one of the most lovable and loved of earth. The sobs of Gertrude and Annie stirred the depths of sorrow in the bosoms of Frank and Oliver, and it was with a passion of grief they impressed their last kisses upon the brow of dear Lucy. Mr. Grant seemed sadly out of place. He could not shed a tear. Indeed, it was evident to the lookers-on that he found it impossible to keep up any tolerable show of bereavement beside the grief of our ladies and their husbands.

It was a great relief to Mr. Grant when the impressive service of the Episcopal church commenced.

Mr. Grant, and Frank and his wife, went in the first carriage; Oliver and his wife, with Malvina and Lucy's nurse, in the second; and, during the long ride to the cemetery, not a word was spoken in the carriage which bore the chief mourner, or he who should have been so.

There is a beautiful cemetery near the City of Sterling, in which Oliver and Frank had purchased a large plot for their place of sepulture. Mr. Grant was surprised when, standing by the open grave of his daughter, he saw a costly marble Corinthian shaft, on the pedestal of which he read this simple inscription: "EMILY GRANT." It then first presented itself to his mind that he had never asked to know where his wife was buried, nor where the body of his child would rest, "and sleep the sabbath of the tomb."

The service was coming to its close. Those sad words, "earth to earth, and dust to dust," accompanied by the falling clods upon the hollow coffin, rung the knell of death in the hearts of our pilgrims, as they have of millions in ages past, and will in

time to come. Our ladies lifted their veils, as Frank and Oliver led them to take a last look; and, to their surprise, they saw on the other side of Lucy's open grave, old Mr. Conscience, in his old gray coat, looking at them with a sad expression upon his face.

On their return home, they requested Mr. Grant to enter with them and receive Lucy's gifts. He entered and took his seat in silence. When the letter and hymn-book were brought to him, he received them with emotion; and when he opened the envelope, and held up Lucy's long, silken, severed tress, he kissed it, and tears came streaming down his cheeks. These were real. They were precious tears in the sight of our pilgrims; for they saved him from the reproach of being a marble statue, and not a man.

He now rose, and in terms fitting and felicitous thanked them for all their love to his wife and child. He said his engagements would call him home to Babylon early the next day, and he was compelled to take leave of them at this time. He hoped, at some future time, to be permitted to show his high sense of their distinguished services, and repay his deep debt of gratitude. All which was courteously received, and Mr. Grant left them.

No word was spoken; but our pilgrims were all conscious of a feeling of relief when he was gone from their presence. It was the last they saw of him. He returned to his wares and merchandise, and found his happiness in buying and selling, and lived the great banker of Montague-square.

CHAPTER LVI.

MORE BEREAVEMENTS. — MR. CONSCIENCE'S VISIT.

"——— O Gertrude! Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!"

No language could have been more appropriately addressed to Mrs. Frank Trueman than these words of Shakspeare, when her little boy refused to smile at the moment he was wakened by her morning kiss.

In the spring which followed the death of Lucy, there was great mortality among children in the country and city of Sterling. Hitherto the baby-boys had been guarded successfully from croup, scarlatina, and all the ills that infancy is heir to. On the first week in April, just a month after Lucy died, little Frank was too sick to smile.

Oliver was called up at once to see what was the matter; and, unlike most medical men, not knowing, would say nothing. He advised little Frank to be kept in his bed. During the day the boy was dull and languid. At night he had a slight chill, followed by a fever; and his pulse, though weak, rose to one hundred and twenty pulsations in a minute.

Oliver went after breakfast for their personal friend, Doctor Hall, and brought him to see the sick child. Gertrude and Frank were greatly alarmed, and sat beside the little boy, who lay in his crib, dozing, with large red spots upon his white skin. Doctor

Hall's manner was quiet, but it was earnest. He prescribed, and withdrew with Oliver into the library-room, where they held a long consultation. It was distressing to the mothers when Doctor Hall recommended little Oliver should be kept out of the sick room.

The next morning the boy Frank was really ill, and little Oliver was taken with the same symptoms of heaviness. The doctor came at an early hour, and expressed to the parents his regret that he must, in answer to their inquiries, say the symptoms were those of scarlet fever. This, to them, was like the cry of fire at midnight. The terror of the mothers was, at first, paralyzing; but they soon recovered their self-possession, and, with sinking hearts, strove to be calm and hopeful.

Old Mr. Conscience, who had been seen to pass the door frequently since the day of Lucy's burial, now rang the bell and sent up his name. They sent him word they could not see him then, for their children were both dangerously ill. They begged him to call at a future day.

It is hopeless to picture the scenes of sorrow of our pilgrims watching the closing hours of these sweet children. They came together into the world — born in the same week; and they died on the same day, and in the same hour.

In the grave beside Lucy, who loved them so dearly, our pilgrims, at the end of one brief month, laid together —

> "——— their tottering little ones,
> Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
> Of Infancy still bloomed upon their cheeks." *

* Wordsworth's Excursion.

Their home was now as desolate as their hearts. When Mr. Conscience next called, as he did the day after the funeral, he was at once admitted.

They all felt he had come to reproach them, and were greatly relieved when the old gentleman listened with admirable patience, and heard the ladies, especially, tell of all their grief, and renew the story of their bereavements. He had no reproaches for their tears and cries; for nature will speak. He renewed his visits daily; and he whom they dreaded most to see was now looked for with desire. And, when he saw the tender frame of Gertrude droop under the weight of unrelieved anguish, and an intense, ever-constant yearning for the child she had lost, then it was he became urgent for an instant renewal of the pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

"You have," said he, "many trials before you; but it is by effort, active effort, that health and peace will be attained. You can go to your children, but they will return to you no more."

Mr. Conscience opened the volume of Wordsworth which lay on the centre-table beside the miniature of Lucy, and, folding down a page, rose to leave. "Let me address you in the language of one of the purest poets that the world has ever known," said Mr. Conscience, handing the volume to Gertrude, and, making his adieu, left the house.

"Read the page he has folded down, Gertrude," said Annie.

And Gertrude read as follows:

"They whom you deplore
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.

Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In Mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts;
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mightiest Power,
That finds no limits but her own pure Will."

"See!" cried Gertrude, with enthusiasm; "see! this passage is underscored, every line of it, by Lucy. It is not Wordsworth who speaks to us now, but Lucy, dear Lucy! From the skies she tells us this."

It was with words and consolations such as these old Mr. Conscience won them to commence once more their pilgrimage.

Wonderfully were they sustained when this purpose was maturing and being acted on. They had little to detain them in the circles of society in Sterling City.

Once more, then, they determined on renewing their pilgrimage. Making the wisest investments they could of their property, and procuring the necessary letters of credit, they made ready to set out. They were certain of this one thing. They never could reach the Celestial City in a coach-and-four, nor by any of the modern modes of locomotion. This journey could be performed by no other method by the rich than by the poor. It must be accomplished, if at all, staff in hand, on foot.

They found it hard to set out with nothing but their staffs. Indeed, both husbands and wives had more than one habit and silk-lined cloak, which they felt they must take with them at all hazards. And so it turned out that our pilgrims left the City of Sterling each with a pack on their shoulders as large as that described by Mr. John Bunyan: only these packs were com-

posed of somewhat different materials, but alike in this: the pack made their journey wearisome, especially in climbing up rocks, and threading narrow defiles.

After they had been a week on their journey, they felt greatly invigorated by the exercise. They were more buoyant than they had been since their great troubles. It was the heartfelt joy that they were now nearing their true place of rest, where, with the loved and the lost, the fruition of all their aspirations for purity only could be attained.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE PILGRIMS GET INTO THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

As, in the history of the life-long pilgrimage of God's ancient people, but few of the particulars of their trials, temptations, and backslidings, are related, in like manner we shall pass over all that happened to our modern pilgrims until they reached the Great Desert.

They had made all the preparations they could for that wilderness which, the Guide-book told them, lay before them. With staffs, and shoes fitted for sharp, flinty, broken stones, known as pilgrims' sandals, they set out for the Celestial City. The path, always straight, was at times very steep to climb and hard to descend. Indeed, as Mr. Conscience had told them in Vanity Fair, it could not be travelled but on foot; and yet it was called

"the king's highway." Their previous habits made this route very hard to travel, especially on the recommencement of their journey. But it grew easier as they became in some sort familiar with these ups-and-downs, meeting them morning, noon, and night. Then there were sweet sunny spots of beauty in their pathway, adorned with fragrant flowers, along the roadside; and they grew glad in the consciousness they were walking as pilgrims in all ages have walked. It was a matter of wonder to them now that they could have believed themselves making any advance on their pilgrimage while wandering in foreign lands, and, on returning, to have made their home in the City of Sterling, when, according to the Guide-book, that city is at the greatest distance of all others from the Celestial City. Fewer pilgrims leave that city than any of all known resting-places in the pilgrimage; inasmuch as the passions which make that city attractive become more and more exigent and earnest every day, month, and year, they live in it.

Frank Trueman's party had been getting on happily until they began to descend from the table-land, over which the path led them into a moorland waste, flat for days and days, and dreary all around them. The weather, too, became lowering, and not a ray of sunshine did they get. The place, too, where the sun stood in the heavens, could not be told at any hour of the day. Moreover, the caravansaries — those places of rest and refreshment, built by the Lord of the Way along the roadside, where pilgrims were usually well provided for, and which were their safe shelter in storms — were at very great distances from each other; and no diligence on their part prevented them from being often benighted, and compelled to walk weary miles, in a broken

country, in midnight darkness. Now, this was all their own fault; for, though the coach-and-four was left behind, they still were burdened with as much as they could well carry, — for some things, as we have before said, they thought they must have; and, as they could do no better, they had made them up into the smallest possible pack, which was strapped upon their backs. Now, with such burdens, it was no wonder they did not make those long stretches in good time to reach the places of rest while the day lasted. They were told of this, indeed, by pilgrims who passed them with lighter burdens than themselves; for modern pilgrims rarely travel without packs of some sort. In this there is a marked difference between the modern and the Bunyan pilgrims, who, when they set out, bore with them a heavy burden, of which they were relieved, unconsciously to themselves, as they journeyed; whereas, now-a-days, the packs increase rather than diminish, with most pilgrims, as they go forward.

The day was declining — it was one of the dull, dark days of which we have spoken — when they came to a morass. The sword-like sedges grew thick and high, and the level plain prevented them from making any guess as to its width. They had been following a beaten track over the plain; but, when they came to the swamp, they paused in dubiety, perplexed by the different paths into the swamp.

Frank and Gertrude had reached this wall of bulrushes first, and Frank lifted up Gertrude in his arms, the better to view the tracks, and point out the course best to be taken. She told him there were two paths — one leading to the right, the other to the left; that the one to the left, though most broken at the edge of the swamp, soon became confused, while that to the right was

clearly defined as far as she could see; and that she was certain the path to the right was the best.

Frank said to Oliver, "There seems to have been a difference of opinion among those who have gone before us, — some going one way, and some another. Shall we take the right hand or the left? Of the two, which shall we choose?"

"The one most travelled," said Oliver, with his usual promptitude.

"No, Oliver," said Gertrude; "not so. In all our past experience we have found the example of the few safer than the many."

"Yes," said Frank, "Gertrude is right; let us all take the right-hand path."

Now, while this was being said, Annie took it into her head to consult Lord Shallbeso's compass; and, in doing so, she turned her back upon her friends, and the index pointed to the left hand. She had, from time to time, done this before with impunity; and she was tempted to do so now because Gertrude had been so prompt and positive, and Frank had been so ready to take her advice.

Annie turned round, and spoke in a quiet, even tone, as if she did not care which way was taken, "It can't matter much which way we take, for both ways must lead across the morass; and the sooner we get in, the sooner we shall get out."

"But, Annie," said Gertrude, "it may not be so easy to get out as it is to go in. I insist that we go by the path leading to the right."

"Only because it is the *right*-hand path, I suppose," said

Annie, "*therefore* it must be right!"— and there was a little temper in her tones.

"Because," said Gertrude, "in lack of all other signs, it has the fewest followers, and the sedges are trodden down in a direct line, as far as I can see. Let Oliver lift you up, Annie, and see with your own eyes."

Oliver offered to lift Annie up, but she would not suffer him to do so; and she said, "If Frank and Gertrude choose to go to the right, let them go!" And away she went into the morass, followed by Oliver, who said to Frank, "It can't make much difference!"

Frank and Gertrude entered the path to the right, and all alike were up to the knees in mud and water. When they were fairly in, at once they lost sight of each other. The sedges were sharp, and they soon found the value of their staffs in such a place as this; for their hands were cut by the sharp, sword-like sedges, and they had to beat them down before they could make their way through.

For a time they were near each other, — the water growing deeper, and the skies darker, every moment. Their voices were heard fainter and fainter, showing their paths were becoming at every step more and more divergent, till Frank's shout was just heard. There were signs of a coming tempest heard; and Oliver, discontented at this separation from Frank and Gertrude, ceased to talk to Annie, so that a feeling of separation from each other added to the sorrows of the hour. Especially was this felt by Annie, whose heart reproached her for having consulted Lord Shallbeso's compass. She had done so often before, and no evil came of it; but this was once too many, and she feared to con-

fess what she had done. Oliver put forth all his energies to break down the sedges; and she feared lest every step they took was one more step in a wrong direction. Annie now asked Oliver to hold her up; but she could see nothing.

"Is there no path ahead?" asked Oliver.

"None at all!" said Annie.

"Can't you see the line of travel?" asked Oliver, in a tone of impatience.

"No, dear husband, I don't see any broken path anywhere."

Oliver panted a while after he had set Annie down into the mire and water. "It is very doubtful whether we are going across the morass. It may be we are going down into it, rather than across it."

As Oliver spoke, the clouds came sweeping down, and all of daylight was shrouded in darkness. The lightnings flashed, and the roll of the thunder was frightfully near. They went on, and the water rose. The idea of drowning presented itself to Annie and Oliver, at the instant.

"Away with our packs! they will be the death of us," cried Oliver. And both pulled the strings which bound them to their backs, and found a little comfort in feeling them under their feet. They sought to stand upon them for a moment's support; but they found their packs pedestals of lead, which sunk of their own weight.

"Oliver, we are out of the way," cried Annie; "and if we go on, we shall perish!"

"If we stand still, we shall certainly perish."

"Don't take another step till I tell you what I have done." And Oliver stopped, while Annie told him her story, and why it

was she was so perverse, — "only because Gertrude was so positive."

"And you still find some apology for your conduct, to which you cling even in a moment like this!"

"O, I was wrong! I am wrong!" And she drew off the compass-ring, and cast it from her.

And here we will stop, one moment, to tell the fate of that compass. It was found by a party of pilgrims under the leadership of one Heady, who caught it glittering on the tip of a slender bulrush. This man Heady said it was a god-send to guide him and his party across the morass. But Mr. Scarcelysaved and Mr. Skinofhisteeth, who were in the company, finding their leader had no better guidance than a chance compass picked up, wisely regarded him as forfeiting all claims to their confidence; and, he leading down, they travelled up, and came to land at the last gasp of life, helped out by persons whose business it was to watch for pilgrims mired in the slough, and to get them out on the right side. As for Mr. Heady and his company, they all perished. We have indulged in this digression, so as to give our readers a moment's space to take breath.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A NIGHT SPENT IN THE SLOUGH.

OLIVER was silent. It was an age to Annie. "We must change our course; it is all we can do, and let us do it now, dear Annie," said Oliver, lovingly.

Annie was too much disturbed to be able to tell her husband then how grateful she was for his forbearance and kindness.

There is something inspiriting in a change made at a moment such as this. Oliver felt it; and he battled away as best he could, leading Annie onward. Though there were fewer sedges, the water was now up to Annie's neck; and it was only when the lightning flashed they could get a glimpse of what was before them.

Amid this darkness and the terrors of the night, they heard the sound of some strange animal, as they thought, breaking through the bulrushes. They paused. "It is a rhinoceros," whispered Annie.

"Listen! don't move a finger," said Oliver.

And Annie did listen, as women only can. Her imagination was full of ravening beasts; for the sound increased, and was approaching them.

"He scepts us, Oliver!" said Annie.

"What can it be?" whispered Oliver.

Slash! slash! dash! dash! went the rushes.

"O! O!" said Annie, gasping in terror, "it must — be — a — mas — to — don, or a mega — the — ri — O! . . . saurus!"

Familiar as she was with all the monsters of an antediluvian age (for she had them at her tongue's-end, as young ladies from boarding-schools mostly have), she now became confused. At any other time Oliver would have been amused; but not now. It was a crisis in existence; and all thought was absorbed into the one thought—defence. And what had he but his poor staff!

The noise ceased. "O, if he would but turn aside!" whispered Annie, who clung now to Oliver.

The sound of the breaking sedges was renewed. "Alas, no!" whispered Oliver. "Whatever it be, we shall soon know to our cost."

At that instant, a clear, ringing voice rose near them, singing these words:

"What though my body languish,
So he my soul redeem!
Or fail through mortal anguish,
Yet will I trust in him.
Destruction as a blessing
From Jesus' hands I meet,
And sweetly die embracing
My dear Destroyer's feet."

"Help! help!" cried Oliver.

Never did music sound so sweet; never a strain of piety breathe so full of hope! "Coming!" was the reply.

The storm was sinking down in the distance, and the flashing of distant lightning enabled them to see the pilgrim, who was now making his way towards them. And, when he came up, and stretched out his hand, Annie clutched it as if it were indeed the hand of an angel.

"Shall we get through alive?" asked Annie.

"We shall get through alive, or not at all," was the stranger's reply.

"O, how can you trifle in such a night of terror, and in such a place as this!" said Annie.

"My friends, these things are dreadful by comparison; let us move on. I will take the lead, if you please."

Oliver spoke: "Your cheerful confidence is great encouragement to us. I was on the point of giving up all for lost."

The pilgrim replied: "We are assured the waters shall not overflow us. Now, if we had come to the morass earlier in the day, we might have found the best crossing-place; or we would have done wisely to have waited patiently for the breaking of day. But, as it is, so it is."

"Are there fords over this dreadful quagmire?" asked Oliver.

"O, yes, so I am told; but, in a wet season like the present, they are submerged. We must be wiser the next time. It is well for us that the water is so salt and buoyant; for otherwise I don't believe we could hold out as we have done. This is not comfortable; but, then, it is our own fault."

Annie squeezed Oliver's hand in silence. The clouds began to break away, and the bright and morning star shed down a pencil of light for a moment, and then was lost in clouds.

The pilgrim paused to rest himself; and, pointing to the star, said, "There it is! Now I know the way I take." And they toiled on.

As the day broke, the pilgrim lifted up Annie (for poor Oliver had no strength left), when she cried, "I see them! I see them! There!" pointing to the place.

"The Lord be thanked!" exclaimed the pilgrim. And, greatly exhausted, they reached the bank, up which Frank aided them in clambering; when Annie sunk into a swoon, from which she recovered faint and exhausted.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE EXPERIENCES OF FRANK AND HIS WIFE AND THE POOR PILGRIM.

ANNIE was borne by the keepers of the caravansary, who now came to the assistance of Oliver and the stranger pilgrim, to the house, which was about the distance of a mile. Here every attention was shown them; and, while they all slept, their clothes were carefully dried and ironed, and every care taken for their refreshment. It was, indeed, a great mercy they had received; and they woke with grateful hearts, recalling their long night of affliction, glad that they had left their bundles in the slough. They had had many thoughts of their own, that these habits were not fitted for a journey on the desert; but they had wanted courage to cast them off. Now that they were gone, however, they were glad the sacrifice was made.

It was late in the day when they awoke; the stranger was waiting for them. He was a man in the down-hill of life, who, with a cheerful face and a glad smile, welcomed them to the desert. Their fare was plain, yet delicious, — made so by the severity of their trials; and with great contentment of mind, and with grateful hearts, they partook what was provided for them.

"Come, Frank," said Oliver, after he had told his experiences in the slough, "tell us how you and Gertrude fared."

Frank replied: "The instant we walked into the slough — it may well be called, 'the Slough of Despond'?" — addressing the stranger.

"I think so, sir," said the stranger, bowing his assent. —

"We were at once knee-deep. I was for backing out; but Gertrude was singularly confident, and we went on as best we could. It was evident all who had taken this path had gone in each other's footsteps, for the bulrushes were broken and matted down into the mud so as to make a platted pavement to our feet. But we could neither see anything ahead nor around us, for the path was so very narrow that Gertrude had to follow me step by step. The thunder now began to mutter, and signs of a tempest came down upon us, so that we could only feel our pathway.

"We had long since ceased to hear your voice; and, while we felt sure *we* were right, so much the more did we fear for your safety. The water now rose to Gertrude's chin, and she said she must cut her pack loose, for it was saturated, and heavy as lead to her. It soon became a matter for us both to say, whether our packs should sink with us or without us. There was no time for untying our straps; I cut myself and Gertrude free, and down went our packs into the mud below us. I must confess I was greatly terrified; but Gertrude's courage rose with the hour. I called to you, but the loud thunders swallowed up my voice. The lightning's flash enabled us to see we were in the right path. It was one night only we were passing through; but, for the activity of my mind, its thronging recollections, and the intensity of my emotions, I lived a long life in one night. To go on," continued Frank, "as the water deepened, the sedges became sparse, and our progress was greatest when, as I supposed, we moved with greatest hazard; but there was no respite. Every moment we feared the waters would rise, and that we should be drowned; so it became a struggle for life, while with

our staffs we felt our way along. What should we have done without our staffs? At the instant we felt ourselves upon the rock beneath our feet, we knew not but that we were in the middle of the morass. So soon as we reached the bank we sought a sheltering thicket, and sat down. I folded Gertrude in my arms, and we fell asleep. As the day broke we woke and came down the bank, searching for you over the wide-waving sea of flags. It was a moment of joy when we got a glimpse of your heads moving along. 'There they are!' said Gertrude; but when I counted three heads our hearts sank within us.

"While we stood in anxious suspense, Annie was lifted up, and recognized us by waving her hand. So ends my tale." And, turning to the pilgrim of the night, he asked him to tell his experiences, not for the night only, but for his lifetime.

"Thank you for your kind assurances," said the stranger. "My story is a short one, though now the shadows of life are lengthening, telling me the hour of sunset to me is not afar off. I was born into the world with a wooden spoon in my mouth; and I have been fed with a wooden spoon all the days of my life. No wish of my heart has been realized, and no affection gratified. Left an orphan, I began the battle of life when ten years of age. It has been a warfare begun, continued, and now maintained, with no kind auspices. With gray hairs upon me, without the prompting of ambition or the inspiration of hope, I find myself upon the desert, solitary and alone."

"How came you into the slough?" asked Oliver.

"Ah, my friends, there is a needs-be for discipline, and some need more of it than others. Life has been one long slough of despond to me. I was once ambitious, hopeful, and confident

in myself; but, little by little, I learned to seek for nothing, hope for nothing. My prayer has been, 'Give me this day my daily bread.' I was delayed in reaching the fording-place because I had a feeling of despair in my heart, as if it made no matter to me what became of me. But in all this my heart was rebelling against God. So I went into the morass when I should have waited for day. And my joy is that, being mired myself, I was near you to help you out of the mire. God is good, and when we forget him he does not forget us. Let us all learn this lesson. When we come to the next morass — for sloughs of some sort are before us all — let us wait for God to show us the fording-place. It has been well said by one who knew, 'Those who watch a providence never need a providence to watch.'" *

The stranger rose and told them he was about leaving for the next caravansary. They sought to delay him till the next day, when they hoped to be recruited so as to be able to keep him company. He urged them to remain till they should be restored to their wonted vigor, but said, "I go on; I am accustomed to walk my path alone, and 't is my duty to go."

* One of John Newton's enigmatical sayings. The Rev. Ralph Erskine, of the Scottish Church, has left a book of pious riddles.

CHAPTER LX.

THE GREAT DESERT.

INASMUCH as it is not our purpose to give an itinerancy of our pilgrims over the Great Desert, but to give such particulars only as are necessary to complete the narrative we have begun, we will describe the desert upon which they now stood, not unlike the ancient children of God, when the Red Sea was crossed, and the waste wilderness opened before them. They had left Egypt behind them, but it was a long journey to the Jordan and promised land.

The Great Desert is that wide waste which every pilgrim must traverse, let him come from what point of the compass he may, in going to the Celestial City. At first our travellers thought of it only as a desolation of desolations. The grass, which grew in tufts, was sharp, and cut like knives; and flint rocks, broken in pieces, made the way not only wearisome, but often painful. The winds of evening blew chill, while the sun's rays beat down with intense heat by day. It was tolerable in the morning; and towards evening, when the heavens were lit up in all the splendor of a brighter and better world, it was glorious.

They received at the caravansary (as was the custom of pilgrims) a wallet of provisions, and a bottle of sweet spring-water. With diligence these would hold out to the next place of supply, and so on to the end of the journey. But if pilgrims lagged, or if they went off the direct route, they suffered accordingly. Upon the desert their staffs came into constant use; and our

pilgrims' rolls, which before were so very faint, in consequence of being saturated in the Slough of Despond, to their great joy became more and more legible as they were exposed to the rays of the sun; or, perhaps, it was the air of the desert acting upon the parchments as they read them on their pilgrimage. Oliver, with all his science, could not account for these rolls being restored; nor has it been found out by any science known to the world. Some wise men, indeed, because they could not account for this phenomenon, which was common to all pilgrims, denied the fact. But poor pilgrims, especially those who did not even know there was such a thing as science, and who cared not a pin for theories, however admirable in construction, read their rolls and took the comfort of them.

As in the ancient desert, so in this, there were oases scattered all over the waste, which were charming and safe resting-places, when they lay in their path at the sun's setting; for the rule of travel was to follow the sun to its going down, and no deviation from this rule was allowed. And when, for days and weeks, as was often the case, the sun could not be seen, neither rising nor setting, on account of the darkness which shrouded it in gloom, it was regarded by the oldest and wisest of men as best to stand still and wait for the breaking away of the clouds. Caravans which moved without the sun's light had to rely upon what is called by sailors, and with far more propriety on the desert than on the ocean, "*dead reckoning.*"

The law of following the sun's path, pictured as it was in every day's decline, did not prevent pilgrims from going zig-zag. Very many, also, after a year or two of travel, ceased to think so much of the end of their journey as of the next oasis they should

come to; and these oases held out many inducements to turn aside. They rose like beautiful islands upon the ocean; and, at a distance, wore all the magic charms fancy could invent. They often resembled headlands of continents pushed out into the plain; and the green hillside slopes were crowned with the foliage of forest-trees, whose cool shades and rich verdure were made enchanting by the rivulets and rills of water, which in tiny waterfalls came rippling down the hills, to be drunk up and lost in the arid sands of the surrounding desert. Though so beautiful in the distance, they rarely realized the hopes of the traveller; for they swarmed with a thousand annoyances, such as little insects, often too small to be seen, but never so small that their stings were not felt. Then, the miasmata of some were as fatal as the Campagna of Rome. But there were oases famous for salubrity of climate and the sweetness of their springs; others were known as Palmyras of the desert. Others, too, were rich in mines; though, as for that matter, the whole desert was auriferous, and if any one chose to do nothing else, he could pick up golden sand everywhere.

Pilgrims were accustomed to travel the desert, at least, nominally so, in caravans. It was usual to meet on the Sabbath of rest in the near neighborhood of the caravansary agreed upon the Sabbath day previous. Every caravan had its leader or leaders, and "office-bearers," or deacons, or elders, or vestrymen, or by whatever name they preferred to be called. These office-bearers had charge of the platform of the caravan; and these they laid down, or, as was the custom of some, set up on pillars. Around this all of that caravan assembled and kept their feast of love; and, at stated times, their great festival,

the Feast of Communion. This latter was variously styled by caravans, according to their Confessions of Faith, Rubrics, etc., — for each caravan had a nomenclature of its own, — the *sacrament*, the *eucharist*, or the *Lord's Supper*. These were all synonymes; but it was a matter of the very first importance to be known, that on the desert with all pilgrims words were things. Of this we will say something, as it illustrates the manners and customs of modern pilgrims.

When the Lord of Life made his pilgrimage across the desert, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps," it was his custom to seat all his disciples upon the grass growing under the shade-trees of the oases, and so to keep the feast. This afforded him a platform wide as was his charity, and on foundations solid as the earth. But, alas! this point of union, the very centre of love, became the point of radiation and divergence; and that which was instituted as the symbol of unity became the sign of separation. Thus it became the aim and end of these caravans to aid only those who symbolized with them, and with such to stand in all the conflicts which arose, as we shall see, on the king's highway. And, though there were a dozen or more parties all congregated at the same place, they stood apart; even those who bore the same name, and wore the same badge. For each caravan had its leader, as well as its banner; and, though of the same order, yet often fierce rivalries existed between these leaders, in all which the caravan profoundly sympathized.

Now, these conflicts arose among caravans from various causes; but, mainly, on this wise. They all agreed that the sunlit path was the only safe one to follow, and that the law of the road

was laid down in the Guide-book; but the sun was often hid for months, and then it was that these leaders assumed the guidance of their followers. The Guide-book was, in some sort, the nautical almanac of the desert; but, as seamen need compasses on the ocean, so leaders of caravans, from the earliest times, had constructed various instruments to meet the wants, as they regarded them, of the desert. These were known as the "Compasses and Charts of the Caravan;" the leader's compass being taken as the standard of comparison for all under his guidance. They also claimed the right to make or mend these charts and compasses, so as to secure the greatest possible uniformity. If a man would not give up his compass, or refused to have it regulated, it was a very simple affair, indeed, to send him about his business. He might get to the Celestial City in any way he thought best, but not in that caravan.

We have said the leaders claimed the right to make or mend compasses of their followers. We must explain. We have seen that at Vanity Fair there were Roman, Oxford, and German compasses in the market; all which were repudiated by all pilgrims passing through Vanity Fair to the Holy City. Now, all the great orders of caravans were accustomed to meet at the various oases at times appointed, in order to adjust their compasses and charts, and other astronomical instruments, which, although they were all manufactured at their several observatories, required rectification and adjustment, because it was found, in despite of all the wisdom and science they could command, variations of some sort would arise among leaders and followers in the same caravan, and greater and important differences between caravans of their own order under different leaders.

This was owing, perhaps, to the variation of the magnetic meridian, which changed constantly. When, moreover, it is remembered that there were several of these great manufactories, it will not be wondered at that great diversities of travel were observable among caravans, though all tending in one general direction. And still more, as the same leaders, through the imperfection of their charts or compasses, would go for a time one or more points divergent, and then tack about and go as far off in the opposite side of the true westerly course; and, though pilgrims did not use glasses with the belief they could better see the Celestial City through them, yet the leaders were accustomed to use telescopes, which made those who used them short-sighted; for, as the focus was unchangeable, it followed that the eye became suited to the telescope, and not the telescope to the eye.

Our pilgrims had been on the desert some time before they saw these matters in the light we have presented them. Custom becomes prescription; and they found separation and seclusion were, with most pilgrims, regarded as among their first duties and highest obligations.

CHAPTER LXI.

LAWS OF THE DESERT REGULATING INTERCOURSE OF PILGRIMS.

Our pilgrims had reached an oasis rising beautifully above the plain, and here they gladly awaited the Sabbath of rest; for

that day was a high day, and a large number of caravans had collected for the celebration of the feast of communion.

Among those in whose society they had travelled the week before was a lady of Scotia, whose husband had gone before. Mrs. Kirk, for that was her name, belonged to an order of caravans whose order was very close, and one which sought to be in all things primitive. She had left her own leader and his caravan on the other side of the desert; being brought over by important interests which her deceased husband had left unattended to, and which it was her duty to see fittingly completed. Thus she was not only a pilgrim, but a stranger.

The pillars and platforms were all in order. Wishing to hear the discourse to be delivered by the leader of the order of caravans to which Mrs. Kirk belonged, Annie accompanied her. This leader was a man of giant intellect; and he stood up in all the grandeur of his conscious strength, "a pillar in the temple of God." Those belonging to *that* caravan were then invited to mount the platform for the feast. Mrs. Kirk whispered, "I have no token, but I wear the same badge, use the same chart, travel by the same compass, as does this caravan. Do you think they will let me take a seat on their platform?" Annie advised her earnestly, and with heart-felt assurance, that she was doing not only what was right, but what it was her duty to do.

The lady timidly approached the steps, at the foot of which, and on either side, stood the elders, to "bar the tables," and to allow no one to ascend but those who had a token — a piece of lead, with some characters impressed upon it. She whispered to them that she was a stranger, belonging to their order of caravans; and she asked leave to share in their feast. The elders

shook their heads. The leader came up at the instant while this lady, in tears, stood at the foot of the steps. She appealed to him; and his soul burst the withes of custom, and he invited her to follow him. But his elders interposed, and Mrs. Kirk, in a flood of tears, returned to Annie, who withdrew with her to the caravansary.

As they entered their apartments, they found Oliver, and Frank, and Gertrude, returned and waiting for them. Annie, full of feeling, told what had taken place, and ended by addressing Mrs. Kirk: "You, my dear lady, shall go with us to our feast, which we call by the name given it by the apostles, 'The Lord's Supper.' Not a sacrament, nor a sacrifice, nor an oblation; but a supper in remembrance of the Lord of Life, and of his infinite love. And, because it is a supper, so we meet at an hour when the time is appropriate to the act."

"Dear Mrs. Outright, I do not belong to your order of caravans; and you know yours is of all others most exclusive."

"I beg your pardon, madam; we have no leaden tokens to give up before taking our seats. Our right to be there is certified to our officers by the fact we are there."

"But I don't think it right to break in upon rules of conduct adopted conscientiously by leaders of caravans," replied Mrs. Kirk.

"And do you think, my dear Mrs. Kirk," said Annie, in her impulsive tone, "that this is the Unity of His Disciples which our Lord prayed for? I do not! and never will his prayer be answered until his pilgrims get down from their high places, and meet on the common platform of love for the Lord of the Feast, and for all who love him; demanding no token of conformity

other than a life of affection and beneficence. All things else may be counterfeited; but love, self-sacrifice, and charity,— these are God's golden tokens, known and read of all men."

"But, Mrs. Outright," said Mrs. Kirk, "you would break down the hedges around the garden of the Bridegroom, and make it a place for the ravening of wolves."

"Dear pilgrim," said Annie, "don't let us be misled, by fanciful figures in Solomon's Songs, from the teachings, the example, and the spirit, of our Lord. With all their pains-taking, there are, no doubt, many wolves among the sheep, upon all our platforms."

"Dear Annie," said Frank, "you are likely to lose *caste*, and be cast out from your caravan. We pilgrims can't think alike, nor see alike; and I say let every order act upon its convictions of duty, with all charity towards those who differ, and with the most of charity where most is needed."

"Let me lose *caste*, so I do not become a cast-away!" cried Annie, with her proud, defiant air, so natural and graceful in her. "Just so far as I lose caste on the desert, I gain Christ in my own heart."

"Dear Annie," said Gertrude, soothingly, "we do not well to be wiser than our teachers. We do not see the bearings of this question. If we were wiser we should be less confident. I am sure we are not always right because we believe ourselves to be so."

"Gertrude speaks with the wisdom of Solomon," said Frank; "and Annie herself must confess the correctness of her last aphorism. But, seriously, an opinion so general, unchallenged, and, indeed, acknowledged by all conclaves, assemblies, convoca-

tions, diets, synods, presbyteries, since the earliest ages, — the fact that all have united in making this feast the test of faith, — makes me willing to defer this matter to the wiser men, our fathers, who have gone before us."

"It can't be the will of the Lord of the Feast," said Annie. "His invitation is world-wide. Seclusion and exclusion is of the world, and is not after Christ. And, Frank, as for your argument from the fathers and grandfathers, that is all moonshine — nothing but moonshine, Cousin Frank. You and Oliver often tell us that what we say about science is nothing worth; for, since we left school, the advance of knowledge has changed all the groundwork of science, and brought in a new nomenclature, and ask, 'What authority would Whiston have in geology now-a-days?' You tell us science is the accumulated experience, observations, and acquirements, of the entirety of all past ages; and this age is the authoritative age of the world in all such matters. Is not all this so?"

"Certainly; but this is in sciences, not in theology. We have no new revelations of spiritual truths," said Frank.

"Pardon me, Master Frank, and you, my dear Mrs. Kirk, for talking so much," continued Annie; "but listen to me for one moment more and I am done. And, first, Theology is known, I believe, as a science; and, though the revelation of God's word is complete, the laws of interpretation and just criticism may not have reached their point of culmination in our day. God's providence, also, is a new revelation made day by day; and this modifies all prior conclusions. So it is possible for those who cross this desert centuries hence to be both wiser and better than we are; as I hope and trust they all will be. But, to

finish. As these things are, you, Mrs. Kirk, and Frank, and Gertrude, and my dear husband (who shows his patience, if not his wisdom, by letting me talk instead of himself,—sitting by, for all the world, like an Irishman's parrot),—I say, we five here assembled are, and of right ought to be, the highest possible authority in deciding this question. For, if age be authority, who has age?—the child of a day?—the man who lived in the last year of the first century, or we who live in the middle of the nineteenth century? *We* stand on the apex of the pyramid of time; we see furthest because we know most. And let us five resolve all the world wrong; for I believe in my heart they are all, all wrong."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Frank. And, turning to Oliver, he said, "I think Annie is in voice to-day."

"I won't be laughed at, Frank," said Annie, with a great deal of temper and spirit.

Mrs. Kirk kindly interposed, and said: "Dear Mrs. Outright, your views would eventuate in breaking up all the various orders of caravans, and pilgrims would become a confused multitude. Now, I can conceive of no greater injury inflicted upon us all than such a state of affairs upon the desert, producing such a result as this."

"Not so fast, my dear lady!" replied Mrs. Outright, still a good deal excited by the jeers of Frank. "What has the ordering of a caravan to do with the feast of communion, anything more than the feast of love? To the last, all are invited; the feast is heaven-wide, as it should be; and, if a stranger comes in, he has the best seat assigned him, and no leaden token is asked before admittance is granted. And why not offer a like wide-

spread hospitality to all who seek to share in the Supper of the Lord, at the Lord's Table? Not your table, nor mine; but the table of the Lord of the Way."

"Ah! but the cases are entirely unlike," said Mrs. Kirk.

"But why may not a caravan," continued Annie, "move on as they now do, under such leaders as they like best, governed by such rules as they regard in accordance with, or prescribed by, the Lord of the Way; so that, when a pilgrim, as in your own case this day, comes by chance into their company, they may welcome him to the feast? How does that impair, change, or annul, any rules they may have for the conduct of their own caravan? And how full of the mind of Christ it would be if such course of action was universal! Where, then, would be the isolation and proud bearing of one set of leaders towards others, when at the feast of communion the common rights of all were acknowledged, and confirmed by the most solemn act!"

"My dear pilgrim," replied Mrs. Kirk, "all this is specious; but it must be fallacious, or it would have been adopted by the great and good of earth ages ago."

CHAPTER LXII.

OF WELLS ALONG THE DESERT.

The Lord of the Way had directed wells of water to be opened along the desert, and he had made it the duty of pilgrims to keep these wells always clear, as well as to dig out the sand when, by

the siroccos, they were filled; and if any loose stones had fallen in to reset them; so that the fountain should forever rise up, in all its glorious fulness, to the end of time. Moreover, when wells were closed, pilgrims were required to reöpen them, and to dig them where they were wanted, so that this first necessity of life should be on all sides ready to meet the wants of pilgrims. There were pilgrims who devoted their lives to doing this in arid regions where there was no water, and where multitudes perished by the wayside. And though this was true in far-off regions, yet on the route of travel lying between Babylonia and the Celestial City it was common for pilgrims to dispute about the right of caravans wearing a badge different from their own to draw out water at these wells. Nor was this the only caprice of pilgrims. Many had a cross painted on their water-bottles and wallets, some made in one way and some in another. One was called the Roman symbol, another the Greek; but it was a cross of some sort; while other pilgrims, and the greater number on this route, used wallets and bottles, just as they received them from the keepers of the caravansary. These had nothing to distinguish them. But, alas! this little conceit of the sign of the cross had cost a great many pilgrims the severest suffering. In former days, when those who wore the Roman cross held sway over the desert, if any one dared to draw water out of the wells, he did so at the peril of his life. But in the day we speak of the Romanists were in the minority, and, being so, they kept their tempers in severe check, although they denied the right of all pilgrims but those wearing their cross to drink a drop of water from these wells; for they claimed that

the Lord of the Way had made them sole proprietors of all the water of the desert.

Now, there was another class, who, while they called these Roman pilgrims very hard names, as "schismatics," and the like, still felt a great anxiety to have them recognize their equal claim to draw water out of the wells; and they did all that the utmost debasement could suggest, even to wearing their wallets with the pockets turned inside because the hated word "Protestant" was painted indelibly upon its face. Both these classes of pilgrims agreed in this — that nobody had a right to the wells but themselves and those who wore the symbol of a cross; and not for the symbol's sake, but also because they only had a right to the ropes required to bring this water up to the surface, and put it to the mouths of thirsty pilgrims. These ropes were among the most wonderful things in nature; at least, they could only be regarded as a continued miracle, as indeed these people claimed them to be; for they affirmed confidently that these were the very same ropes made use of by the apostles, — ropes which, beyond all modern gutta-percha, had stretched and stretched, and would forever go on stretching, never breaking once. It was like gutta-percha in this, — the substance was identical, and had been, and would be to the end of time.

Our readers will be prepared for a description of some of the scenes likely to follow from conflicts at the mouths of these wells, among leaders of the different caravans. Indeed, it was hard for pilgrims to keep their tempers at all times under the impertinences of these gutta-percha people, whose mincing airs and finical manners often provoked pilgrims to give them a sound beating; and so it was contests arose oftener about the right to

draw water out of these wells than about all things else in the whole course of the pilgrimage.

"See!" cried an old leader of a numerous caravan, who were assembled at the well's mouth, addressing the leader of a little caravan, all of whom wore the Oxford badge, — "see here, sir!" pointing to an old oaken bucket, full of water of crystal pureness, flashing the sunlight from its surface, "is not that water? will it not slake the thirst of your party as truly as it will that of my own people? And, if so, why be guilty of denying a fact palpable to your senses? — if I may hope you have the ability to comprehend premises and conclusions such as these."

The leader of the Oxford party folded his hands across his breast in a very pious manner, and, with proud disdain, replied: "He did not, nor would his people, recognize the right of *dissenters* to elevate the waters from the fountain; nor would they drink out of vessels unsanctified, presented by unhallowed hands, upon which, indeed, the efficacy of the water wholly depends."

"Efficacy!" retorted the old leader. "Look at my caravan. Are they not, in number, usefulness, respectability, talent, and vigor, — in all and everything which makes a man a pilgrim, — equal, nay, superior to your own?"

The Oxford leader stood up, without a look of reply; and all his dutiful followers in like manner stood up, and folded their hands over their breasts, and said nothing. The old leader, vexed by this superciliousness, caught the rope of the Oxford leader out of his hand, which he held ready to attach to an antiquated cup (a mere cup, not capable of holding more than a quart of water), and, having scrutinized it, he gave it an untwist, which opened the cord into strands; whereupon, putting it to his nose

and snuffing at it, he held it up, saying, "Here, my friends, is the rope which is claimed to be part and parcel of the line used by the apostles, while on the desert, to draw up water out of these very wells! Its strands are unbroken, it is affirmed, homogeneous, and entire throughout. Untwist it, as I have done, and you smell oakum; and run it through your hand, and you see it a succession of knots and splices. And this is the original gutta percha of the old apostles! Was there ever such an absurdity avowed in the face of day?"

The Puseyite leader stood proudly, wearing a meek aspect, never deigning to reply; and, when the old man and his caravan had gone, he, having robed himself, let down the cup by "the line of apostolical succession," as it was called, and drew it up full of water. This was drank of in a pious way; and, when the caravan had all been supplied, they went on their winding way rejoicing.

There was much more form and time in supplying water by this mode than was usual to other caravans; and to our pilgrims it did not matter whether it was an old oaken bucket, to which an honest hempen rope was tied, which brought up the water, or a golden cup, held by a gutta-percha cord. It was water, pure water, that was wanted, however obtained.

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF LEADERS OF CARAVANS.

The greatest and the rarest blessing of a caravan was a self-reliant, independent, honest, and godly leader; and, next to the

leader, men of piety, learning, and devotedness to the interests of the caravan, to bear rule as elders, deacons, vestrymen, class-leaders, and the like. But if these "office-bearers" were blessings when they possessed the requisites of their stations, lacking all good qualities, they became curses. Such men, indeed, were too often elected, not for their piety, but for their wealth. They were content to assume trusts they never could discharge, for the sake of the power to control others far more worthy of their places of honor than they could ever be. And it was very strange, but so it was, those very men denounced by the Lord of the Way as of all others least likely ever to reach the Celestial City, in almost every caravan were put into the offices of honor and control. Such being the case, it was no wonder caravans went zigzag across the desert, first to this oasis, next to that. Here, one elder had some moneyed matters to attend to; there, a deacon or class-leader, for reasons purely selfish, shaped the course of a caravan. Invariably these wealthy men provided themselves with camels, so soon as they could command them, after coming upon the desert. This inequality, some going on foot and some on camels, was a source of discomfort and discontent among the members of a caravan; for envy was a passion they could not cut loose from, and leave behind them in the slough.

It was rare for a leader of a city caravan to walk at its head on foot; and those only did so who had a sturdiness of character, a bold independence, and a religious elevation of soul, which would not permit them to make the pilgrimage but as He walked whose example all were alike required by the Guide-book to follow, — "so to walk even as He walked."

It was the constant effort of these wealthy members to get their leader up on the back of a camel. He was, therefore, invited to ride a little while, "merely for the sake of change." They would urge a leader, as a favor conferred, to ride on a camel with them for an hour or two; and it was rare to find one who resisted, from the first, calmly and continuously. Usually, the leader would ride once in a while, and then always on the hump of the camel, as a guest in the seat of honor; but, so soon as he came to get up regularly, the seat of honor was relinquished, as a matter of right, to the owner, and he was crowded back till he came to the rump. Thus these leaders were sure to suffer from a disease commonly called "a curvature of the spine," caused by a giving way of backbone, which soon became chronic, and they lost the power to stand upright; until at last they mounted the rump, day after day, with a mean, sneaking look of dependence, while the man who rode the camel cared very little about choosing his path to accommodate the leader, who had to take it rough and smooth, hot and cold, wet and dry, as it happened. And the way these leaders held on to their seat was wonderful to behold. The caravan was no longer led by the leader elected, but by the rich man who owned the camel upon which the leader rode.

And we may here say, once for all, these riders on camels never crossed the Jordan, but spent their lives going from oasis to oasis, and took their chances by any express line, or other conveyance they found at hand, when the call for their departure reached them. The poor pilgrims were slow to find this out; but, when they did, they joined those caravans which were not so

enslaved, and whose leaders and officers were all seeking a rest that remaineth for the people of God, not on this side of Jordan, but beyond it.

CHAPTER LXIV.

OF COMBATS BETWEEN LEADERS OF CARAVANS.

We have alluded to the contentions among pilgrims at the mouth of wells. The causes of quarrel were various. We have only spoken of one, though the disputes about the right to drink water were presented in various forms. Often a whole caravan joined in the contest; when the water was disturbed, the rocks forming the curb were tumbled in, and neither party was able to drink there. Then, leaving the well in ruins, they took themselves off to other wells, where it was a mercy if the angry feelings which induced them to destroy one well did not lead to the destruction of the rest. So it was, one set of caravans always gave occupation for a better class of pilgrims to restore what they had broken down. And yet the destroyers ranked themselves as saints, indeed.

We are compelled to brevity, and can only give one example of the contests which took place, along the king's highway, among leaders of caravans. We shall now relate a battle which took place at the oasis called Manhattan, between the Reverend Doctor Rightinthemain and the Reverend Doctor Philpotts, leaders of two great caravans, who had assembled at this place.

We will recall to our readers the staffs each pilgrim received, with their several twists, knots, and points, and the use made of them. There were laws of controversy among leaders, as there are codes of duelling among gentlemen of honor, which were never departed from in all trials of skill; and, as preliminary to this true narrative, we shall here say that the recognized laws of attack and defence were as follows, namely:

"I. Each combatant must fight with his own staff.

"II. He must never depart from the recognized mode of using his staff.

"III. Nor must he cross the line, over which he is to fight."

Now, every staff had its advantages and disadvantages; and he who knew how best to wield his own staff, so as to avail himself of all the good points and heavy hits it was capable of giving, and warding off those of his adversary's, was likely to come off victor. There were, moreover, some tricks of fencing which were authorized with one staff, not allowable to another. But, then, every man was supposed to be fully aware of all these curious thrusts and hits, which, to unskilful people, were like the thrust of Joab under Abner's fifth rib; and, when a combatant found himself ripped up all of a sudden, and his bowels gushing out, he had David's eulogy, pronounced over Abner of old, repeated to him; or, in the vernacular of common folks, the brief and sententious verdict, "*Served him right!*"

Now, then, we will endeavor to relate this great contest, with that severe simplicity which Shakspeare commends when he says, "An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."

The cause of this quarrel had been brewing a long time, and public attention was on tiptoe to see the fight come off. The week after our pilgrims' arrival was made memorable by the combat. Through the kindness of one of the bottle-holders of Doctor Philpotts, our gentlemen were allowed to be upon the stage. The ring, or arena, was formed by a platform, which covered over the centre of one of the great theatres, the boxes of which admitted of a multitude of spectators, — the Rightinthemains taking the right of the main entrance, and the Philpotts the left, so as to equally divide the house. The bottle-holders and attendants had the stage for their position, so that they could run to their party whenever he needed comfort and "material aid." The audience wore the badges of the Oxford and Nassau caravans. Every seat was taken, and all were crammed and heated to a great intensity long before the pugilists came upon the stage. Dr. Rightinthemain entered first, with his bottle-holders, each man with his own staff in his right hand; then followed a train of ladies belonging to the highest fashion, who held in their hands plasters, smelling-bottles, cordials, and such-like supplies of aid and comfort as they thought might be useful. Nor was Dr. Philpotts forgotten of the fair portion of his caravan. One of his bottle-holders was a well-known leader of a Congregational Caravan, and the other belonging to the Presbyterian order, — each second with his appropriate staff. The Herald having announced the rules of the combat, the great leaders came forward, and were received with cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, from the thousands of spectators. The Rev. Dr. Rightinthemain was a portly gentleman, whose cheeks bore the truest test of the purity of the wines, as well as the water, he drank;

and the way he tucked up his sleeves and whirled his staff showed him a master of the fence. His opponent, Rev. Dr. Philpotts, came into the ring with the calm confidence of a Goliah of Gath; and he had been so often told of his great power, it was not wonderful if he believed what everybody said was true. His Nassau staff was sharpened, and his knots had an ugly look. A line, about twenty inches high, was stretched across, and divided equally the area of the pit, or arena. To this line both gentlemen advanced; and the fight, or, in the language of the "fancy-men," the "*round*," lasted two minutes. Resting then five minutes, they took turns who should attack and who defend.

The combat was brought on by an attack of Dr. Rightinthemain; but, for the first three or four rounds, not much damage was done. They were very cautious in taking their positions, and shied about and about, without hitting any hard thumps. In the fifth round, however, Dr. Rightinthemain had a blow put into his head which made him see the stars shining by daylight; but he held his ground to the end of the bout. As soon as this was over, his lady friends put their vinaigrettes to his nose, and bathed his head and hair with cologne, thus greatly refreshing him by their attentions; so that he came up to the line with a smiling countenance, as though nothing had happened. It being now his turn to attack, he brought one of his points to bear upon the bald pate of his opponent, with a force that sent him reeling back upon his friends, who caught him in their arms. With a sticking-plaster they stopped the blood, while they poured a cordial down his throat. Then they stood him upon his feet, and patted him on his back; when he took a long breath, and care-

fully examined his staff to see the damage done it. Several of his most reliable points were gone; two of the knots had gone off with a long splinter. Nor was Dr. Rightinthemain's staff in much better plight. Indeed, it was hard to tell how the combat was to end.

In the next round Dr. Rightinthemain received some very hard hits, which greatly encouraged Dr. Philpotts' side of the house. The herald came forward again, and now declared, "In the rounds to follow, the right of attack and defence would be equal, and that the combatants would follow their own course, within the rules of the fight." So saying, he withdrew. Now the point of intensest interest had been reached. The gentlemen now came up carefully, and shied along the line from one end to the other, waiting for an opening for a clip at the other's head, when they began. Bang, bang, went the staffs, rasping against each other; and then a dull thump, or a ringing crack, showed the body or the skull was reached; and the audience cried out continually, shouting, "There, he hits him!"—"Well done!"—"Bravo!"—"Hit him again!"—"That's it!—that's it!" These cries roused the courage of these gladiators to the highest pitch of daring. But so it was, Dr. Philpotts came in for a fearful blow upon his head just as he was ramming his staff into the bowels of Dr. Rightinthemain, which clean upset him with violence, on the back of his head; while Dr. Philpotts, stunned by a blow upon his pate, reeled backwards into the arms of his friends. It would have been fatal to Dr. Rightinthemain, that thrust of Dr. Philpotts, but for the great improvement made by modern science, which has placed the pilgrim's *breastplate* over the belly, as being not only the most important, but the most defenceless portion of

the body. As it was, these gentlemen were with difficulty brought up to the line in time. The ladies exhausted their vinaigrettes and cologne-bottles upon Dr. Rightinthemain, without bringing him to. They then bathed his hands with tears, which, together with a bottle of old port, and applications of plasters, acted as a restorative. He was once more raised to his feet, and grasped his club with a good deal of energy, and a dogged determination to make an end of the fight. Dr. Philpotts, too, required all the material aid his friends could give him. His lady friends were more hopeful or less sensitive than those of Dr. Rightinthemain; for they neither exhausted their smelling-bottles nor cologne-bottles so entirely that they did not leave a little for themselves; and, as yet, they had not shed a single tear, so confident were they of Dr. Philpotts' success.

Though the combatants were up to time, there was no desire shown by either to begin the fight. But they were soon warmed up to a red heat; and, with eyes glistening like tigers about to spring, they sidled first one way, then another, moving a little this way, and then that, waiting for a false position, or some fatal inadvertence. Finally, Dr. Philpotts fairly laid himself open to an attack by taking a position which, with *his* staff, he could not defend. No sooner was this done, than his opponent rushed at him and knocked his staff clean out of his hands, hitting him fairly a ringing crack over the skull. The shouts of the theatre rose on all sides, both for alarm and for victory; when Dr. Philpotts, doubtless bewildered, caught the staff out of the hands of his Yale bottle-holder, and ran in upon Dr. Rightinthemain with furious haste. The cries of "Shame! shame! false play!" rose from one side, and "Go it! hit him again! that's it!"

came from the other. Dr. Rightinthemain stood up bravely, but he was not prepared for this change of weapons. His points were knocked off in long splinters, and his knots were broken, thereby greatly weakening both his defence and attack; until Dr. Philpotts, seeing his advantage, ran in with a blow which laid him at his length on the floor.

It was all wrong! but Dr. Philpott's people said it was all right; and the crowd dispersed, leaving Dr. Rightinthemain surrounded by his sympathizing friends, while Dr. Philpotts, greatly bruised and battered, was borne in triumph away from the arena. So ended the combat inside. But on the outside of the theatre there were as many as a hundred fights going on, to decide which beat. For a month afterwards, too, every day somebody was being battered and bruised, around and about the corners of the streets of Manhattan Oasis, to decide, if possible, who was the victor in this fight.

Now, when Frank had told his wife and Annie of all they had witnessed, Gertrude asked what such gladiatorial exhibitions of strength and skill were called.

"This is 'contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,'" was the reply of Frank.

"No! no!" said Gertrude. "It is not of God, but of man; a conflict of leaders for the right of leadership. The pilgrims are really no way advanced, whichever beats; but such things are, have been, and will be. I 'm sorry, very sorry!"

CHAPTER LXV.

PILGRIMS ALONG THE DESERT.

Our pilgrims had not long been upon the Desert before they became satisfied that merely crossing the Slough of Despond did not greatly change the character of pilgrims. The crafty, cunning, unscrupulous man of Bostonia, was here known as the prudent, sagacious man. The ruling passions were the same; but they were rebaptized. Few men were deemed more worthy of confidence than the miserly man; for penuriousness was here called prudence, and selfishness was styled caution. Indeed, avarice in Bostonia, Babylon, and Sterling, became a virtue, by being removed to the Desert.

The motives for making a pilgrimage were multitudinous, and it was the commonest of all events to see those who began their journey with zeal soon change their minds, and return whence they came out. The inducing cause with many was loss of fortune, or loss of family; with others, it was from disappointment in love. These latter frequently met with those whose attentions, or attractions, filled up this great void in their hearts; and, instead of going on the pilgrimage, such travellers, with new alacrity, hastened forward to the next oasis, and, having exchanged their vows of mutual aid and affection, they returned to their former home and its social circles. Sometimes, also, missives from those whom caprice or jealousy, or other causes of sorrow, had alienated, on being received, induced a change of purpose; and when the friend or lover came out upon the desert, in search

of a young pilgrim for the purpose of reconciliation, this being accomplished, to go back with him was all but inevitable. The inheritance of property brought back multitudes who had made a great advance, and some who had been on the verge of the Jordan were recalled by bequests which ranked them among the fortunate and the rich of Bostonia and elsewhere. Indeed, there was nothing so certain to recall pilgrims as the unexpected possession of property in Babylon, or its vicinage; for it seemed so necessary that it should be looked after at once, and nobody could be found so trustworthy as themselves. Nor was there any lack of leaders of caravans, and office-bearers, who set pilgrims on the desert this very example, in their proper persons. To be sure, they all promised fair to return immediately, as soon as they had done what could only be done by them; but, instead of the desert they went off to Paris, and to St. Peter's Villa, and became *dilettanti* in pictures and music; and, on their return to Babylon, found it safest to take the express trains, rather than to recommence a life-long, self-sacrificing pilgrimage. If they did make a start, it was but a retrograde movement upon the City of Sterling, where they ended their days.

It was common for pilgrims to rest at oases for days, weeks, months, and years. They had all the attractions of the cities they left behind; and, then, that enterprising gentleman, Count de Ville, had connected all these together by a network of expresses, which not only delivered letters and packages to every caravansary, but which took the returning pilgrims to the central railroad, or some one of its branches, — for these extended all over the desert, even to the verge of the Jordan.

We have said the desert was auriferous, and that over its

whole surface grains of gold were scattered. There were also mines discovered, which were worked to unknown depths; and some persons, indeed many, spent most of their lives delving under ground. The Lord of the Way had warned his followers of these temptations; but such warnings were little heeded. Pilgrims, tempted by the golden sand, would often suffer from want of water and food. They would stoop down in the burning sun, and scratch and turn over the sands, hour by hour, and deem all the time well rewarded by the tiny grains they deposited in their treasury of gold, — filling both wallet and water-bottles. As soon as these were filled, they then sped on to the nearest oases, and there began to trade and speculate; nor did it matter in what, so it made them rich and prosperous. Success here, as everywhere, was the test of wisdom.

Our pilgrims met one of these pilgrims upon the desert; an old man, bowed down with age, scraping up and sifting out the sand with the energy of youth. Oliver ventured to ask him if the Lord of the Way had not warned him of the danger attending this incumbrance to a pilgrim's progress. The man did not look up, but said, "What, sir, is the unpardonable sin?" This was an unexpected reply and inquiry.

Frank replied: "There are many different views of that fearful mystery. I confess, sir, that I do not know of any reply I can make, satisfactory even to my own mind."

"You may never have had any reason to know," said the old pilgrim, scratching the sand as he spoke; "but I know, sir; it is poverty! poverty!" Glancing his eye, full of energy and feeling, upon our party, he went on scratching again the desert for its dust of gold. Poor man! he seemed to have gained a good

deal of the ore; but, after all, these shining particles did not always stand the scrutiny at the office of assay, and wretched pilgrims found out too late that all this while they had been gathering nothing but shining dust. This illusion is common to all mining districts, and nothing but the refining-pot distinguishes the true ore from the false.

Such incidents as these, and many others like them, made our pilgrims ask each other, "Is there, indeed, a Celestial City?" "Why shall we keep the desert path, when so many go back, telling us it is an illimitable waste?" But, when they studied their Guide-book, they were the better satisfied they were in the true path, from the many cautions it contained against these very seductions and trying temptations they met with in their own experience, and which were the causes of so frequent failures in others.

CHAPTER LXVI.

OF MIRAGES ON THE DESERT.

They had been on the desert some time before they became accustomed to its various phenomena. Among the most familiar of these was what was called "The Mirage," first seen by them when weary with the way and longing for rest. A splendid city appeared lying on the verge of the horizon. It stood in a lake which reflected the sun's rays like a mirror of silver. All were delighted with the prospect of a city so vast and so near.

"What a glorious city! See that pile and its dome standing

against the sky, how grand it looks at this distance! Let us hasten on." And, with delighted hopes, they pushed onward with new zeal; when the vapor lifted, and all was air. This was their first experience of the mirage of the desert. And, though this was a familiar experience, yet they never could get accustomed to it. When their wallets were empty, and their bottles dry of every drop of moisture, the sand heavy, and their limbs trembling under them, these mirages were like fiery trials; and they often felt that they had a right to complain that the Lord of the Way had not provided more wells of water, and more places of rest and refreshment, than they found in the way of their travel. Yet they never failed to find some berries; which, if they were bitter, yet better allayed the intense thirst they felt, and aided them to hold out till they reached the caravansary.

But if these mirages were among the pains of their pilgrimage, so, when their wallets were well supplied, and their bottles were full, were they among their pleasures. Then these beautiful visions would rise before them, filling them with delightful anticipations of that city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. And the more so, because it was universally believed by pilgrims that the domes of the Celestial City were sometimes painted upon the clouds, and that what they thus saw hanging in the air were, perhaps, the very reflections of all that transcendent glory ready to be revealed. And, with this belief in their hearts, they would stand and gaze upon a mirage, which thus brought before them the Holy City. Then, they would ask themselves, "If it be the Holy City, am I ready to cross the Jordan?" The very thought of that cold stream chilled their hearts; and gladly did they see

the cloud disperse, and long reaches of sand, extending like an ocean, lie before them. Strange as it may seem to our readers, they felt it to be a reprieve. They hoped to be ready to cross the river when they should reach it; but, just at that time, they did not wish to find themselves at the end of the journey, and so very near the Jordan.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A RICH PILGRIM DIES ON THE DESERT.

One day, as the sun was setting in a flood of light, our party were travelling along, anxious to reach a caravansary. They ascended slowly and wearily a long reach of sand, when they discovered an encampment in a dell beneath some high and broken rocks, which assured them where water was to be had. The number of camels indicated that the owner was a man of wealth and family, for there was quite a retinue of servants about. As they approached, a young man came out and kindly welcomed them, leading them to a tent, where they found four young ladies sitting in sorrowing silence. The son informed them their father was in a very critical state, which had arrested them in their journey. With great kindness these young ladies rose and attended to the wants of their guests. After the luxury of ample ablutions, they were invited to a delightful repast from the ample stores of the caravan. During the repast Oliver's inquiries after their

father let out the secret (all by accident!) that he was a doctor. The son and daughters said their own physician had given up all hopes of their father; he could n't live longer thán the next day. In the most natural way in the world they inquired where they could get the most fashionable material for mourning; and asked if Weed, Worms, and Mould's shop, in Broadway, was not patronized by persons of wealth, rather than Dust, Damp, and Turf. Our ladies said they had found very nice articles at Weed's, and they could recommend his goods as being all fresh and new.

This led to a long discussion about mourning goods, and the most critical remarks were made on the subject, showing that mourning dresses, to be fashionable, must not be fashionable in all respects, but that the very diversity in itself indicates the perfect propriety and taste of the wearer. Then observations were made as to the difficulty of doing things up in the manner taste prescribes — a *juste milieu* hard to hit: all which assured Frank, who was lying on the soft grass, trying to fall asleep, that these ladies were fluent upon a topic that had been in their minds oftentimes before. As for Oliver, he had been led, by invitation of the son, into the sick father's tent, where the family physician had been kept in constant attendance ever since the father was taken ill, which was now forty-eight hours since. Meanwhile the daughters were talking of Sterling and its society, and of Babylon, to which place they all designed to go immediately upon their father's burial. And in all this talk they showed that their long pent-up hopes were by them now regarded as being almost within grasp.

When Oliver returned, Miss Eugenia de Lancy — for that was

the daughter's name—asked, in a tone she meant to be very solemn and tender, "Well, doctor, how does poor father bear his misery? Is it to be long-continued, or will he soon be relieved of his dreadful agonies? I have n't been able to see him since yesterday," said Eugenia, turning to Gertrude.

Now, this De Lancy was a miserly man, who had cursed his family by his cruelty, and by his cold indifference to their wishes and to all that was sought for by them, and, indeed, deemed necessary in the circles to which they were born, and in which, at miserable sacrifices of feeling, they lived long years, looking forward to the time when his wealth would be divided among them, and their tastes would be gratified. He had outlived, as many such men do, the sympathies of childhood. They hoped they were now prepared for the worst that could happen, and they thought they were. But they were not; for Oliver told them the case was one of intromission, and, by the use of mechanical means, their father had been relieved by him, and now he would soon be upon his feet again. The girls all clasped their hands, but it was not for joy.

"Thank God!" said Miss Eugenia, in a tone of deepest despondency, and with a melancholy resignation not to be described in words. All the beautiful plans of a happy future — all the festivities at the Brunnens, the opera, a winter in Babylon, a rich marriage, a carriage and pair, an establishment in Babylon, and a cottage on the island — all died down to flat despair.

Before the servants led our weary pilgrims to their tents, the family circle were all painfully certain that their father was both relieved and reprieved. He had no notion of dying;

and already he began to show signs of restored confidence, and commenced a scrutiny into all that had been done for the last forty-eight hours. But, though Oliver was perfectly correct in his prognostications, and had laid himself down to sleep in the sweet consciousness of having saved the life of a highly respectable pilgrim by his skill, yet he was not fully advised of all the medicine that was in arrear. Nature took her course, and the rich man of the desert, before the day dawned, was beyond all reach of science. Oliver was called as gentlemen of the faculty often are, just one hour too late. A diarrhœa had set in, which was taking life along with it; and what had been the delight of the rich man was becoming now a terror. He ordered his son to call up Oliver.

The day was dawning when Oliver went out into the open air, and the morning star hung as a lamp in the heavens. The daughters met him at the door of their father's tent. The day-star shone beautifully, and they stopped Oliver to gaze with them upon it. The girls declared they had never seen anything so bright and beautiful before.

"Perhaps you never saw it at this hour before," said Oliver.

"Well, it may be so," said Eugenia; "but it is beautiful, is it not? Poor father seems to me to be dying; but, then, he does n't think so; and you say he will soon be well again."

Oliver hastened into the tent.

"Doctor," said the father, "arrest the action of this medicine, for I fear it will take me out of the world."

Oliver felt his pulse, and the flesh on his limbs, and asked, "What has been done?" Whereupon the physician told him he had given him laudanum and brandy in large quantities.

"Shall we not try hot bricks and hot flannels?" said Oliver.

The doctor said he was perfectly willing to do so. And, as life was flickering, these hot preparations were being applied, with a pleasant sense of relief to the patient, who passed out of life little thinking that the sense of faintness was death. So thousands have died, and will die.

"He is dead!" said Oliver.

It was a sight to see the effort to act with strictest propriety by the widow and children, — not the bereaved, but the endowed. A will, bestowing his wealth upon all manner of charities, was left unexecuted, — a discovery made by the widow, who knew of its existence, and feared it was a deed accomplished. This greatly helped to comfort her heart, while it gave an apology to the children to throw aside all pretence of a grief not felt.

The son took Oliver and Frank aside, and offered them the entire caravan, as his father left it, at a great bargain, taking their bills on Babylon. But they did not want the care and trouble of camels; nor did they believe in going to the Celestial City in the mode adopted by this young gentleman's father, who had held a distinguished position, and was a member of a dozen or two great societies, which he designed to endow at the cost of his family; just as if such money, from such men, under such conditions, was likely to be followed by the blessing of God!

But we are getting where the ground trembles like a quagmire under our feet. To go on with our story. Oliver urged the young gentleman to use his fortune, as all true pilgrims did, by aiding the poor, opening wells on the desert, building

caravansaries, and so do for the world what his father in his pursuit of wealth had failed to do. "In so living, so disbursing the gifts of God's providence," said Oliver, "life will be redeemed from its utter worthlessness, and your usefulness will fit you for higher happiness,— the true riches of another world."

"My dear doctor," said the son, "we children have all our lives been preached to by father about the Celestial City, and our duty of living with a single eye to the salvation of our souls. We have been kept moving about from oasis to oasis, gathering up riches; of their worth to us we know nothing as yet from experience. We shall sell our caravan at the next oasis, and return by railroad to Babylon direct; and when there we shall see if there is not less vanity and vexation of soul in spending money than there was to our pious father in getting it. We thank you for your skill, doctor, and regret to leave you; but our camels will be on the move at the end of an hour." With kind wishes our pilgrims and their wives took leave of them.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE DEATH OF A POOR PILGRIM.

THAT afternoon they reached a desolation, which was once a caravansary, destroyed, doubtless, by conflicts of parties, and never rebuilt. It wore the appearance of a shattered, dis-

mantled house; but, then, it could be used in a stress of weather, for the roof was still over it. There was coming over the desert a heavy storm of wind and rain, which induced the Trueman party to find a shelter in this ruin. They were well provided for; their wallets and water-bottles were full, and even a night spent there would not be a great hardship.

On reaching the ruined house, they looked in; but it was far from being attractive, for the heaps of sand made it less pleasant than the open air. As the clouds came driving on, Gertrude went in, wandering from room to room, when, to her astonishment, in a little room, in better preservation than the larger ones, she saw sleeping upon a pallet in the corner a poor pilgrim who had helped out his covering by drawing a dilapidated door over him, which was propped up from resting on him by a short stick. His pale face and gentle respiration showed he was sleeping with all the peacefulness of childhood. His Guide-book and wallet and bottle lay at the side of a pillow made of straw and leaves. Gertrude was alarmed, and drew back. But what was there to alarm her? Nothing. She therefore came in on tiptoe, and carefully looked at the sick man, and then called Oliver and Frank and Annie. As they came in and sat down, watching him, a smile of affection played over his face, showing the happy innocency of his dreams. Then he muttered words, and Annie knelt over him to catch those sounds. She could only distinguish the words "mother," . . . . "Mary," . . . . when a deep-drawn sigh came up from his breast, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he woke. His look wandered from Annie to Gertrude, who knelt at his side, with little or no expression of recognition in the eyes, which, at first, lacked

lustre; but, gradually, as his consciousness came, a look of surprise and recognition was upon his face and in his eyes. Gertrude assured him they were there to do him good. He smiled, but could not speak. Oliver felt of his pulse; it was intermitting and feeble. He gave him some water, but he could swallow only a little and with difficulty; food he could not take.

"What shall we do for you?" asked Annie, as she knelt at his side. He looked at her with a speaking earnestness, but could not speak. "Shall we sing to you?"

"Sing! sing!" And they sang "Jesus, lover of my soul," and his eyes grew brighter and brighter, until they shone in a blaze of light. When they had ceased, Annie sang what she was wont to call "The Song of the Slough;" and, when she had ended, the eye of the dying man showed a longing earnestness of desire to speak. She bowed her ear to his lips, and he faintly whispered: "I feared I should . . die . . alone; . . but *you* are here. Sing . . once more . . *my* song."

Annie looked up to her husband, and, in a tone of surprise exclaimed, "It is our pilgrim of the Slough!" At once they knelt around him. A smile was on his face; his eyes, beaming gladness, closed, to open on the scenes and sorrows of time no more.

There was nothing to tell who lay before them. In his Guide-book was written the name of a female; but they could only make out the first name, "MARY," and underneath, these words:

"The early lost — the long deplored."

CHAPTER LXIX.

OUR PILGRIMS REACH THE BORDERS OF THE DESERT.

Our pilgrims had now come where the desert ceased, and valleys and mountains commenced. These were deeper and higher, as day by day they pressed forward, warning them that they were approaching their journey's end. Sometimes the pathway was hard to climb, but always easier in the realization than the anticipation. It was wonderful what elevations they attained, and what depths they explored, aided by a habit they had acquired, as the result of all their travel, never to look beyond the path present, whether in descending or ascending. Sometimes, when they had climbed to the summit-level of a range of mountains, they thought they obtained glimpses of the glorious City of God.

At such times they sat down and rested with great delight, and talked cheerfully of the life they should lead when safe across the Jordan. Ah, if there were no Jordan to cross, how much they would have been inspirited! Though there were no more of those oases in their pathway, yet the air was purer, — the water, cold and clear, came glittering down from rocky summits, or gushing up among the rocks at the sides of the way. And, then, the caravansaries were well kept. There were no "architects of ruin" here. The pilgrims who traversed these regions had ceased the conflicts of the desert. Now, the pilgrimage was, with each and all, a serious, calm, continuous purpose to reach an end, and to leave the path smoother

and safer than they found it. No stone washed loose from its bed, lying in the pathway, was left to lie there, to break the bones of a poor, benighted pilgrim, but was carefully, at whatever cost and effort, removed out of harm's way; and in this pilgrims of all orders of caravans united, with one heart and one purpose. It was beautiful to see how the love of the Lord of Life was expressed in love of his disciples. There was but one test question ever put, and that question was, "What think ye of Christ?" and their hearts burned within them as they talked by the way of their several experiences of his grace and goodness. There was no theme so full of tenderness, none so soul-sustaining. It was all Christ — "None but Christ!" And this was a theme ever new. It never tired; for how could it? What power of thought can reach the height of his condescension, or attain the comprehension of that glory ready to be revealed? And how like straws seemed the baubles they once so greatly prized! Now, forms of godliness were valued as vehicles of religious sentiment, and as means of usefulness, and precious, because honored by the Spirit of God in conveying the love of Christ to the soul. Fraternizing with all, aiding and comforting one another, these pilgrims of the mountains and valleys travelled with happy serenity of soul, looking onwards and upwards.

"My dear Frank," said Gertrude, as they four sat looking down from a lofty mountain upon a beautiful champaign lying between them and the horizon, "I am afraid after we cross the Jordan I shall not be loved by you as I am now!" And her tones were very sad.

"Why not?" asked Annie, who was sitting beside Oliver, in a tone of surprise.

"O! because I shall not be then so necessary to his happiness as I am now," said Gertrude.

"That 's a novel thought to me," said Annie; "pray, what have you been thinking of?" for, though they had such close ties of love and sympathy, each had an individual life, only known to themselves and God.

"O! well, my dear Annie, I will tell you of some of my many conceits. And, first, I cannot think of any happiness not shared by Frank. But when present ties of relationship, as pilgrims, shall be broken, then the varieties of taste which here call into exercise our forbearance, and, by contrast, heighten our love, may, and I fear will, shape our paths heaven-wide from each other; and other beings of beauty and intellect will then occupy places which are now, dearest Annie, all our own."

Annie looked at Oliver as if she was reading his heart to see if there was any truantism to be seen there; and, taking hold of his ear (a familiar habit of hers), there came up in her mind what good people call "a realizing sense" of what Gertrude had been saying. Addressing her husband in a tone of severe earnestness, she said: "Now, Oliver Outright, listen to me. If, in this world or the next, I shall find you coquetting with an angel of any sort, I tell you now, once for all, I 'll pull your ears off!" And, "suiting the action to the word," she made Oliver scream for pain.

Oliver's outcry at once restored them all to their senses, and Frank, after other remarks, said: "One thing is certain, all our happiness comes from God, our Saviour — all our joy is in him and from him. We must be happy when the conflict of life

ceases, and our wills are absorbed and become one with Christ, as Christ and God are one."

Oliver closed the colloquy by saying: "How common it is, in all our speculations of a future existence, to suppose our progress of development is like that of an arrow shot to the zenith, instead of what is likely to be the reality! Our present state will be the centre of a circle forever widening, and embracing all below, as well as all above. That is my thought, and I love to feel my capacity is not limited; that its direction is not onward only, but, like the love of Deity, it will embrace, to the extent of its ability and at every stage of progress, the little as truly as the great, and what we now call beneath as entirely as that which is above. Why should it not be so? Is this not to be godlike?"

CHAPTER LXX.

OUR PILGRIMS REVIEW THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

Our pilgrims often sought to bring before them their past life, to examine their course of action, and to form a just estimate of their present characters. We have seen some of the mistakes made by them, and some of the consequences attending upon their conduct at the time. There were impulses and internal changes impressed upon them at every stage of their progress, too subtle to be scrutinized. They knew they were poor scholars in

the school of experience; but, then, they hoped they had learned some lessons, though imperfectly.

They had acquired a habit of waiting for the clearing up of the cloud upon their path; they did not rush heedless into quagmires and sloughs of despond; and they escaped many pitfalls by the severe restraint they put upon themselves at such times.

They learned the value of sympathy as a first duty of pilgrims on the desert; and felt that there was no one, however gifted and endowed, but at times needed sympathy. It was the last attainment to give sympathy its fullest play, and to hide its exercise when the heart, wounded in its self-love, its proud self-respect, or whatever form pain and suffering wore, was relieved, unconscious of obligation. The poor pilgrim had ever had from them a full supply for present need; and in every labor, in the creation of every benevolent association for the widest spread of charity and of knowledge, their wealth had been devoted. Not only of their wealth, of which they felt themselves but God's stewards, but persevering personal services — those which demanded self-denial and toil — these they gave, glad of the privilege of doing what they could. They saw the mistakes made by many who acted with zeal from impulse. Not so our pilgrims; they sought first of all to form for themselves habits of patient continuance in well-doing, which made toilsome services familiar, and at last pleasant. It was a matter of maturest inquiry, "What is to be done?" "How is it best done?" and "What can we do?" and they acted wisely, patiently, and cheerfully. It was thus that greatest of all attainments was in some degree secured — a habit of acting and of living for the good of others.

Another matter in which they had made progress is worth

noticing. They had, as we have seen, with care and deliberation taken their departure from Babylon, and their purpose was to go by the Guide-book. They recognized the necessity of well-appointed caravans in crossing the desert; nor did they ever fail in fealty to the caravan to which they belonged. These they regarded as constituted by the great leader for mutual aid and comfort. But they labored for union, not of opinion, for that they regarded as never to be hoped for, but of feeling, of sympa thy. Every order of caravan they regarded as an arm of aid and defence, combined as a whole, making up "the sacramental host of God's elect." It was their wish to see all these various orders of caravans acknowledging each other as caravans of pilgrims moving to the same land of promise and of rest, and breaking down all barriers created by badges, stripes, and banners, in order to meet on the broad platform of a common brotherhood of humanity and Christianity.

It was gratifying to them to know that these views to some extent were more and more current among pilgrims. They attended with pleasure a grand convention, a Holy Alliance of leaders of caravans, at which an attempt was made to agree upon a standard chart and an improved compass; and, though neither of these were agreed upon, yet it was an omen of good that it should have been attempted. There was one great fact established at that convention which was of no little value; and that may be stated in a few words. It was an acknowledged fact that pilgrims who travel by the Guide-book, with humility of heart, and a godly life, will reach the Jordan, let them use any of the authenticated standard compasses and charts. And it was generally acknowledged by those in that convention that too much

value had, with many leaders and pilgrims, been put on barometrical and thermometrical observations; and, too, that compasses were of little advantage in comparison with exercise of love and charity. As a result of these opinions, it was agreed to discourage all quarrels at the wells of life along the desert; leaving each order of caravans to hold on their own way, cheering them onwards, affording aid to caravans who, from any cause, may be in distress.

It was at this convention that an after-dinner conversation took place between Frank and a number of great minds, as to what was essential to be believed and practised in order to be a pilgrim. It was wonderful how, on being sifted out, a bushel of chaff hid the few golden grains. When all at the table had spoken they called upon Frank for his judgment; for they had seen that in Frank they had a most attentive listener. After some delay, Frank objecting that he was not a doctor of divinity, and no scholar at all, and that his opinion had no weight, but at length yielding, as they were pleased courteously to insist, he rose, and, having made his best bow, said: "It has often occurred to me, in my attempts to reduce all necessary truth to its ultimates, that all systems of theology may be concentrated into two words — words which combine the essence of theology, the finalities of philosophy, and the boundaries of human speculations. As these words are arranged, so are classified the ultimates of all reasoning — GOD *all*, or ALL *God*. Here, gentlemen, is Theism opposed to Pantheism, light to darkness, order against chaos, God instant and everywhere, or God nowhere."

An English clergyman rose and said: "The gentleman — ah — who has just taken his seat — ah — has indeed reached the *ne plus*

ultra of theology, or — ah — as I should say, with more propriety — ah — hoping no offence — ah — our American friend, with characteristic skill, has, indeed, *whittled down* all our vexed questions to '*the leetle eend of nothing.*'"

This gave rise to a good-natured laugh, and the conversation took a new direction.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THEY ARE MET BY MR. EVIL-CONSCIENCE.

Our pilgrims now came to a country evidently volcanic in its origin. The last oasis had long ago been left behind; but the line of travel was more and more easily discovered, and the wells and caravansaries were more and more numerous, and all well provided for. The days were getting shorter, and the winds of autumn sometimes sounded like the blasts of winter. Their pathway led them through gorges and along passes which only the power of the Almighty could have made. On either side of them were granite peaks, which pierced the blue heavens in sublime greatness and grandeur. It was the range of Cordilleras, which, in the distance, looked like a wall forbidding all further progress to pilgrims. But they went forward, confident that the same strength which had carried others forward by this self-same pathway would uphold and support them.

It was night, and the sleet was blowing in their faces before

they reached a caravansary, which contained only a single room. It was a place of refuge, but not of refreshment; and was only used by pilgrims in a stress of weather. They did not expect to find it anything but a shelter in the storm; so they were surprised to find a pilgrim sitting before a smouldering fire of wet and decayed wood, wrapped up in his pilgrim coat, and wearing a slouched hat over his face. As they came in, he bowed, and, as was the custom of the road, bade them "Welcome to the caravansary!" They opened their wallets and offered to share their contents with the stranger, who coldly declined their hospitality. Their supper was soon over, and they had nothing to do but listen to the tempest now raging outside the house. It was a dismal night, and they felt desolate; and this feeling was increased by the frigid, repulsive manners of this stranger, who, for that matter, acted as if he were an Englishman. Oliver was not to be daunted by this conduct, unusual as it was in pilgrims, and asked him how he had fared by the way. He replied, in a tone of severity, that he had found himself a miserable dupe; that he had been to the Jordan, and found it impassable, and was now on his way to the next oasis, where he should take the train for Vanity Fair, and spend the winter there, or at Babylon. He advised them to turn back.

"That is impossible," said Frank. "It is easy enough to slide down hill on these cars, to be sure; but, having climbed up so far, we shall go on to the Celestial City by the path we now travel."

"The Celestial City! — all moonshine!" cried the stranger, in a loud, sneering tone. "The Celestial City! — ha! ha! It is a city in the clouds, seen only by insane old men; and they were

not so crazy as to believe in its reality, for they saw it in visions only."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Oliver.

"I speak of John of Patmos and John of Bedford, both mad as March hares."

Our ladies were horrified at such language; and Frank wondered who this could be to talk thus. The stranger seemed conscious of their thoughts; and, by the feeble flames on the hearth-stone, they saw his eyes shining with diamond brightness upon them. He spoke to them in tones of chilling sarcasm.

"You have had a strange pilgrimage of it, truly! Paying your tolls at the first Hill of Difficulty you met in your way, and spending the evening with Count de Ville, who supplied you with letters to his particular friends, Lord and Lady Dielincœur, — whose society for a while made you forget this famous Utopia you are in search of. Then in a coach-and-four you go to the Brunnens Castle; thence to St. Peter's Villa; thence to the City of Sterling, and next to the Grand Desert; and now here you are! What do you think of yourselves for pilgrims?" And he began and compared their whole course with the claims of the Guide-book, until they were all made to feel that they were, of all pilgrims, most miserable, most wayward, and worthless. The storm was howling, when his predictions became full of terror, and he sought to induce them to go back with him. "It was their last chance, for perdition was before them."

Frank answered the stranger, as he rose to go: "We go on, sir! It is all true that you have told us; and, though we never have had our lives and conduct so presented to our minds before, we confess it is less than the truth. But, come life or come

death, we shall persevere. It is our only hope. The sin of our whole pilgrimage may have been, as you say it has been, to presume on God's long-suffering; but, sir, now that we are drawing near to the end we will not add the greatest and the last of of all sins against God — we will not now despair of his mercy."

"Despair you will, then!" said the stranger, and wrapped himself in his cloak and left them.

They then laid down and slept; and, when they awoke, the sun was up and shining in its strength and beauty, making everything beautiful. The scene, radiant with diamonds pendant on every leaf, was full of glory; and with glad hearts they offered up their thanksgivings, and prayed for the presence and blessings of the Lord of Life. As they sang a closing doxology, an old man, wearing a most benignant expression of face, entered the room, saying, "God speed you! — God speed you!" They rose to receive him reverently.

"You are welcome, my friends. I was directed to meet you here. My name is Greatheart, and I have come to go with you to the Jordan."

"And is it so near?" cried Annie, in a tone of alarm.

"We shall reach it at no distant day," replied the old man, calmly. "Who was here last night? I saw a man going back?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Frank, "we do not know. He seems to know us perfectly, and I think his face is familiar to me; but I do not know where I have met him. His voice, especially, was familiar, and I have often heard it before. He was very anxious to get us to go back with him."

"O, yes, I know him!" replied Mr. Greatheart. "His name

is Evil-Conscience, and he is in the employ of Count de Ville. He has turned thousands of pilgrims back, who, being frightened at his representations of the Jordan, never completed their journey. He rarely comes out so far as this; but he is a shrewd fellow, and always seizes the place where, of all others, he is most likely to succeed."

"We did not know what to make of the man at first," said Oliver; "but when he wanted us to go back, we knew he was a bad man."

"Come," said Mr. Greatheart, "let us get down from these heights while the day is yet young. You will see yet more and more clearly that over these mountains there is but one pathway; and yet even here there are by-paths, where the careless may stumble over precipices of unknown depths."

Mr. Greatheart led the way, leaving the pilgrims to their own thoughts, which he knew were alive with the grandeur of coming events. In a single hour they lived over the events of days, months, and years, of their past lives. It was a discipline necessary, salutary, and severe. The cry of their hearts was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Lord, save or I perish!" Words freighted with the entirety of being.

They reached a caravansary in the valley, where they dined; and here Mr. Greatheart told them of the grace and mercy of their great Redeemer. He spoke of the safety of all pilgrims; and his words were most gracious. Cautioning them against looking into themselves for comfort, he repeated all the great and glorious promises of the Guide-book, which never seemed so grand as now. It was, indeed, a feast of fat things he set before them; and after dinner they ascended the mountain, not with

reluctant steps, but with desiring expectancy, delightful to their own consciousness, and pleasing to their guide.

They had reached the summit about the hour of five o'clock, when the rich tints of autumn were lighted up by an unclouded sun; and the Jordan lay far off in the distance, a silver thread. It seemed only a little brook; and, with hopeful hearts, soothed and sustained by mighty promises, still burning in their bosoms, they began their descent. It was far in the night when they reached the last caravansary; and here they lay themselves down to sleep with the serenity of tired children, whose next stage of travel would bring them to their wished-for home.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THEY REACH THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

With the sun our pilgrims rose. It was a solemn hour, and they knelt with awe in prayer for grace equal to their day. The caravansary stood upon the banks of the Jordan, which here made a bold head, commanding a view of the river far above and below. In looking across, they saw clouds of white vapor lying along the surface of the flood; and above and beyond all was wrapped in clouds, not dark and threatening, but obscure.

They asked Mr. Greatheart if they should cross over on that day, and if so at what hour. He replied he knew not how long they might be called upon to wait. It was for them

to be ready; and, when the signal for their departure came, he would accompany them to the river's side.

It was high noon, and the sun was shining in cloudless brilliancy. Our pilgrims sat in silence on the brow of the high, bold bank, above the water, looking with curious eyes upon its surface, watching all its ripples, and those whirls which told them of rocks unseen beneath the water; when the clouds lifted as they gazed, and a gleam of light flashed across the stream, which made the surface bright with glory; and, for the first time, they saw the width of the river. It was not wide; but how wide they could not guess, the blaze was so bright and so short. Then they gazed a long while, hoping to see more; but, weary of this, they looked at the current. It was rapid; this they saw from the foam sailing down upon its surface; but how deep it was they could not tell. They recalled the promises, "The flood shall not overflow thee;" "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" "I will guide thee with mine eye, and afterwards receive thee unto glory;" and, as they repeated these sayings to each other, they thanked God and took courage.

Nor was this all; for, as the sun was declining to its going down behind clouds of grandest magnificence, all at once the vapor dispersed, and there was opened before them, high in the heavens, the domes of the Celestial City, not in the radiance of reflected rays of the sun, but a silver light, inconceivable in its purity, radiating from the city, and flooding the linings of the clouds with its light, — so pure, so white, as never before had they seen or conceived of. They sprang to their feet in rapture, and stood entranced until the clouds closed again, and the sun, shining in its beauty, sank down behind a mountainous thick

cloud which rose in grandeur high in the heavens. They looked around and about them with delight. It was a buoyancy of spirit too high for nature to endure. They embraced each other with tears, and broken expressions of joy, thanking God for such an expression of his love. But, ah! how soon did their hearts sink into the depths of fear when they asked, "Can it be that we are to be welcomed to such a heaven of purity as this?" It was looking down once more into the abysses of their own hearts, and they were filled with distrust and terror.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE GREAT CATARACT. — ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN OF CARS, WITH PILGRIMS.

The next day, Mr. Greatheart took Frank along with him to show him the cataract, the deep thunders of which they heard, in the hours of midnight, like the booming of the ocean. It was only six miles off, so near had they come to the very verge of the precipice. Pilgrims in olden times, taking the Bunyan route, reached the Jordan many leagues above, where the river was shallow, and readily crossed; though there it had its holes and hollows, which, if a pilgrim chanced to step into them, caused him great terror. But modern pilgrims, especially those leaving Babylonia, took a lower route, and came out just above the rapids. These were so called from the acceleration of the current. The river widened as it neared the cataract, and its surface was

broken into circling eddies, caused by shafts of granite rocks rising out of the bed of the river. These eddies danced around the rocks a while, and then went sweeping on from one to another and another of these groups of granite rocks, till, fretted into foam, they went over the brink into the depths below. Then there arose a great misty cloud of vapor, which hid all objects from the sight; nor did the winds open this curtain to show Frank what was beyond, only that the clouds gathered in blackness and density higher and higher in the heavens, while the play of lightnings from above to beneath was as constant as the flashings from out a summer cloud, and the rolling thunders were heard, at times, rattling and crashing in awful terror above the booming of the cataract.

Frank stood upon the bank, close beside Mr. Greatheart, whose hand he held firmly clasped, so greatly did he realize the terrors of the scene.

"Come," said Mr. Greatheart, "let us descend to the water's edge."

"O, no, sir!" said Frank; "we are near enough already!"

"I insist!" said Mr. Greatheart: and Frank accompanied him down the bank to the borders of the river.

"There!" said Mr. Greatheart, pointing to a vast cavern, out of which came tracks of a railroad, which ran along the sides of a bank for two hundred yards, and a broad carriage-road, two hundred feet wide, cut out of the solid rock fifty feet high and three hundred feet wide, — "look at that work, sir! That is the grandest achievement of men and devils combined! There you see the termini of the underground railroad, and of all the stage-lines, and private coaches, and expresses, by whomsoever

fitted out." And, while Mr. Greatheart was speaking, a carriage, drawn by two black blood horses, came out in full career. It was an express from Sterling City, driven by Alandresso, who brought out Deacon Gideon Graball. The old deacon had several large bladders tied under his armpits, and the fellow helped him out of the coach. Blind with terror, and gazing wildly around, the deacon saw nothing. His vulgar pride was gone now, and his cheeks were pale at last. Alandresso, as he busied himself adjusting the bladders, gave one glance of recognition to Frank; and, putting his hand upon the deacon's shoulders, he hurried him into the river. Impelled by his nervous arms, the old gentleman went on tremblingly; but, so soon as the water reached to his armpits, the bladders lifted him off his feet, and swept him away. Frank would have rushed in, at the hazard of his life, to save him; but Mr. Greatheart held him back, saying, "Too late!"

Next came in an old Oxford slow-and-sure coach, bringing a lady of fashion, whom Frank had often met with at Vanity Fair. She was a pietist of the most refined sanctity, and was a particular friend of Lady Dielincœur, at whose house Frank had made her acquaintance. She was a little inclined to coquetry; but, then, she always held a high rank in the Church of Holy Martyrs. She was attended by the Rev. Mr. Lavender and a fashionable physician. They bore the lady to the banks of the river; and, while the physician administered the black drop, the clergyman read prayers. They then inflated a mattress and pillows, made of real gutta percha, and laid this lady upon them, whom they gently shoved off into the stream as she lay in a sweet sleep, unconscious of danger. She floated out into the eddies, where she

was carried round and round, and further and further from the shore, until the force of the current reached her, and urged her over the brink. The gentlemen, her attendants, never so much as gave a thought about her when they had fulfilled their professional duties; but, taking their seats in the coach, hurried back to Vanity Fair.

Mr. Greatheart seemed to read Frank's thought. "Ah!" said he, "this is purely professional with these men. Their great resource is the black drop. This makes all things go on serenely; and, so they slide their patients peacefully from the shore, they are content."

Now the whistle of the coming train of the underground railroad-cars was heard, which greatly alarmed Frank, as the reverberating echoes came out of the mouth of the cavern like blasts blown from a trumpet. A locomotive, of vast size, came thundering along, followed by a long line of cars, bearing the names of all the great cities, towns, and oases, along the line. This was the morning train, bringing in those who had taken their departures during the night previous. "Babylonia," "Bostonia," "Vanity Fair," "Sterling," were seen blazoned, in large letters, on the cars belonging to those cities. The velocity of these cars, when in motion, was said to be unknown; for there was no means of telling how long it took them to reach the banks of the Jordan.

The passengers rushed out in great alarm, terrified, perhaps, by the horrid noises of the tunnel. Their great anxiety was about their life-preservers, mattresses, bladders, corks, or whatever else they relied upon. But there were others, many others, who had made the journey without any preparation whatever. These

stood amazed at the precipice, and the swift current they were called upon to stem. Indeed, most of them had hoped to see a bridge at this point; and others had been induced to take the cars under an assurance that they would be delivered, bag and baggage, at the very gates of the Celestial City.

Many of these held in their hands *through tickets*, under the sign and seal of the Roman cross — and here they were! Those who were better informed had life-preservers of various patterns, made at various well-known and long-established manufactories, warranted to be perfect: but they had never been tested, and every man must make the trial for himself. Nobody knew this more certainly than the stock-holders in these companies, who had lucrative offices, and made great profits out of the sale of these articles.

Persons wearing the dress and appearance of professional gentlemen, belonging to the train, busied themselves in helping the passengers to make rafts of their baggage; others aided those who depended on their life-preservers. These they puffed up, and, when inflated, strapped them on; and, in like manner, they helped off those who had air-mattresses and air-pillows, bladders of all sorts. But the most ingenious contrivance, and one which was relied on confidently by certain fantastical people from Bostonia, was a balloon, known as the Parker air-balloon, a patented article, manufactured at the great india-rubber factory at Roxbury. These were blown up to their extremest tension. At this time two young ladies and a young divine, having first taken the black drop, were put into the balloon. This done, the string was cut, and away it flew, to the great astonishment of Frank. Mr. Greatheart told him when the wind was calm these balloons

rose and floated down the stream, and were lost to sight in the clouds; but, if the wind was gusty, they were overturned, and the æronauts fell from unknown heights into the flood below, and then the balloon, like a bubble of large size, sped away over the falls into the bosom of the cloudy vapor.

The zeal and energy of the attendants of the train were wonderful. Terror-stricken, the passengers were made to go off into the stream, and these men never cared what became of them. As may be believed, few were long struggling for life amid the eddying currents of the river. In consequence, however, of the position of the rocks, something like an eddy ran along the shore, up the stream, at the place where the trains came in. A ledge of rocks, which ran out into the river two hundred yards above, created this curve; and in this eddy these poor wretches at first thought they were getting on safely and surely. But, as in the case of the lady laid on the air-mattress, as soon as the middle eddies took them, they whirled round and round, nearer and nearer the brink of the precipice, till they were seen no more.

There were a few who, when they saw themselves on the brink of the Jordan, instead of looking down the stream, looked upward; and, as they sent up their straining glances, saw, shining above the clouds, the star — the beacon of life and hope — faint, and often obscured by the rising vapor, but still shining through it all.

Such passengers as were not too much absorbed (as the multitude were) in making their rafts and blowing up their life-preservers, listened to the voice of Mr. Greatheart, who, as soon as the cars were being emptied, stood upon a bold rock, and

cried to them to cast away all their refuges of lies, and, with hope in God's mercy, to go up the stream, along the ledge of rocks, and fix their eyes upon the beacon, and swim for life — eternal life! His voice, to Frank's ears, sounded like a trumpet; but, alas! few there were to hear. Stupefied by the black drop, and hopeful of their life-preservers, or something of the sort, they took to the stream and were swept away.

Those who followed the exhortations of Mr. Greatheart, when they had reached the utmost projection, sprang in, crying, "Lord, save or I perish!" And Frank, as he gazed, thrilled with terror at the sight before him, saw a pencil of rays coming down from out the clouds, upon the faces of these poor wretches, who bravely battled with the stream, now clinging to one rock, and then, as the eddies favored them, again plunging into the river and swimming to the next, their faint cries coming to the shore, all having one theme, one thought: "Lord, save!" It was wonderful how they held out: even the eddies favored them, for they evidently gained upon the distant shore. Mr. Greatheart still sent forth his voice cheering them to hold on, his face full of earnestness and sympathy in their struggle for life. The last that Frank saw of them they held out, and a lifting of the vapor along the edge of the river showed that they were not far from the bank. He rejoiced in the hope that, of the many who came out in the cars, a remnant was saved. But what thoughts were his when he looked down upon that stream, lately peopled with men and women, all of whom were gone over the precipice, to be seen no more forever!

This was a sad day to Frank; he returned wiser, but more fearful. He held his own counsel; for he would not reveal to

his wife, even, the terrible sights he had seen. And yet his wonder was that he should wonder; for all the teachings of the Guide-book had told him this would be the end of all who neglected its warnings, and followed not in the path which was so plainly pointed out in its pages.

And now he had seen with his own eyes the fulfilment of what he had read from childhood in the Guide-book; and now he knew how little faith he had had in the terrible reality of God's own words.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OUR PILGRIMS CROSS THE JORDAN.

The time spent by our pilgrims in sight of the Jordan was all needed for their due preparation for the hour of their departure. They were wont to go down daily to the brink of the river, and bathe their feet in the waters. At first, these seemed deathly cold; but they overcame their terror by repeating this till the shuddering sensation was no more.

It was their constant prayer that they might be called to go over in the daytime, for they feared greatly to go over in the dark. But it rarely happens our wishes are fulfilled.

It was after a beautiful, bright, and happy day, when the sun had sunk with unusual splendor behind mountains of dark clouds, that Mr. Greatheart told them to get ready, for they had been called for.

Divesting themselves of all their clothing, they put on robes of linen, pure and white, which had been provided for them by the Lord of the Way; and, with their staffs only, they took their way down the hill to the river. Mr. Greatheart held his hand out to them over all the rough places, and spoke words of hope and trust till they reached the brink. Here he gave them his blessing, and they addressed themselves to their last journey.

Annie, with her wonted energy, bound her robes around her, and waded into the river; when, with a shiver, she ran back, and stood trembling, with tears in her eyes. Gertrude kissed her, and said, "Let me go first;" and, with an unfaltering step, she did so. At the instant, the clouds above dispersed, and the bright shining of the day-star from on high traced for them a path-way of light across the flood. Gertrude's figure was lit up with the pure white rays which poured down upon her, and gave her the aspect of an angel. Frank followed his wife, then Oliver, and last, shrinking and pale with terror, followed Annie — the first was now last.

And, as Mr. Greatheart had told them, so it was. The Lord of the Way had laid down for his followers great granite blocks beneath the surface, on which their feet found sure footing. At first they went forward timidly, feeling with their staffs for the next stone before they lifted their foot from the one on which they rested. The stream was swift, and their staffs did them good service in steadying them while they gathered courage and power for the next step. All this while the light poured down its effulgence; and, cheering each other with precious promises out of their Guide-book, they held on their way. And now, as they receded further and further from the shore, the clouds

slowly lifted, until a flood of radiance swept over the face of the river; and, with garments white and glistening, they came up out of the water, and, throwing away their staffs, ran up the bank. Here, with one consent, they waved their hands in triumph to Mr. Greatheart, who stood to catch the last look of our pilgrims. It was all too brief; for the clouds, falling, hid them from his sight. And so ends our pilgrimage.

May each and all of our readers find a like abundant entrance into the paradise of God!

NOTE ON FLAGELLATION.

THE following is taken from a work by Madame de la Barca, the lady of the late Spanish minister, who resided in Mexico in 1839 and 1840. It contains a great mass of curious detail relating to the conduct of the Romish priests, the inmates of the nunneries, and the ceremonies of the church in that city. She relates the following case of *scourging*, which she witnessed, not with the permission of any ecclesiastical dignitary, but, as she gently intimates, through the *power of money*, and from *curiosity*. The scene was one of horror, but it was only characteristic of the way in which Romanism works upon popular superstition and the credulity of an ignorant people. It is worthy of the darkest days of Mohammedanism.

"Arriving at the Church of St. Augustine," she says, "we ascended a long, narrow pair of dark stairs, and found ourselves looking directly down into the body of the edifice. The scene was curious. About one hundred and fifty men were assembled in the body of the church, enveloped in cloaks, with their faces entirely concealed. The church was dimly lighted, except where a monk stood with his gray robes, and cowl thrown back. His discourse was rude, but eloquently descriptive of the torments of hell prepared for impenitent sinners. The effect was solemn. It appeared like the preparation for executing a multitude of condemned sinners. When the discourse was finished, they all united in prayer, beating their breasts and falling upon their faces. The monk then read several passages of Scripture descriptive of the sufferings of Christ. Loud music from the organ succeeded, when suddenly the church was filled with profound darkness, except a sculptured representation of the crucifixion, which seemed suspended in the air illuminated. Gladly would I have left the church, but the darkness prevented. Then a terrible voice in the dark cried, 'My brother! when Christ was fastened to the pillar, he was *scourged*.' Instantly the bright figure disappeared — not a ray of light relieved the total darkness. Suddenly the sound of hundreds of scourges upon the bare flesh was heard. The sensations I experienced were horrible. Before ten minutes had passed the sound of *splashing* became distinct, from the quantity of blood that was flowing. Incredible as it may seem, this awful penance continued, without intermission, for half an hour!

"The scene was perfectly sickening, and had I not been able to take the

hand of my lady companion, I could have fancied myself transported into a congregation of evil spirits. Now and then the voice of the monk could be heard encouraging them, and a suppressed groan would occasionally find utterance. At the end of the half-hour a little bell was rung, and they were called upon by the monk to desist. But such was the enthusiasm that the horrible lashings continued louder and fiercer than ever. The sound of the scourge is indescribable. In vain the monk entreated them to cease, assuring them that heaven would be satisfied; but renewed energy of the scourge was the only reply heard. At length, perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and at last ceased, and glad were we to reach the open air. It is said the church floor is frequently covered with blood after these penances. The scourge is frequently made of iron, with sharp points which enter the flesh; and it is reported that a man died, the other day, from his wounds received in the church from the scourge.

"With the consent of the archbishop," this lady says, "I visited the convent of Santa Teresa, with a female friend who has a sister there. There were but three novices and twenty-three nuns present. A young bishop went with us. He was good-looking, tall, and very splendidly dressed. His robes were of purple satin, covered with fine point lace, with a large cross of diamonds and amethysts. He also wore a cloak of very fine purple cloth, lined with crimson velvet, crimson stockings, and an immense amethyst ring.

"Among other things, they showed us a crown of thorns, which, on certain days, is worn by one of their number by way of penance. It is made of iron, so that the nails, entering inwards, run into the head and make it bleed. While she wears it, a wooden bit is put into her mouth, and she lies prostrate on her face. In this condition her food is given her; she eats as much as she can, which is probably nothing.

"We visited the different cells, and were horror-struck at the self-inflicted tortures. Each bed consists of a wooden plank raised in the middle, and on the days of penance crossed by wooden bars. Round her waist the nun occasionally wears a band with iron points turning inwards. On her breast a cross with nails, having points entering the flesh, is placed, of the truth of which I had melancholy ocular demonstration. Then, after having scourged herself with a whip covered with iron nails, she lies down for a few hours on the wooden bars, and rises at four o'clock. All these instruments of discipline, which each nun keeps beside her bed, look as if their fitting place would be in the dungeons of the Inquisition."

Madame de la Barca is well known, in the circles of the United States, as a lady of the highest talents and respectability. She is now a Romanist, and an undoubted and unimpeachable witness.

NOTE ON PHALANSTERIES.

FOURIERISM is still rife in this country, and its last phase is shown in the following extract, published in July, 1855

"THE 'ANTHROPOLOGI;' OR, CERESCO FREE-LOVE UNION.

"*From the Oshkosh* (Wisconsin) *Courier.*

"In the western part of the County of Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin, in a beautiful district of country, lies the pleasant town of Ceresco. Hitherto unknown to fame, the locality seems destined to become suddenly famous, as the location of those modern 'Socialist' establishments of the silver sort, which sometimes lead us to doubt whether there is in man the most of the brute, the idiot, or the demon. The history and doctrines of the establishment we gather from the proceedings of a mass meeting held in the neighboring village of Ripon, called to hear the report of an investigating committee, and to take some steps to put down the nuisance. The doctrines of the 'Union' were proven to be of the most vile and most disorganizing character, having apparently but one common basis, the lowest sensuality. The horrible nature of these doctrines may be judged of from the following brief synopsis:

"'1. The right of every woman to choose whoever she will to perform the part of a husband for the time; and to change that person as often as she pleases.

"'2. The duty of woman to yield herself to the embraces of the man she loves.

"'3. That these principles, when put in practice, will bring about the millennium — will do away with the pains of child-bearing, and alleviate human suffering in various ways.

"'4. That fornication may be "holy."

"'5. That bigamy is no crime.

"'6. That the crime of adultery is "fictitious," and that what the law calls adultery may be the highest and truest relation of which two persons are capable.

"'7. That bastards are the most beautiful children in the world.

"'8. That society ought to be destroyed.

"'9. That wives, though idolized by their husbands, and supported in affluence, are to yield to the love of other men, if they like them better.'

"Each and every one of the above 'Articles of Belief' is proven by the committee, by reference to 'book and page' of the books which they circulate and receive as text-books, and by acknowledgment and public statement of members, to be *de facto* the belief, as received and acted upon

by members of that licentious band; not secretly, but openly and avowedly. The books referred to are the 'Esoteric Anthropology,' and a work on 'Marriage;' the former by a miserable strolling lecturer upon 'Woman's Rights,' 'Socialism,' &c., T. L. Nichols; and the latter by the same individual, conjointly with a Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols, one of the 'strong-minded women' of the age.

"The history of 'Ceresco Union' may be briefly given. It seems (as stated by the investigating committee) that a Dr. Newberry arrived at Ceresco last summer, where certain minds had been prepared for his doctrines by the study of the works of Nichols. That Newberry taught all the pernicious doctrines of the books which we have reviewed. That some of the persons who now compose the 'Ceresco Union,' countenance the same, and then residents of Ceresco, received him into their houses, where he received more marks of confidence and affection than a stranger commonly receives from the female portion of the household. That it was determined to form an association while Newberry was there. That Newberry proposed and discussed the plan, and that the 'Ceresco Union' is the result. That Newberry publicly stated that he was opposed to marriage, and went further than Nichols. This avowal was made in the presence of many who now form the 'Union,' who were there countenancing and upholding him. It appears that another important character among the 'Ceresco Unionists' is a Mr. Warren Chase. We quote from the proceedings:

"'Mr. Runnels introduced to the attention of the meeting, and read a letter in relation to Warren Chase, which letter purported to be from a gentleman in Onondaga County, N. Y., representing that Mr. Chase had been guilty of criminal and licentious conduct in connection with a lady in Auburn, and that he had left her in an extremely unhappy condition."

NOTES ON RELICS.

The great mine from which the relics are extracted is, avowedly, the catacombs of Rome. In these vast receptacles of the dead the heathen Romans buried their slaves and poorer classes for ages.—"*A Pilgrimage to Rome*," *by Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A.* London, 1848. p. 465.

The authenticity of relics is a subject widely distinct from their worship or veneration, * * * and it becomes a matter of some importance that the bones should really be the relics of a saint, instead of the remains of

some idolatrous heathen, *or even some animal*, as it is too much to be feared is not unfrequently the case. — *Seymour*, p. 466.

The Brazen Serpent, in the Church of St. Ambrose, was presented by Archbishop Arnulph, in the 11th century. It was presented by him, as the true and veritable serpent itself; and was accepted as such, for the veneration of the devout. — *Seymour*, p. 467.

Among the seven great Basilicas of Rome is the high Church of St. Croce de Gerusalemmè. Near the tribune or chancel may be observed two lists; one being a detail of the indulgences and other privileges pertaining to such as worshipped in that church; the other being a catalogue of the relics contained and exhibited there. — *Seymour*, pp. 447—449.

Of these are the following: Three pieces of the true cross; the title placed over the cross; one of the most holy nails; two of the thorns of our Lord; one of the thirty pieces of silver; a large piece of the coat of Christ, recently exhibited *entire* at Treves; a phial of Christ's blood; a pailful of the milk of the Blessed Virgin; some of the manna of the Israelites; Aaron's rod that budded; a tooth of St. Peter. There are in this church one hundred and thirty-seven cases of unknown relics. They are disposed in lots to suit purchasers, and, to use the language of the shops, "of varieties too numerous to mention."

The Church of St. Praxede has its list engraved on marble in black letters on the white marble; and the first article is a tooth of St. Peter; the chemise of the Blessed Virgin; the swaddling-clothes of Christ; the coat of Christ, entire, without seam; three thorns of the crown of thorns; the stone that killed Stephen; the reed they gave Christ for his sceptre.

"St. Peter and St. Paul are said to be buried in St. Peter's; their two heads are said to be again at St. John's of Lateran, where I have seen them exhibited; also that these two heads are again among the relics at St. Praxede's, — being not less than three heads for each apostle! * * * * Some saints had two or three heads in various places; and four or five arms were no unusual allotment to some special favorites." — *Seymour*, p. 453.

Mr. Seymour says, p. 199 : "A parent is supposed, in Italy, to have fully discharged his duty by his child when he has placed her in a convent. * * * The daughter is as much regarded as provided for in life in a cloister, as a daughter when settled suitably in a marriage. * * * All this supposes that a young female is free, that she has the opportunity or power to withdraw ; * * * the truth is, she dare not ; * * * the state of public feeling imposes an insuperable obstacle, and she passively resigns herself to her hard fate."

There is one remark by Mr. Seymour which is worth the notice of our readers :

"The people of Italy are not much influenced by a taste for the arts in their religion ; for not unfrequently they select the ugliest madonnas and the most hideous crucifixions as the objects of worship. Their predilection for a black madonna is universally known, probably from a belief in its greater antiquity and superior sanctity."— p. 61.

NOTE ON THE "HOLY INQUISITION."

It is from no wish to recall scenes of horror long since past, that we have introduced this scene of the Inquisition into our pages. It is not a horror of past ages — it is in being now ; and if Protestant parents will send their sons to Jesuit schools, and their daughters to convents, for their education, an Inquisition will be established, in due time, upon our free soil. Every man who aids and abets, in any way, the establishment or support of Catholic schools and colleges, does all that in him lies to bring down upon his children's children the infernal cruelties now practised in Austria and the Papal States upon their wretched inhabitants. And this is frankly and fairly stated in the Catholic papers of this country.

THE INQUISITION OPENED.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, writing from Italy, gives the following thrilling description of the Inquisition :

"In Turin I met the American Consul of Rome, who had passed through the entire revolution in the Eternal City, and who was present when the doors and dungeons of the Inquisition were opened by the decree of the Triumvirs, its prisoners released, and the building converted into an asylum for the poor. It was interesting to hear from the lips of an intelligent

eye-witness the most ample confirmation of the published statements relative to the condition and appearance of this iniquitous establishment. The Holy Inquisition of Rome is situated near the Porta Cavalligeri, and under the very shadow of the sublime dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, and is capable, in case of emergency, of accommodating three thousand prisoners. The consul was particularly struck with the imposing dimensions of the 'Chamber of Archives,' filled with voluminous documents, records, and papers. Here were piled all the proceedings and decisions of the holy office from the very birth of the Inquisition, including the correspondence with its collateral branches in both hemispheres. Upon the third floor, over a certain door, was an inscription to this effect: 'Speak to the First Inquisitor.' Over another: 'Nobody enters this chamber, except on pain of excommunication.' They might as well have placed over that door the well-remembered inscription of Dante over the gates of Tartarus: 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.' That chamber was the solemn 'Hall of Judgment,' or 'Doom Room,' where the fates of thousands have been sealed in death.

"Over a door directly opposite, another inscription read: 'Speak to the Second Inquisitor.' Upon opening the second door of that department, a trap-door was exposed, from which the condemned, after they left the 'Hall of Judgment,' stepped from time into eternity.

"The well or pit beneath had been built in the ordinary cylindrical form, and was at least eighty feet deep, and so ingeniously provided with projecting knives and cutlasses, that the bodies of the victims must have been dreadfully mangled in the descent. At the bottom of this abyss quantities of hair and beds of mouldering bones remained. Not only at the bottom of the pit, but also in several of the lower chambers of the building, were found human bones. In some places they appear to have been mortared into the walls. The usual instruments of torture in such establishments were likewise manifest. The consul presented me with a bone which he brought with him as a memorial of his visit. The Pope fled from Rome on the 24th of November, 1848. The Roman republic was proclaimed on the 11th of February, 1849, and immediately after its installation the Assembly solemnly declared the abolishment of the Holy Inquisition, and by a special decree charged the Triumvirate with the duty of erecting a lofty column, to commemorate the overthrow of one of the greatest evils that ever darkened the face of the earth. But the scenes of this world change. On the first of July, 1849, the Roman republic, after a brief existence, capitulated to the French; and in May, 1850, Pius IX., after an exile of one year and six months, returned to his capital, proscribed the Triumvirate, and reëstablished the Inquisition in all its former power."

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